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WRITINGS.

THE

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

WRITINGS

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OF

THEODORE PARKER,
MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

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PREFACE

THE following Critical and Miscellaneous articles have, with a single exception, been published before. A few verbal alterations have been made, here and there, and in Article XI. some few lines have been omitted from the original publication, and some paragraphs have been added, namely, the introductory paragraph ending on page 281, and the passage beginning with the twenty-fourth line on page 339, and ending with the last line on page 340.

WEST ROXBURY, Dec. 28th, 1842.

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ESSAYS.

I.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY:

OR

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST, OF THE CHURCH, AND OF SOCIETY.

"Hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches, ... I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead." — BIBLE.*

EVERY man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is satisfied with himself, so that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real; this Wisdom, Goodness, and Holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life, has an action, more or less powerful, on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes

* From the Dial for October, 1840.

the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of temptations, before they reach the delectable mountains of Tranquillity, and find "Rest for the Soul," under the Tree of Life.

Now there is likewise an ideal of perfection floating before the eyes of a community or nation; and that ideal, which hovers, lofty or low, above the heads of our nation, is the Christian Ideal, "the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus." Christianity then is the ideal our nation is striving to realize in life; the sublime prophecy we are laboring to fulfil. Of course, some part thereof is made real and actual, but by no means the whole; for if it were, some higher ideal must immediately take its place. Hence there exists a difference between the actual state in which our countrymen are, and the ideal state in which they should be; just as there is a great gulf between what each man is, and what he knows he ought to become. But there is at this day not only a wide difference between the true Christian ideal, and our actual state, but what is still worse, there is a great dissimilarity between *our ideal*, and the ideal of Christ. The CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST is the highest and most perfect ideal ever presented to the longing eyes of man; but the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, which is the ideal held up to our eyes, at this day, is a very different thing; and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY, which is that last ideal imperfectly realized, has but the slightest affinity with Christ's sublime archetype of man. Let us look a little more narrowly into the matter.

Many years ago, at a time when all nations were in a state of deep moral and religious degradation; when the world lay exhausted and sick with long warfare; at

a time when Religion was supported by each civilized State; but when everywhere the religious form was outgrown and worn-out, though the State yet watched this tattered garment with the most jealous care, calling each man a blasphemer, who complained of its scantiness, or pointed out its rents; at a time when no wise man, anywhere, had the smallest respect for the Popular Religion, except so far as he found it a convenient instrument to keep the mob in subjection to their lords; and when only the few had any regard for Religion, into whose generous hearts it is by nature so deeply sown, that they are born religious; at such a time, in a little corner of the world, of a people once pious but then corrupted to the heart; of a nation well known but only to be justly and universally hated — there was born a man; a right true man. He had no advantage of birth, for he was descended from the poorest of the people; none of education, for he was brought up in a little village, whose inhabitants were wicked to a proverb; and so little had schools and colleges to do for him, that his townsmen wondered how he had learned to read. He had no advantage of aid or instruction from the great and the wise; but grew up and passed his life, mainly, with fishers, and others of like occupation, — the most illiterate of men.

This was a true man; such as had never been seen before. None such has risen since his time. He was so true, that he could tolerate nothing false; so pure and holy, that he, and perhaps he alone of all men, was justified in calling others by their proper name; even when that proper name was Blind Guide, Fool, Hypocrite, Child of the Devil. He found men forgetful of God. They seemed to fancy He was dead. They lived as if there had once been a God, who had grown

old and deceased. They were mistaken also as to the nature of Man. They saw he had a body; they forgot he is a Soul, and has a Soul's Rights, and a Soul's Duties. Accordingly they believed there had been Revelations, in the days of their fathers, when God was alive and active. They knew not there were Revelations every day to faithful Souls; — Revelations just as real, just as direct, just as true, just as sublime, just as valuable, as those of old time; for the Holy Spirit has not yet been exhausted, nor the river of God's inspiration been drunk dry by a few old Hebrews, great and divine souls though they were.

He found men clinging to tradition, as orphan girls cling to the robe of their mother dead and buried, hoping to find life in what had once covered the living. Thus men stood with their faces nailed to the past; their eyes fastened to the ground. They dreamed not the sun rose each morning fresh and anew. So their teachers looked only at the West, seeking the light amid dark and thundering clouds, and mocking at such as, turning their faces to the East, expounded the signs of new morning, and "wished for the day."

This true man saw through their sad state, and comforting his fellows he said, Poor brother man, you are deceived. God is still alive. His Earth is under your feet. His Heaven is over your head. He takes care of the sparrows. Justice, and Wisdom, and Mercy, and Goodness, and Virtue, and Religion, are not superannuated and ready to perish. They are young as Hunger and Thirst, which shall be as fresh in the last man as they were in the first. God has never withdrawn from the universe, but he is now present and active in this spot, as ever on Sinai, and still guides and inspires all who will open their hearts to admit him there. Men

are still men; born pure as Adam and into no less a sphere. All that Abraham, Moses, or Isaiah possessed is open unto you, just as it was to them. If you will, your inspirations may be glorious as theirs, and your life as divine. Yea, far more; for the least in the New Kingdom is greater than the greatest in the Old. Trouble not yourselves then with the fringes and tassels of threadbare tradition, but be a man on your own account.

Poor sinful Brother, said he to fallen man, you have become a fool, an hypocrite, deceiving and deceived. You live as if there were no God; no soul; as if you were but a beast. You have made yourself as a ghost, a shadow, not a man. Rise up and be a man, thou child of God. Cast off these cumbrous things of old. Let Conscience be your Lawgiver; Reason your Oracle; Nature your Temple; Holiness your High-priest; and a Divine Life your Offering. Be your own Prophet; for the Law and the old Prophets were the best things men had before John; but now the Kingdom of Heaven is preached; leave them, for their work is done. Live no longer such a mean life as now. If you would be saved — love God with your whole heart, and man as yourself. Look not back for better days, and say Abraham is our father; but live now, and be not Abrahams, but something better. Look not forward to the time when your fancied deliverer shall come; but use the moment now in your hands. Wait not for the Kingdom of God; but make it within you by a Divine Life. What if the Scribes and Pharisees sit in the seat of authority? Begin your kingdom of the divine life, and fast as you build it, difficulties will disappear; false men will perish, and the true rise up. Set not for your standard the limit of old times, — for here is one

greater than Jonah or Solomon, — but be perfect as God. Call no man master. Call none father, save the Infinite Spirit. Be one with him; think his thoughts; feel his feelings, and live his will. Fear not; I have overcome the world, and you shall do yet greater things; I and the Father will dwell with you for ever. Thus he spoke the word which men had longed to hear spoken, and others had vainly essayed to utter. While the great and gifted asked in derision, Art thou greater than our father Jacob? — multitudes of the poor in spirit heard him; their hearts throbbed with the mighty pulsations of his heart. They were swayed to and fro by his words, as an elm-branch swings in the summer wind. They said, This is one of the old prophets, Moses, Elias, or even that greater prophet, the "desire of all nations." They shouted with one voice, He shall be our King; for human nature is always loyal at its heart, and never fails of allegiance, when it really sees a real hero of the Soul, in whose heroism of Holiness there is nothing sham. As the carnal pay a shallow worship to rich men, and conquering chiefs, and other heroes of the Flesh, so do men of the spirit revere a faithful Hero of the Soul, with whatever in them is deepest, truest, and most divine.

Before this man had seen five-and-thirty summers, he was put to death by such men as thought old things were new enough, and false things sufficiently true, and like owls and bats shriek fearfully when morning comes, because their day is the night, and their power, like the spectres of fable, vanishes as the cockcrowing ushers the morning in. Scarce had this divine youth begun to spread forth his brightness; men had seen but the twilight of his reason and inspiration; the full noon must have come at a later period of life, when experience and

long contemplation had matured the divine gifts, never before nor since so prodigally bestowed, nor used so faithfully. But his doctrine was ripe, though he was young. The truth he received at first hand from God required no age to render it mature. So he perished. But, as the oak, the woodman fells in autumn on the mountain side, scatters ripe acorns over many a rood, some falling perchance into the bosom of a stream, to be cast up on distant fertile shores, so his words sprang up a host of men; living men like himself, only feebler and of smaller stature. They were quickened by his words, electrified by his love, and enchanted by his divine life. He who has never seen the sun can learn nothing of it from all our words; but he who has once looked thereon can never forget its burning brilliance. Thus these men, "who had been with Jesus," were lit up by him. His spirit passed into them, as the sun into the air, with light and heat. They were possessed and overmastered by the new spirit they had drunken in. They cared only for truth and the welfare of their brother men. Pleasure and ease, the endearments of quiet life and the dalliance of home, were all but a bubble to them, as they sought the priceless pearls of a divine life. Their heart's best blood — what was it to these men? They poured it joyfully as festal wine was spent at the marriage in Cana of Galilee; for, as their teacher's life had taught them to live, so had his death taught them to die to the body, that the soul might live greater and more. In their hearts burned a living consciousness of God; a living love of man. Thus they became rare men, such as the world but seldom sees. Some of them had all of woman's tenderness, and more than man's will and strength of endurance, which earth and hell cannot force from the right path. Thus

they were fitted for all work. So the Damascus steel, we are told, has a temper so exquisite, it can trim a feather and cleave iron bars.

Forth to the world are sent these willing seedsmen of God; bearing in their bosom the Christianity of Christ, desiring to scatter this precious seed in every land of the wide world. The Priest, the Philosopher, the Poet, and the King, — all who had love for the past, or an interest in present delusions, — join forces to cast down and tread into dust these Jewish fishermen and tent-makers. They fetter the limbs; they murder the body; but the word of God is not bound, and the soul goes free. The seed, sown broadcast with faith and prayers, springs up and grows night and day, while men wake and while they sleep. Well it might, beneath the hot sun of persecution, and moistened by the dew that martyrs shed. The mailed Roman, hard as iron from his hundred battles, saw the heroism of Christian flesh, and beginning to worship that, saw with changed heart, the heroism of the Christian soul; the spear dropped from his hand, and the man, new-born, prayed greater and stronger than before. Hardhearted Roman men, and barbarians from the fabulous Hydaspis, stood round in the Forum, while some Christian was burned with many tortures for his faith. They saw his gentle meekness, far stronger than the insatiate steel or flame, that never says enough. They whispered to one another — those hardhearted men — in the rude speech of common life, more persuasive than eloquence, That young man has a dependent and feeble father, a wife, and a little babe, newly born, but a day old. He leaves them all to uncertain trouble, worse, perhaps, than his own; yet neither the love of young and blissful life, nor the care of parent, and wife, and child, can make him

swerve an inch from the truth. Is there not God in this? And so when the winds scattered wide the eloquent ashes of the uncomplaining victim to regal or priestly pride, the symbolical dust, which Moses cast towards Heaven, was less prolific and less powerful than his.

So the world went for two ages. But in less than three centuries the faith of that lowly youth, and so untimely slain, proclaimed by the fearless voice of those trusting apostles, written in the blood of their hearts, and illuminated by the divine life they lived — this faith goes from its low beginning on the Galilean lake, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Corinth, and Alexandria; ascends the throne of the Cæsars, and great men, and temples, and towers, and rich cities, and broad kingdoms lie at its feet. What wrought this wonderous change so suddenly; in the midst of such deadly peril; against such fearful odds? We are sometimes told it was because that divine youth had an unusual entrance into life; because he cured a few sick men, or fed many hungry men, by unwonted means. Believe it you who may; it matters not. Was it not rather because his doctrine was felt to be true, real, divine, satisfying to the soul; proclaimed by real men, true men, who felt what they said, and lived what they felt? Man was told there was a God still alive, and that God a Father; that man had lost none of that high nature which shone in Moses, Solomon, or Isaiah, or Theseus, or Solon, but was still capable of Virtue, Thought, Religion, to a degree, those sages not only never realized, but never dreamed of. He was told there were Laws for his nature, — laws to be kept: Duties for his nature, — duties to be done: Rights for his nature, — rights to be enjoyed: Hopes for his

nature, — hopes to be realized, and more than realized, as man goes forward to his destiny, with perpetual increase of stature. It needs no miracle, but a man, to spread such doctrines. You shall as soon stay Niagara with a straw; or hold in the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm, with the "spider's most attenuated thread," as prevent the progress of God's truth, with all the Kings, Poets, Priests, and Philosophers, the world has ever seen; and for this plain reason, that Truth and God are on the same side. Well said the ancient, "Above all things Truth beareth away the victory."

Such was the nature, such the origin of the CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST; the true ideal of a divine life; such its history for three hundred years. It is true that, soon as it was organized into a church, there were divisions therein, and fierce controversies, Paul withstanding fickle Peter to the face. It is true, hirelings came from time to time to live upon the flock; indolent men wished to place their arm-chair in the church and sleep undisturbed; ambitious men sought whom they might devour. But in spite of all this, there was still a real religious life. Christianity was something men felt, and felt at home, and in the market-place, by fire-side and field-side, no less than in the temple. It was something they would make sacrifice for, leaving father and mother, and child and wife, if needful; something they would die for, thanking God they were accounted worthy of so great an end. Still more, it was something they lived every day; their religion and their life were the same.

Such was Christianity as it was made real in the lives of the early Christians. But now, the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, by which is meant that somewhat which is taught in our religious books, and preached in our

pulpits, is a thing quite different, nay, almost opposite. It often fetters and enslaves men. It tells them they must assent to all the doctrines and stories of the Old Testament, and to all the doctrines and stories of the New Testament; that they must ascribe a particular and well-defined character to God; must believe as they are bid respecting Christ and the Bible, or they cannot be saved. If they disbelieve, then is the anathema uttered against them; true, the anathema is but mouthfuls of spoken wind; yet still it is uttered as though it could crush and kill. The church insists less on the divine life, than on the doctrines a man believes. It measures a man's religion by his creed, and calls him a Heathen or a Christian, as that creed is short or long. Now in the Christianity of Christ, there is no creed essential, unless it be that lofty desire to become perfect as God; no form essential, but love to man and love to God. In a word, a divine life on the earth is the all in all with the Christianity of Christ. This, and this only, was the Kingdom of God, and eternal life. Now the church, as keeper of God's Kingdom, bids you assent to arbitrary creeds of its own device, and bow the knee to its forms. Thus the Christianity of the Church, as it is set forth at this day, insults the soul, and must belittle a man before it can bless him. The church is too small for the soul; "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Some writer tells us of a statue of Olympian Jove, majestic and awful in its exquisite beauty, but seated under a roof so low, and within walls so narrow, that should the statue rise to its feet, and spread the arms, it must demolish its temple, roof and wall. Thus sits Man in the Christian church at

this day. Let him think in what image he is made; let him feel his immortal nature, and rising, take a single step towards the divine life — then where is the church?

The range of subjects the church deigns to treat of is quite narrow; its doctrines abstract; and thus Christianity is made a letter and not a life; an occasional affair of the understanding, not the daily business of the heart. The ideal now held up to the public, as the highest word ever spoken to man, is not the ideal of Christ, the measure of a perfect man, not even the ideal of the Apostles and early Christians. Anointed teachers confess without shame, that Goodness is better than Christianity. True alas, it is better in degree, yes different in kind from the Christianity of the church. Hence, in our pulpits, we hear but little of the great doctrines of Jesus; the worth of the soul; the value of the present moment; the brotherhood of all men, and their equality before God; the necessity of obeying that perfect law God has written on the soul; the consequences which follow necessarily from disobeying; consequences which even Omnipotence cannot remove; and the blessed results for now and for ever, that arise from obedience, and the all importance of a divine life; the power of the soul to receive the Holy Ghost; the divine might of a regenerate man; the presence of God and Christ *now* in faithful hearts; the inspiration of good men; the Kingdom of God on the Earth — these form not the substance of the church's preaching. Still less are they applied to life, and the duties which come of them shown and enforced. The church is quick to discover and denounce the smallest deviation from the belief of dark ages, and to condemn vices no longer popular; it is conveniently blind to the great fictions

which lie at the foundation of Church and State; sees not the rents, daily yawning more wide, in the bowing walls of old institutions; and never dreams of those causes, which, like the drugs of the Prophet in the fable, are rending asunder the Idol of Brass and Clay, men have set up to worship. So the mole, it has been said, within the tithe of an inch its vision extends over, is keener of insight than the lynx or the eagle; but to all beyond that narrow range is stone blind.

Alas, what men call Christianity, and adore as the best thing they see, has been degraded; so that if men should be all that the pulpit commonly demands of them, they would by no means be Christians. To such a pass have matters reached, that if Paul should come upon the Earth now, as of old, it is quite doubtful that he could be admitted to the Christian church; for though Felix thought much knowledge had made the Apostle mad, yet Paul ventured no opinion on points respecting the nature of God, and the history of Christ, where our pulpits utter dogmatic and arbitrary decisions, condemning as infidels and accursed all such as disagree therewith, be their life never so godly. These things are notorious. Still more, it may be set down as quite certain, that if Jesus could return from the other world, and bring to New England that same boldness of inquiry, which he brought to Judea; that same love of living truth, and scorn of dead letters; could he speak as he then spoke, and live again as he lived before, he also would be called an infidel by the church; be abused in our newspapers, for such is our wont, and only not stoned in the streets, because that is not our way of treating such men as tell us the truth.

Such is the Christianity of the church in our times. It does not look *forward* but *backward*. It does not ask

truth at first hand from God; seeks not to lead men directly to Him, through the divine life, but only to make them walk in the old paths trodden by some good pious Jews, who, were they to come back to earth, could as little understand our circumstances as we theirs. The church expresses more concern that men should walk in these peculiar paths, than that they should reach the goal. Thus the means are made the end. It enslaves men to the Bible; makes it the soul's master, not its servant; forgetting that the Bible, like the Sabbath, was made for man, not man for the Bible. It makes man the less and the Bible the greater. The Saviour said, Search the Scriptures; the Apostle recommended them as profitable reading; the church says, Believe the Scriptures, if not with the consent of Reason and Conscience, why, without that consent or against it. It rejects all attempts to humanize the Bible, and separate its fictions from its facts; and would fain wash its hands in the heart's blood of those who strip the robe of human art, ignorance, or folly, from the celestial form of divine truth. It trusts the imperfect Scripture of the Word, more than the Word itself, writ by God's finger on the living heart. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," says the Apostle. But where the spirit of the church is, there is slavery. It would make all men think the same thoughts; feel the same feelings; worship by the same form.

The church itself worships not God, who is all in all, but Jesus, a man born of woman. Grave teachers, in defiance of his injunction, bid us pray to Christ. It supposes the Soul of all our souls cannot hear, or will not accept a prayer, unless offered formally, in the church's phrase, forgetting that we also are men, and

God takes care of oxen and sparrows, and hears the young ravens when they cry, though they pray not in any form or phrase. Still, called by whatever name, called by an idol's name, the true God hears the living prayer. And yet perhaps the best feature of Christianity, as it is now preached, is its idolatrous worship of Christ. Jesus was the brother of all. He had more in common with all men, than they have with one another. But he, the brother of all, has been made to appear as the master of all; to speak with an authority greater than that of Reason, Conscience, and Faith; — an office his sublime and Godlike spirit would revolt at. But yet, since he lived divine on the earth, and was a hero of the soul, and the noblest and largest hero the world has ever seen, perhaps the idolatry that is paid him is the nearest approach to true worship, which the mass of men can readily make in these days. Reverence for heroes has its place in history; and though worship of the greatest soul ever swathed in the flesh, however much he is idealized and represented as incapable of sin, is without measure below the worship of the ineffable God; still it is the purest and best of our many idolatries in the nineteenth century. Practically speaking, its worst feature is, that it mars and destroys the highest ideal of man, and makes us beings of very small discourse, that look only backward.

The influence of real Christianity is to disenthrall the man; to restore him to his nature, until he obeys Conscience, Reason, and Religion, and is made free by that obedience. It gives him the largest liberty of the Sons of God, so that as faith in truth becomes deeper, the man is greater and more divine. But now those pious souls who accept the church's Christianity are, in the main, crushed and degraded by their faith. They

dwindle daily in the church's keeping. Their worship is not Faith, but Fear; and Bondage is written legibly on their forehead, like the mark set upon Cain. They resemble the dwarfed creed they accept. Their mind is incrusted with unintelligible dogmas. They fear to love man, lest they offend God. Artificial in their anxiety, and morbid in their self-examination, their life is sickly and wretched. Conscience cannot speak its mother tongue to them; Reason does not utter its oracles; nor Love cast out fear. Alas, the church speaks not to the hearty and the strong; and the little and the weak, who accept its doctrines, become weaker and less thereby. Thus woman's holier heart is often abased and defiled, and the deep-thoughted and true of soul forsake the church, as righteous Lot, guided by an angel, fled out of Sodom. There will always be wicked men who scorn a pure church, and perhaps great men too high to need its instructions. But what shall we say when the church, as it is, impoverishes those it was designed to enrich, and debilitates so often the trusting souls that seek shelter in its arms?

Alas for us, we see the Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; a very little better than heathenism. It takes God out of the world of nature and of man, and hides him in the church. Nay, it does worse; it limits God, who possesseth heaven and earth, and is from everlasting to everlasting, restricting his influence and inspiration to a little corner of the world, and a few centuries of history, dark and uncertain. Even in this narrow range, it makes a deity like itself, and gives us not God, but Jehovah. It takes the living Christ out of the heart, and transfigures him in the clouds, till he becomes an anomalous being, not God, and not man; but a creature, whose holiness is not the divine image,

he has sculptured for himself out of the rock of life, but something placed over him, entirely by God's hand, and without his own effort. It has taken away our Lord, and left us a being whom we know not; severed from us by his prodigious birth, and his alleged relation to God, such as none can share. What have we in common with such an one, raised above all chance of error, all possibility of sin, and still more surrounded by God at each moment, as no other man has been? It has transferred him to the clouds. It makes Christianity a Belief, not a Life. It takes Religion out of the world, and shuts it up in old books, whence, from time to time, on Sabbaths, and Fast-days, and Feast-days — it seeks to evoke the divine spirit, as the witch of Endor is fabled to have called up Samuel from the dead. It tells you, with grave countenance, to believe every word spoken by the Apostles, — weak, Jewish, fallible, prejudiced, mistaken as they sometimes were — for this reason, because forsooth Peter's shadow, and Paul's pocket handkerchief cured the lame and the blind. It never tells you, Be faithful to the spirit God has given; open your soul and you also shall be inspired, beyond Peter and Paul it may be, for great though they were, they saw not all things and have not absorbed the Godhead. No doubt the Christian church has been the ark of the world; no doubt some individual churches are now free from these disgraces; still the picture is true as a whole.

Alas, it is true that men are profited by such pitiful teachings; for the church is above the community, and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY is far below that of the church; even in *that* deep there is a lower deep. This is a hard saying, no doubt. But let us look the facts in the face, and see how matters are. It is written in travel-

lers' journals and taught in our school-books, that the Americans are Christians! It is said in courts of justice that Christianity is part of the law of the land; with the innocent meaning, it is likely, that the law of the land is part of Christianity. But what proofs have we that the men of New England are Christians? We point to our churches. Lovely emblems they are of devotion. In city and village, by roadside and streamside, they point meekly their taper finger to the sky, the enchanting symbol of Christian aspiration and a Christian life. Through all our land of hill and valley, of springs and brooks, they stand, and most beautifully do they make it, catching the earliest beam of day, and burning in the last flickering rays of the long lingering sun. Sweet too is the breath of the Sabbath bell; dear to the hearts of New England; it floats undulating on the tranquil air, like a mother's brooding note, calling her children to their home. We mention our Bibles and religious books, found in the houses of the rich, and read with blissful welcome beside the hearthstone of the poor. We point to our learned clergy, the appointed defenders of the letter of Christianity. All this proves nothing. The Apostles could point to no long series of learned scribes; only to a few rough fishermen in sheep-skins and goat-skins. They had no multitude of Bibles and religious books, for they cast behind them the Old Testament, as a law of sin and death, and the New Testament was not then written, save in the heart; they had no piles of marble and mortar; no silvery and sweet-noted bell to rouse for them the slumbering morn. Yet were those men Christians. They did not gather of a Lord's day, in costly temples, to keep an old form, or kill the long-delaying hours; — but in small upper rooms; on the sea-

shore; beneath a tree; in caves of the desert mountains; or the tombs of dead men in cities, met those noble hearts, to worship God at first hand, and exhort one another to a manly life, and a martyr's death, if need were.

We see indeed an advance in our people above all ancient time; we fondly say, the mantle of a more liberal culture is thrown over us all. The improved state of society brings many a blessing in its train. The arts diffuse comfort; industry and foresight afford us, in general, a competence; schools and the printing-press, which works indefatigable with its iron hand, day and night, spread knowledge wide. Our hospitals, our asylums, and churches for the poor, give some signs of a Christian spirit. Crimes against man's person are less frequent than of old, and the legal punishments less frightful and severe. The rich do not ride rough-shodden over the poor. These things prove that the age has advanced somewhat. They do not prove that the spirit of Religion, of Christianity, of Love, the spirit of Christ, of God, are present among us and active; for enlightened prudence, the most selfish of selfishness would lead to the same results; and who has the hardihood to look facts in the face, and call our society spiritual and Christian? The social spirit of Christianity demands that the strong assist the weak.

We appeal as proofs of our Christianity to our attempts at improving ruder tribes, to our Bibles and Missionaries, sent with much self-denial and sacrifice to savage races. Admitting the nobleness of the design, granting the Christian spirit is shown in these enterprises, — for this at least must be allowed, and all heathen antiquity is vainly challenged for a similar case, — there is still a most melancholy reverse to this

flattering picture. Where shall we find a savage nation on the wide world that has, on the whole, been blessed by its intercourse with Christians? Where one that has not, most manifestly, been polluted and cursed by the Christian foot? Let this question be asked from Siberia to Patagonia, from the ninth century to the nineteenth; let it be put to the nations we defraud of their spices and their furs, leaving them in return our Religion and our Sin; let it be asked of the red man, whose bones we have broken to fragments, and trodden into bloody mire on the very spot where his mother bore him; let it be asked of the black man, torn by our cupidity from his native soil, whose sweat, exacted by Christian stripes, fattens our fields of cotton and corn, and brims the wine-cup of national wealth; whose chained hands are held vainly up as his spirit strives to God, with great, overmastering prayers for vengeance, and seem to clutch at the volleyed thunders of just, but terrible retribution, pendent over our heads. Let it be asked of all these, and who dares stay to hear the reply, and learn what report of our Christianity goes up to God?

We need not compare ourselves with our fathers, and say we are more truly religious than they were. Shame on us if we are not. Shame on us if we are always to be babes in Religion, and whipped reluctant into decent goodness by fear, never growing up to spiritual manhood. Admitting we are a more Christian people than our fathers, let us measure ourselves with the absolute standard. What is Religion amongst us? Is it the sentiment of the Infinite penetrating us with such depth of power, that we would, if need were, leave father and mother and child and wife, to dwell in friendless solitudes, so that we might worship God in peace? O no,

we were very fools to make such a sacrifice, when called on for the sake of such a Religion as that commonly preached, commonly accepted and lived. It is not worth that cost; so mean and degraded is Religion among us. Religion does not possess us as the sun possesses the violets, giving them warmth, and fragrance, and color, and beauty. It does not lead to a divine character. One would fancy the banns of wedlock were forbidden between Christianity and Life, also, as we are significantly told, they have been between Religion and Philosophy; so that the feeling and the thought, like sterile monks and nuns, never approach to clasp hands, but dwell joyless, each in a several cell. Religion has become chiefly, and with the well-clad mass of men, a matter of convention, and they write Christian with their name as they write "Mr.," because it is respectable; their fathers did so before them. Thus to be Christian comes to nothing, it is true, but it costs nothing, and is fairly worth what it costs.

Religion should be "a thousand-voiced psalm," from the heart of man to man's God, who is the original of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and is revealed in all that is good, true, and beautiful. But Religion is amongst us, in general, but a compliance with custom; a prudential calculation; a matter of expediency; whereby men hope, through giving up a few dollars in the shape of pew-tax, and a little time in the form of church-going, to gain the treasures of heaven and eternal life. Thus Religion has become Profit; not reverence of the highest, but vulgar hope and vulgar fear; a working for wages, to be estimated by the rules of loss and gain. Men love Religion as the mercenary worldling his well-endowed wife; not for herself, but for what she brings. They think Religion is useful to the

old, the sick, and the poor, to charm them with a comfortable delusion through the cloudy land of this earthly life; they wish themselves to keep some running account therewith, against the day, when they also shall be old, and sick, and poor. Christianity has two modes of action, direct on the heart and life of a man, and indirect through conventions, institutions, and other machinery; and in our time the last is almost its sole influence. Hence men reckon Christianity as valuable to keep men in order; it would have been good policy for a shrewd man to have invented it, on speculation, like other contrivances, for the utility of the thing. In their eyes the church, especially the church for the poor, is necessary as the court house or jail; the minister is a well-educated Sabbath day constable; and both are parts of the great property establishment of the times. They value Religion, not because it is true and divine, but because it serves a purpose. They deem it needful as the poll-tax, or the militia system, a national bank, or a sub-treasury. They value it among other commodities; they might give it a place in their inventories of stock; and hope of Heaven, or faith in Christ, might be summed up in the same column with money at one per cent.

The problem of men is not first the Kingdom of God, that is a perfect life on the earth, lived for its own sake; but first all other things, and then, if the Kingdom of God come of itself, or is thrown in to the bargain, like pack-thread and paper with a parcel of goods, why very well; they are glad of it. It keeps "all other things" from soiling. Does Religion take hold of the heart of us? Here and there, among rich men and poor men, especially among women, you shall find a few really religious; whose life is a prayer, and Chris-

tianity their daily breath. They would have been religious had they been cradled among cannibals, and before the flood. They are divine men; of whom the spirit of God seems to take early hold, and Reason and Religion to weave up, by celestial instinct, the warp and woof of their daily life. Judge not the age by its religious geniuses. The mass of men care little for Christianity; were it not so, the sins of the forum and the market-place, committed in a single month, would make the land rock to its centre. Men think of Religion at church, on the Sabbath; they make sacrifices, often great sacrifices, to support public worship, and attend it most sedulously, these men and women. But here the matter ends. Religion does not come into their soul; does not show itself in their housekeeping and trading. It does not shine out of the windows of morning and evening, and speak to them at every turn. How many young men in the thousand say thus to themselves, Of this will I make sure, a Christian character and divine life, all other things be as God sends? How many ever set their hearts on any moral and religious object, on achieving a perfect character, for example, with a fraction of the interest they take in the next election? Nay, woman also must share the same condemnation. Though into her rich heart God more generously sows the divine germs of Religion; though this is her strength, her loveliness, her primal excellence, yet she also has sold her birthright for tinsel ornaments, and the admiration of deceitful lips. Men think of Religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, forgetting that it is a crown of life at all times; man's choicest privilege; his highest possession; the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for any thing, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to

die religiously; a devil could do that; but to live divine is man's work.

Since Religion is thus regarded, or disregarded by men, we find that talent and genius, getting insight of this, float off to the market, the workshop, the senate, the farmer's field, or the court house, and bring home with honor the fleece of gold. Meanwhile, anointed dulness, arrayed in canonicals, his lesson duly conned, presses, semi-somnous, the consecrated cushions of the pulpit, and pours forth weekly his impotent drone, to be blest with bland praises, so long as he disturbs not respectable iniquity slumbering in his pew, nor touches an actual sin of the times, nor treads an inch beyond the beaten path of the church. Well is it for the safety of the actual church, that genius and talent forsake its rotten walls, to build up elsewhere the church of the first-born, and pray largely and like men — Thy kingdom come. There is a concealed skepticism amongst us, all the more deadly because concealed. It is not a denial of God, — though this it is whispered to our ear is not rare, — for men have opened their eyes too broadly not to notice the fact of God, everywhere apparent, without and within; still less is it disbelief of the Scriptures; there has always been too much belief in their letter, though far too little living of their truths. But there is a doubt of man's moral and religious nature; a doubt if righteousness be so superexcellent. We distrust Goodness and Religion, as the blind doubt if the sun be so fine as men tell of; or as the deaf might jeer at the ecstatic rapture of a musician. Who among men trusts Conscience as he trusts his eye or ear? With them the highest in man is self-interest. When they come to outside goodness, therefore, they are driven by fear of hell, as by a scorpion whip; or

bribed by the distant pleasures of Heaven. Accordingly, if they embrace Christianity, they make Jesus, who is the archetype of a divine life, not a man like his brothers, who had human appetites and passions; was tempted in the flesh; was cold, and hungry, and faint, and tired, and sleepy, and dull — each in its season — and who needed to work out his own salvation, as we also must do. But they make him an unnatural character; passionless; amphibious; not man and not God; whose holiness was poured on him from some celestial urn, and so was in no sense his own work, and who, therefore, can be no example for us, goaded as we are by appetite, and bearing the ark of our destiny in our own hands. It is not the essential element of Christianity, *love to man and love to God*, men commonly gather from the New Testament; but some perplexing dogma, or some oriental dream. How few religious men can you find, whom Christianity takes by the hand, and leads through the Saharas and Siberias of the world; men whose lives are noble; who can speak of Christianity as of their trading, and marrying, out of their own experience, because they have lived it? There is enough cant of Religion, creeds written on sanctimonious faces, as signs of that emptiness of heart, "which passeth show," but how little real Religion, that comes home to men's heart and life, let experience decide.

Yet, if he would, man cannot live all to this world. If not religious, he will be superstitious. If he worship not the true God, he will have his idols. The web of our mortal life, with its warp of destiny and its woof of freewill, is most strangely woven up, by the flying shuttles of time, which rest not, wake we or sleep; but through this wondrous tissue of the perishing there runs

the gold thread of eternity, and like the net Peter saw in his vision, full of strange beasts and creeping things, this web is at last seen to be caught up to Heaven by its four corners, and its common things become no longer unclean. We cannot always be false to Religion. It is the deepest want of man. Satisfy all others, we soon learn, that we cannot live by bread only, for as an ancient has said, "It is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth man, but thy Word, which preserveth them that put their trust in thee." Without the divine life we are portionless, bereft of strength; without the living consciousness of God, we are orphans, left to the bleakness of the world.

But our paper must end. The Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; it is not bread, and it is not drink. The Christianity of Society is still worse; it is bitter in the mouth and poison in the blood. Still men are hungering and thirsting, though not always knowingly, after the true bread of life. Why shall we perish with hunger? In our Father's house is enough and to spare. The Christianity of Christ is high and noble as ever. The religion of Reason, of the Soul, the Word of God, is still strong and flamelike, as when first it dwelt in Jesus, the chiefest incarnation of God, and now the pattern man. Age has not dimmed the lustre of this light that lighteneth all, though they cover their eyes in obstinate perversity, and turn away their faces from this great sight. Man has lost none of his God-likeness. He is still the child of God, and the Father is near to us as to him who dwelt in his bosom. Conscience has not left us. Faith and hope still abide; and love never fails. The Comforter is with us; and though the man Jesus no longer blesses the earth, the ideal Christ, formed in the heart, is with us to the end

of the world. Let us then build on these. Use good words when we can find them, in the church, or out of it. Learn to pray, to pray greatly and strong; learn to reverence what is highest; above all learn to live; to make Religion daily work, and Christianity our common life. All days shall then be the Lord's day; our homes, the house of God, and our labor, the ritual of Religion. Then we shall not glory in men, for all things shall be ours; we shall not be impoverished by success, but enriched by affliction. Our service shall be worship, not idolatry. The burdens of the Bible shall not overlay and crush us; its wisdom shall make us strong, and its piety enchant us. Paul and Jesus shall not be our masters, but elder brothers, who open the pearly gate of truth and cheer us on, leading us to the Tree of Life. We shall find the Kingdom of Heaven and enjoy it now, not waiting till death ferries us over to the other world. We shall then repose beside the rock of ages, smitten by divine hands, and drink the pure water of life as it flows from the Eternal, to make earth green and glad. We shall serve no longer a bond-slave to tradition, in the leprous host of sin, but become free men, by the law and spirit of life. Thus like Paul shall we form the Christ within; and like Jesus, serving and knowing God directly, with no mediator intervening, become one with him. Is not this worth a man's wish; worth his prayers; worth his work, to seek the living Christianity; the Christianity of Christ? Not having this, we seem but bubbles, — bubbles on an ocean, shoreless and without bottom; bubbles that sparkle a moment in the sun of life, then burst to be no more. But with it we are men, immortal souls, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

II.

GERMAN LITERATURE.*

Opinions are divided respecting German literature. If we are to believe what is currently reported, and generally credited, there is, somewhere in New England, a faction of discontented men and maidens, who have conspired to love every thing Teutonic, from Dutch skates to German infidelity. It is supposed, at least asserted, that these misguided persons would fain banish all other literature clean out of space; or, at the very least, would give it precedence of all other letters, ancient or modern. Whatever is German, they admire; philosophy, dramas, theology, novels, old ballads, and modern sonnets; histories, and dissertations, and sermons; but above all, the immoral and irreligious writings, which it is supposed the Germans are chiefly engaged in writing, with the generous intention of corrupting the youth of the world, restoring the worship of Priapus, or Pan, or the Pope, — it is not decided which is to receive the honor of universal homage, —

* From the Dial for January, 1842. — Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, edited by George Ripley, vol. vii., viii., and ix., containing German Literature, translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel, by C. C. Felton; in three volumes. Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co. 1840.

and thus gradually preparing for the Kingdom of Misrule, and the dominion of Chaos and "most ancient Night." It is often charitably taken for granted, that the lovers of German works on Philosophy and Art amongst us are moved thereto, either by a disinterested love of whatever is German, or else, which is the more likely, by a disinterested love of evil, and the instigation of the devil, who, it is gravely said, has actually inspired several of the most esteemed writers of that nation. This German epidemic, we are told, extends very wide. It has entered the boarding-schools for young misses, of either sex, and committed the most frightful ravages therein. We have been apprised that it has sometimes seized upon a College, nay, on Universities, and both the Faculty and the Corporation have exhibited symptoms of the fatal disease. Colleges, did we say?

"No place is sacred, not the Church is free."

It has attacked clergymen, in silk and in lawn. The Doctors of Divinity fall before it. It is thought, that

"Fever and ague, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-looked tyrant's heavy horse of war;
And apoplexies, those light troops of death,
That use small ceremony with our breath,"

are all nothing to the German epidemic. We meet men with umbrellas and overshoes, men "shawled to the teeth," and suppose they are prudent persons, who have put on armor against this subtle foe. Histories of this plague, as of the cholera, have been written; the public has often been called to defend itself from the enemy, and quarantine regulations are put in force against all suspected of the infection. In short, the prudent men of the land, men wise to foresee, and curi-

ous to prevent evil, have not failed to advise the public from time to time of the danger that is imminent, and to recommend certain talismans, as effectual safeguards. We think a copy of the "Westminster Catechism," or the "Confessions of Faith adopted by the Council of Trent," or the "Athanasian Creed," perhaps if hung about the neck, and worn next the skin, might save little children, and perhaps girls nearly grown up, especially, if they read these amulets every morning, fasting. But a more important specific has occurred to us, which we have never known to fail, and it has been tried in a great many cases, in both hemispheres. The remedy is simple; it is a strong infusion of Dulness. Continued applications of this excellent nostrum will save any person, we think, from all but very slight attacks of this epidemic. Certainly, it will secure the patient from the worst form of the disease, — the philosophical frenzy, which it is said prevails in colleges, and among young damsels, but which, we think, does not attack the pulpit. The other forms of the malady are mainly cutaneous, and easily guarded against.

It has often been matter of astonishment to us, that the guardians of the public welfare did not discover German literature when it first set foot in America, and thrust it back into the ocean; and we can only account for the fact of its extension here, from the greater activity of Evil in general. "Rank weeds do grow apace." So this evil has grown up in the absence of our guardians, as the golden calf was made, while Moses was in the mount, fasting. While the young men and maidens have been eating the German lotus, the guardians of the public weal have been "talking, or pursuing, or journeying, or peradventure, they slept,

and must needs be awaked." However this may be, they are now awake, and in full cry.

Now, for our own part, we have never yet fallen in with any of these dangerous persons, who have this exaggerated admiration of whatever is Teutonic, still less this desire to overthrow Morality, and turn Religion out of the world. This fact may be taken as presumptive evidence of blindness on our part, if men will. We sometimes, indeed, meet with men, and women also, well read in this obnoxious literature; they are mostly, — yes, without a single exception, as we remember, — unoffending persons. They "gang their ain gait," and leave others the same freedom. They have tastes of their own; scholarly habits; some of them are possessed of talent, and no contemptible erudition, judging by the New England standard. They honor what they find good, and to their taste, in German literature as elsewhere. Men and women, some of them are, who do not think all intellectual and æsthetic excellence is contained in a hundred volumes of Greek and Roman authors, profound and beautiful as they are. They study German Philosophy, Theology, Criticism, and Literature in general, as they would the similar works of any nation, for the good they contain. This, we think, is not forbidden by the Revised Statutes, or any other universal standard of right and wrong. Why should not a man study even Sanscrit Philosophy, if he will, and profit by it, in peace, if he can? We do not say there are no enthusiatic or fanatical admirers of this literature; nor, that there are none, who "go too far" in their admiration, — which means, in plain English, further than their critic, — but that such persons are by no means common; so that there seems, really, very small cause for the panic, into which some good people

have seen fit to fall. We doubt the existence, therefore, of this reputed faction of men and maidens, who design to reinstate Confusion on her throne.

But on the other hand, we are told, — and partly believe it, — that there is a party of cool-headed, discreet, moderate, sound, and very respectable persons, who hate German literature. Of these we can speak from knowledge. Most men have heard of them, for they have cried out like Bluebeard in the tale, "till all shook again." They are plenty as acorns in autumn, and may be had for the asking. This party has, to speak gently, a strong dislike to German literature, philosophy, and theology. Sometimes this dislike is founded on a knowledge of facts, an acquaintance with the subject, in which case no one will find fault; but far oftener it rests merely on prejudice, — on the most utter ignorance of the whole matter. Respecting this latter class of haters without knowledge, we have a few words to say. We have somewhere seen it written, " he that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and shame unto him." We commend it to the attention of these judges. They criticize German literature by wholesale and retail, — to adopt the ingenious distinction of Dr. Watts. They issue their writs, and have the shadow of some poor German brought into the court of their greatness, and pass sentence with the most speedy justice, never examining the evidence, nor asking a question, nor permitting the prisoner at the bar to say a word for himself, till the whole matter is disposed of. Before this honorable bench, Goethe, and Schleiermacher, and Schiller, and Arndt, and Kant, and Leibnitz, Henry Heine, and Jacob Böhme, Schelling of universal renown, and Schefer of Muskau in Nieder-Lausitz, and Hegel, and Strauss, with their aids and abettors, are

brought up and condemned as mystics, infidels, or pantheists; in one word, as Germans. Thus the matter is disposed of by the honorable court. Now we would not protest against this method of proceeding, ancient as it is, and supported by precedents from the time of Jethro to General Jackson. Such a protest would be "a dangerous innovation," no doubt. We would have no exceptions from the general method made in favor of German letters. No literature was ever written into more than temporary notice, and certainly none was ever written down. German literature amongst us encounters just the same treatment the classic authors received at the hands of the middle ages. When those old sages and saints began to start out of the corners, where night had overtaken them, men were alarmed at their strange faces and antique beards, and mysterious words. "What," said they, as they gaped on one another, in the parlor, the court, the camp, or the church, with terror in their faces, — "What! study Greek and Roman letters! Greek and Roman philosophy? shall we men of the TENTH century, study authors who lived two thousand years ago, in an age of darkness? Shame on the thought! Shall we, who are Christians, and live in an age of light, look for instruction to Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, men from dark pagan times? It were preposterous! Let such works perish, or sink back to their original night."* So it goes with

* The following anecdote is quite to the point. One day, in the year 1530, a French monk *said in the pulpit*, "a new language has been discovered, which is called Greek. You must take good heed, and keep out of its way. This language engenders all heresies. I see in the hands of many, a book written in this language. It is called the New Testament. It is a book full of thorns and vipers. As for the Hebrew language, all who study that become Jews imme-

us, and it is said, "Shall we Americans, excellent Christians as we are, who live in a land of education, of righteousness, of religion, and know how to reconcile it all with our three millions of slaves; in the land of steamboats and railroads; we Americans, possessed of all needed intelligence and culture, shall we read the books of the Germans, infidels as they are? Germans, who dwell in the clouds, and are only fitted by divine grace to smoke tobacco and make dictionaries! Out upon the thought."

No doubt this decision is quite as wise as that pronounced so gravely by conservatives and alarmists of the middle ages. "Would you have me try the criminal before I pass sentence?" said the Turkish justice; "that were a waste of words and time, for if I should condemn him after examination, why not before, and so save the trouble of looking into the matter?" Certainly the magistrate was wise, and wherever justice is thus administered, the traditional complaint of the "law's delay" will never dare lift up its voice. Honor to the Turkish judge and his swift decision; long may it be applied to German literature. Certainly it is better that ninety-and-nine innocent persons should suffer outrageous torture, than that one guilty should escape. Why should not public opinion lay an embargo on German works, as on India crackers, or forbid their sale? Certainly it costs more labor to read them, than the many excellent books in the mother-tongue. No doubt a ready reader would go over the whole ninety-eight volumes of Sir Walter Scott, in less time than he could plod through and master the single obsti-

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diately." — *Sismondi, Histoire des Francais*, T. XVI. p. 364, cited in Michelet's Hist. Luther.

nate book of Kant's Kritik of the Pure Reason. Stewart, and Brown, and Reid, and Paley, and Thomas Dick, and Abercrombie, are quite easy reading. They trouble no man's digestion, though he read them after dinner with his feet on the fender. Are not these writers, with their illustrious progenitors, successors, and coadjutors, sufficient for all practical purposes? Why, then, allow our studious youth in colleges and log-cabins to pour over Leibnitz and Hegel, till they think themselves blind, and the red rose yields to the white on their cheek?

In the name of good sense, we would ask if English literature, with the additions of American genius, is not rich enough without our going to the Hercynian forest, where the scholars do not think, but only dream? Not to mention Milton, and Shakspeare, and Bacon, — names confessedly without parallel in the history of thought, — have we not surpassed the rest of the world, in each department of science, literature, philosophy, and theology? Whence comes the noble array of scientific works, that connect general laws with single facts, and reveal the mysteries of nature? Whence come the most excellent works in poetry, criticism, and art? Whence the profound treatises on ethics and metaphysics? Whence the deep and wide volumes of theology, the queen of all sciences? Whence come works on the classics of Greece and Rome? Whence histories of all the chief concerns of man? Do they not all come, in this age, from England and our own bosom? What need have we of asking favors from the Germans, or of studying their literature? As the middle-age monks said of the classics, — ANATHEMA SIT. It is certainly right, that the ghost of terror, like Mr. Littlefaith in the story, should cross itself in presence of such a

spirit, and utter its APAGE SATHANAS. Such an anathema would, no doubt, crush the Monadnock — or a sugar-plum.

But let us come out of this high court of Turkish justice, and for a moment look German literature in the face, and allow it to speak for itself. To our apprehension, German literature is the fairest, the richest, the most original, fresh, and religious literature of all modern times. We say this advisedly. We do not mean to say Germany has produced the greatest poetic genius of modern times. It has no Shakspeare, as the world has but one, in whom the Poetic Spirit seems to culminate, though it will doubtless rise higher in better ages. But we sometimes hear it said, admitting the excellence of two or three German writers, yet their literature is narrow, superficial, and poor, when compared with that of England. Let us look at the facts, and compare the two in some points. Classical taste and culture have long been the boast of England. There is a wealth of classical allusion in her best writers, which has an inexpressible charm, and forms the chief minor grace, in many a work of poetic art. Classical culture is the pride, we take it, of her two "ancient and honorable universities," and their spirit prevails everywhere in the island. The English scholar is proud of his "quantity," and the correctness of his quotations from Seneca and Demosthenes. But from what country do we get editions of the classics, that are worth the reading, in which modern science and art are brought to bear on the ancient text? What country nurtures the men that illustrate Homer, Herodotus, the Anthology of Planudes, and the dramatic poets? Who explain for us the antiquities of Athens, and write minute treatises on

the law of inheritance, the castes, tribes, and manners of the men of Attica? Who collect all the necessary facts, and reproduce the ideas lived out, consciously or unconsciously, on the banks of the Eurotas, the Nile, or the Alpheus? Why, the Germans. We do not hesitate to say, that in the present century not a Greek or a Roman classic has been tolerably edited in England, except through the aid of some German scholar. The costly editions of Greek authors that come to us from Oxford and London, beautiful reprints of Plato, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Herodotus, the Attic orators, and Plotinus; all these are the work of German erudition, German toil, German genius sometimes. The wealthy islanders, proud of their classic culture, furnish white paper and luminous type; but the curious diligence that never tires; the profound knowledge and philosophy which brings the whole light of Grecian genius to illuminate a single point; all this is German, and German solely. Did it not happen within ten years, that the translation of a German work, containing some passages in Greek, incorrectly pointed in the original edition, and, therefore, severely censured at home, was about being published in Edinburgh, and no man could be found in the Athens of the North, and "no man in all Scotland," who could correctly accent the Greek words! The fact must be confessed. So the book was sent to its author, — a Professor of Theology, — and he put it into the hands of one of his pupils, and the work was done. These things are trifles, but a straw shows which way the stream runs, when a millstone would not. Whence come even the grammars and lexicons, of almost universal use in studying the ancient authors? The name of Reimer, and Damm, and Schneider, and

Büttman, and Passow, give the answer. Where are the English classical scholars in this century, who take rank with Wolf, Heyne, Schweighauser, Wyttenbach, Boeckh, Herrmann, Jacobs, Siebelis, Hoffman, Siebenkees, Müller, Creutzer, Wellauer, and Ast? Nay, where shall we find the rivals of Dindorf, Schäfer, Stallbaum, Spitzner, Bothe, and Bekker, and a host more? for we have only written down those which rushed into our mind. What English name of the present century can be mentioned with the least of these? Not one. They labor, and we may enter into their labors, if we are not too foolish. Who write ancient history like Niebühr, and Müller, and Schlosser? But for the Germans, the English would have believed till this day, perhaps, all the stories of Livy, that it rained stones, and oxen spoke, for so it was written in Latin, and the text was unimpeachable.

But some may say, these are not matters of primary concern; in things of "great pith and moment" we are superior to these Teutonic giants. Would it were so. Perhaps, in some of the physical sciences the English surpass their German friends, though even here we have doubts, which are strengthened every month. One would expect the most valuable works on physical geography from England; but we are disappointed, and look in vain for any one to rival Ritter, or even Mannert. In works of general, civil, and political history in the present century, though we have two eminent historians in our own country, one of whom must take rank with Thucydides and Tacitus, Gibbon and Hume, England has nothing to equal the great works of Von Hammer, Wilkins, and Schlosser. Why need we mention the German histories of inventions, of art, of each science, of classical education, of literature in general?

Why name their histories of Philosophy, from Brucker down to Brandis and Michelet? In English, we have but Stanley, good in his time, and valuable even now, and Enfield, a poor compiler from Brucker. The Germans abound in histories of literature, from the beginning of civilization down to the last Leipsic fair. In England, such works are unknown. We have as yet no history of our own literature, though the Germans have at least one, quite readable and instructive. Even the dry and defective book of Mr. Hallam, — for such it is with all its many excellences, — is drawn largely from its German predecessors, though it is often inferior to them in vigor, and almost always in erudition and eloquence.

Doubtless, the English are a very learned people; a very Christian people likewise, no doubt. But within the present century, what has been written in the English tongue, in any department of theological scholarship, which is of value, and makes a mark on the age? The Bridgewater Treatises, and the new edition of Paley, — we blush to confess it, — are the best things. In the criticism and explanation of the Bible, Old Testament or New Testament, what has been written, that is worth reading? Nothing, absolutely nothing of any permanent value, save some half dozen of books, it may be, drawn chiefly from German sources. Who have written the grammars and lexicons, by which the Hebrew and Greek Testaments are read? Why, the Germans. Who have written critical introductions to the Bible, useful helps in studying the sacred letters? Why, the Germans. Who have best, and alone developed the doctrines of the Bible, and explained them, philosophically and practically? Why, the Germans again. Where are the men, who shall stand up in

presence of Gesenius, Fürst, Schleusner, and Wahl; Winer, and Ewald, and Nordheimer; Michaelis, Eichhorn, Jahn, and Bertholdt, Hug, and De Wette; the Rosenmüllers, Maurer, Umbreit, Credner, Paulus, Kuinoel, Fritzsche, Von Meyer, Lücke, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, and Tholuck, and take rank as their peers? We look for them, but in vain. "We put our finger on them, and they are not there." What work on theology, which has deserved or attracted general notice, has been written in English, in the present century? We know of none. In Germany, such works are numerous. They have been written by pious men, and the profoundest scholars of the age. Wegscheider's Theology is doubtless a poor work; but its equal is nowhere to be found in the English tongue. Its equal, did we say? There is nothing that can pretend to approach it. Where, then, shall we find rivals for such theologians as Ammon, Hase, Daub, Baumgarten Crusius, Schleiermacher, Bretschneider, and De Wette? even for Zachariæ, Vatke, and Kaiser?

In ecclesiastical history everybody knows what sort of works have proceeded from the English and American scholars. Jortin, Milner, Priestley, Campbell, Echard, Erskine, Jones, Waddington, and Sabine; these are our writers. But what are their works? They are scarcely known in the libraries of scholars. For our knowledge of ecclesiastical history we depend on the translations from Du Pin, and Tillemont, or more generally on those from the German Mosheim and Gieseler. All our English ecclesiastical historians, what are they when weighed against Mosheim, the Walchs, Vater, Gieseler, Schröckh, Planck, Muenscher, Tzschirner, and Neander? Why, they might make sumptuous repasts on the crumbs which fall from these men's table. The Germans pub-

lish the Fathers of the Greek and Latin church, and study them. To the English they are almost "a garden shut up and a fountain sealed." It is only the Germans in this age, who study theology, or even the Bible, with the aid of enlightened and scientific criticism. There is not even a history of theology in our language.

But this is not all, by no means the chief merit of the German scholars. Within less than threescore years there have appeared among them four philosophers, who would have been conspicuous in any age, and will hereafter, we think, be named with Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz — among the great thinkers of the world. They are Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Silently these lights arose and went up the sky without noise, to take their place among the fixed stars of Genius and shine with them; names that will not fade out of heaven until some ages shall have passed away. These men were thinkers all; deep, mighty thinkers. They knelt reverently down before Nature, with religious hearts, and asked her questions. They sat on the brink of the well of Truth, and continued to draw for themselves and the world. Take Kant alone, and in the whole compass of thought, we scarce know his superior. From Aristotle to Leibnitz, we do not find his equal. No, nor since Leibnitz. Need we say it? Was there not many a Lord Bacon in Immanuel Kant? Leibnitz himself was not more capacious, nor the Stagyrite more profound. What revolutions are in his thoughts. His books are battles. Philosophical writers swarm in Germany. Philosophy seems epidemic almost, and a score of first-rate American, or half a dozen English reputations, might be made out of any of their philosophical writers of fourth or

fifth magnitude. Here, one needs very little scholarship to establish a name. A small capital suffices for the outfit, for the credit system seems to prevail in the literary, as well as the commercial world; and one can draw on the Bank of Possibilities, as well as the fund of achievements. One need but open any number of the Berlin Jahrbücher, the Jena Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung, or the Studien und Kritiken, to see what a lofty spirit prevails among the Germans in philosophy, criticism, and religion. There, a great deal is taken for granted, and supposed to be known to all readers, which here is not to be supposed, except of a very few, the most learned. Philosophy and theology we reckon as the pride of the Germans. Here their genius bursts into bloom, and ripens into fruit. But they are greatly eminent, likewise, in the departments of poetry, and elegant letters in general. Notwithstanding their wealth of erudition, they are eminently original. Scandinavia and the East, Greece and the middle ages, all pour their treasures into the lap of the German muse, who not only makes trinkets therefrom, but out of her own stores of linen, and wool, and silk, spins and weaves strong and beautiful apparel for all her household, and the needy everywhere. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." No doubt, among the Germans there is an host of servile imitators, whose mind travels out of itself, so to say, and makes pilgrimages to Dante, or Shakspeare, or Pindar, or Thucydides. Some men think they are very Shakspeares, because they transgress obvious rules. The sickly negations of Byron, his sensibility, misanthropy, and affectation, are aped every day in Berlin and Vienna. Horace and Swift, Anacreon and Bossuet,

and Seneca and Walter Scott, not to name others, have imitators in every street, who remind one continually of the wren that once got into the eagle's nest, set up to be king of the birds, and attempted a scream. Still the staple of their literature is eminently original. In point of freshness, it has no equal since the days of Sophocles. Who shall match with Wieland, and Lessing, the Schlegels, Herder, so sweet and beautiful, Jean Paul, Tieck, and Schiller, and Goethe? We need not mention lesser names, nor add more of their equals.

In what we have said, we would not underrate English literature, especially the works of former ages. We would pay deep and lasting homage to the great poets, historians, philosophers, and divines of the mother country, in her best days. Their influence is still fresh and living throughout the world of letters. But as these great spirits ascended, the mantle of their genius, or inspiration, has fallen on the Germans, and not the English. Well says a contemporary, "Modern works are greatly deficient both in depth and purity of sentiment. They seldom contain original and striking views of the nature of man, and of the institutions which spring from his volition. There is a dearth of thought and sterility of sentiment among us. Literature, art, philosophy, and life, are without freshness, ideality, verity, and spirit. Most works, since the days of Milton, require little thought; they want depth, freshness; the meaning is on the surface; and the charm, if any, is no deeper than the fancy; the imagination is not called into life; the thoughts are carried creepingly along the earth, and often lost amid the low and uncleanly things of sense and custom." "I do not, at this time, think of any writer since Milton, excepting Coleridge and

Wordsworth, whose works require a serene and thoughtful spirit, in order to be understood." *

As little would we be insensible to the merits of the rising literature of our own land. Little could be expected of us, hitherto. Our business has been, to hew down the forest; to make paths and saw-mills; railroads and steamboats; to lay the foundation of a great people, and provide for the emergencies of the day. As yet, there is no American literature, which corresponds to the first principles of our institutions, as the English or French literature corresponds to theirs. We are, perhaps, yet too young and raw to carry out the great American idea, either in literature or society. At present, both are imitations, and seem rather the result of foreign and accidental circumstances, than the offspring of our own spirit. No doubt, the time will come, when there shall be an American school, in science, letters, and the elegant arts. Certainly, there is none now. The promise of it must be sought in our newspapers, and speeches, oftener than in our books. Like all other nations, we have begun with imitations, and shall come to originals, doubtless, before we end.

But there is one peculiar charm in German literature, quite unequalled, we think, in modern days, that is, the RELIGIOUS character of their works. We know it is often said, the Germans are licentious, immoral in all ways, and above all men, — not the old giants excepted, — are haters of religion. One would fancy Mezentius or Goliath was the archetype of the nation. We say it advisedly, that this is, in our opinion, the most religious literature the world has seen since the palmy days of Greek writing, when the religious spirit seemed

* A. B. Alcott in "Record of a School."

fresh, and warm, coming into life, and playing grateful with the bland celestial light, reflected from each flower-cup, and passing cloud, or received direct and straight-way from the Source of all. It stands an unconscious witness to the profound piety of the German heart. We had almost said it was the only Christian national literature the world has ever seen. Certainly, to our judgment, the literature of Old England, in her best days, was less religious in thought and feeling, as it was less beautiful in its form, and less simple in its quiet, loving holiness, than this spontaneous and multiform expression of the German soul. But we speak not for others; let each drink of "that spiritual rock," where the water is most salubrious to him. But we do not say that German literature comprises no works decidedly immoral and irreligious. Certainly we have read such, but they are rare, while almost every book, not entirely scientific and technical, breathes a religious spirit. You meet this, coming unobtrusively upon you, where you least of all expect it. We do not say, that the idea of a Christian literature is realized in Germany, or likely to be realized. No; the farthest from it possible. No nation has yet dreamed of realizing it. Nor can this be done, until Christianity penetrates the heart of the nations, and brings all into subjection to the spirit of life. The Christianity of the world is yet but a baptized heathenism, so literature is yet heathen and profane. We dare not think, lest we think against our Faith. As if Truth were hostile to Faith, and God's house were divided against itself. The Greek literature represents the Greek religion; its ideal and its practical side. But all the literature of all Christian nations, taken together, does not represent the true Christian religion, only that fraction of it these nations could

translate into their experience. Hence, we have as yet only the cradle song of Christianity, and its nursery rhymes. The same holds true in art, — painting, sculpture, and architecture. Hitherto it is only the church militant, not the church triumphant, that has been represented. A Gothic cathedral gives you the aspiration, not the attainment, the resting in the fulness of God, which is the end of Christianity. We have Magdalens, Madonnas; saints, emaciated almost to anatomies, with most rueful visage; and traditional faces of the Saviour. These, however, express the penitence, the wailing of the world lying in darkness, rather than the light of the nations. The Son of Man risen from the grave is yet lacking, in art. The Christian Prometheus, or Apollo, is not yet; still less the triple Graces, and the Olympian Jove of Christianity. What is Saint Peter's to the Parthenon, considered as symbols of the two religions? The same deficiency prevails in literature. We have inherited much from the heathen, and so Christianity, becoming the residuary legatee of deceased religions, has earned but little for itself. History has not yet been written in the spirit of the Christian scheme; as a friend says, hitherto it has been the "history of elder brothers." Christianity would write of the whole family. The great Christian poem, the Tragédy of Mankind, has not yet been conceived. A Christian philosophy founded on an exhaustive analysis of Man, is among the things that are distant. The true religion has not yet done its work in the heart of the nations. How, then, can it reach their literature, their arts, their society, which come from the nation's heart? Christianity is still in the manger, wrapped in swaddling bands, and unable to move its limbs. Its Jewish parent watches fearful, with a pondering heart. The shepherds,

that honor the new-born, are Jewish still, dripping as yet with the dews of ancient night. The heathen magicians have come up to worship, guided by the star of truth, which goes before all simple hearts, and lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But they are heathen even now. They can only offer "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." They do not give their mind, and still less their heart. The celestial child is still surrounded by the oxen, that slumber in their stalls, or wake to blame the light that prevents their animal repose. The Herod of superstition is troubled, and his city with him. Alarmed at the new tidings, he gathers together his mighty men, his chief priests and scribes, to take counsel of his twin prophets, the Flesh and the Devil, and while he pretends to seek only to worship, he would gladly slay the young child, that is born King of the world. But Christianity will yet grow up to manhood, and escape the guardianship of traditions, to do the work God has chosen. Then, and not till then, will the gospel of beautiful souls, fair as the light, and "terrible as an army with banners," be written in the literature, arts, society, and life of the world. Now when we say that German literature is religious, above all others, we mean, that it comes nearer than any other to the Christian ideal of literary art. Certainly it by no means reaches the mark.

Such, then, is German literature. Now, with those among us, who think nothing good can come of it, we have nothing to say. Let them rejoice in their own cause, and be blessed in it. But from the influence this rich, beloved, and beautiful literature will exert on our infant world of letters, we hope the most happy results. The diligence which shuns superficial study; the bold-

ness which looks for the causes of things, and the desire to fall back on what alone is elementary and eternal, in criticism, philosophy, and religion; the religious humility and reverence which pervades it, may well stimulate our youth to great works. We would not that any one should give in his adhesion to a German master, or copy German models. All have their defects. We wonder that clear thinkers can write so darkly as some do, and that philosophers and theologians are content with their slovenly paragraphs, after Goethe has written such luminous prose. We doubt, that their philosophical or theological systems can ever take root in the American mind. But their method may well be followed; and fortunate will it be for us if the central truths, their systems are made to preserve, are sown in our soil, and bear abundant fruit. No doubt, there is danger in studying these writings; just as there is danger in reading Copernicus, or Locke, Aristotle, or Lord Brougham, or Isaiah and St. John. As a jocose friend says, "it is always dangerous for a young man to think, for he may think wrong, you know." It were sad to see men run mad after German philosophy; but it is equally sad to see them go to the same excess in English philosophy. If "Transcendentalism" is bad, so is Paleyism, and Materialism. Truth is possessed entire by no sect, German or English. It requires all schools to get at all Truth, as the whole Church is needed to preach the whole Gospel. Blessed were the days when Truth dwelt among men in her wholeness. But alas! they only existed in fable, and now, like Osiris in the story, she is cut into fragments and scattered world-wide, and sorrowing mortals must journey their life long, to gather here a piece and there a piece. But the whole can never be joined and reanimated in this life. Where

there is much thought, there will be some truth, and where there is freedom in thinking, there is room for misconduct also. We hope light from Germany; but we expect shadows with it. The one will not eclipse the sun, nor the other be thicker than the old darkness we have "felt" from our youth up. We know there is SIN among the Germans; it is so wherever there are men and women. Philosophy, in Germany or England, like the stout man a journeying, advances from day to day; but sometimes loses the track and wanders, "not knowing whither he goeth;" nay, sometimes stumbles into a ditch. When this latter accident, — as it is confessed, — has befallen Philosophy in America and England, and men declare she is stark dead, we see not why her friends might not call on her German sister, to extricate her from the distress, and revive her once more, or at least give her decent burial. We are sorry, we confess it, to see foolish young men, and old men not burdened with wisdom, trusting wholly in a man; thinking as he thinks, and moving as he pulls the strings. It is dangerous to yield thus to a German, or a Scotch philosopher. It were bad to be borne off on a cloud by Fichte and Hegel, or to be made "spouse of the worm and brother of the clay," by Priestley or Paley. But we fancy it were better to fall into the hands of Jove than Pluto. We cannot predict the result of the German movement in Philosophy; but we see no more reason for making Henry Heine, Gutzkow, and Schefer, the exponents of that movement, — as the manner of some is, — than for selecting Bulwer, Byron, Moore, and Taylor the infidel, to represent the Church of England. Seneca and Petronius were both Roman men, but which is the type? Let German literature be weighed in an even balance, and then pass for what it

is worth. We have no fear that it will be written down, and should be sorry to see any exaggerated statement of its excellence, which would, in the end, lead to disappointment.

We turn now to the book named at the head of our article. The author's design is to give a picture of German literature. His work does not pretend to be a history, nor to point out the causes which have made the literature what it is. His aim is to write of subjects, rather than to talk about books. His work is merely a picture. Since this is so, its character depends on two things, namely, the artist's point of sight, and the fidelity with which he has painted things as they appear, from that point. The first question then is, from what point does he survey the field? It is not that of philosophy, theology, or politics. He is no adept in either of these sciences. He is eminently national, and takes the stand of a German amateur. Therefore it is his duty to paint things as they appear to a disinterested German man of letters; so he must treat of religion, philosophy, education, history, politics, natural science, poetry, law, and criticism, from this point of view. It would certainly require an encyclopedical head to discuss ably all these subjects, and bring them down to the comprehension of the unlearned. It was scarcely to be expected, that any one man should be so familiar with all departments of thought in a literature so wide and rich as this, as never to make mistakes, and even great mistakes. But Mr. Menzel does not give us a faithful picture of things as seen from this position, as we shall proceed to show in some details. He carries with him violent prejudices, which either blind his eyes to the truth, or prevent him from representing it as it is.

On his first appearance, his unmanly hostility to Goethe began to show itself.* Nay, it appeared, we are told, in his Streckverse, published a little before. This hostility amounts to absolute hatred, we think, not only of the works, but of the man himself. This animosity towards distinguished authors vitiates the whole work. Personal feelings and prepossessions perpetually interrupt the cool judgment of the critic. When a writer attempts, as Menzel does, to show that an author who has a reputation, which covers the world, and rises higher and higher each year, who is distinguished for the breadth of his studies, and the newness of his views, and his exquisite taste in all matters of art, is only a humbug, what can we do but smile, and ask, if effects come without causes? Respecting this hostility to Goethe, insane as it obviously is, we have nothing to say. Besides, the translator has ably referred to the matter in the preface. That Goethe, as a man, was selfish to a very high degree, a debauchee and well-bred epicurean, who had little sympathy with what was highest in man, so long as he could crown himself with rose-buds, we are willing to admit. But let him have justice, none the less. Mr. Menzel sets up a false standard, by which to judge literary productions. Philosophy, ethics, art, and literature, should be judged of by their own laws. We would not censure the Laocoön, because it did not teach us agriculture, nor the Iliad, because it was not republican enough for our taste. Each of these works is to be judged by its own principles. Now, we object to our friend, that he judges

* Europaischen Blättern for 1824, I. B. p. 101–108, and IV. p. 233' seq. But these we have never seen, and only a few stray numbers of the Literatur-Blatt.

literary works by the political complexion of their author. Thus, for example, not to mention Goethe, he condemns Johann Von Müller, — whom, as a Swiss, he was not bound to mention among German writers, — and all his works, because he was no patriot. For him "of all the German writers, I entertain the profoundest contempt." No doubt, the venerable historian, as some one has said, would be overwhelmed as he stands in the Elysian fields, with Tacitus and Thucydides, to be despised by such an historian as Menzel!* So Krug is condemned, not for his fustiness and superficiality, but because he wrote against the Poles.† It is surprising to what a length this is carried. He ought to condemn the "Egoism" of Fichte, no less than that of Hegel. But because the former is a liberal, and the latter a conservative, the same thing is tolerated in the one and condemned in the other. Words cannot express his abhorrence of Hegel. Fries is condemned as a philosopher, because he was "almost the only true patriot among our philosophers." Oken must not be reproached with his coarse Materialism, because he resigned his professorship at Jena, rather than give up his liberal journal. These few instances are sufficient to show the falseness of his standard.

He indulges in personal abuse; especially does he pour out the vials of his calumny on the "young Germans," whom he censures for their personal abuse. He seems to have collected all the "little city twaddle," as the Germans significantly name it, as material for his work, and very striking are the colors, indeed. His

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* See an able defence of Von Müller, in Strauss's Streitschriften, Heft 2. Tübigen: 1837, p. 100.

† Vol. I. p. 235, seq.

abuse of this kind is so gross, that we shall say no more of it.* Mr. Menzel is the Berserker of modern critics. He scorns all laws of literary warfare; scalps, and gouges, and stabs under the fifth rib, and sometimes condescends to tell a little fib, as we shall show in its place. He often tries the works he censures by a moral, and not a critical or artistic standard. No doubt, the moral is the highest, and a work of art, wherein the moral element is wanting, deserves the severest censure. No man can insist on this too strongly. But when a man writes from the artistic point of view, we think it his duty to adhere to his principles. If a work is immoral, it is so far false to the first principles of art. It does very little good, we fancy, merely to cry out, that this book of Gutzkow, or that of Goethe, is immoral. It only makes foolish young men the more eager to read it. But if the critic would show, that the offending parts were false, no less than wicked, and mere warts and ulcers on the body of the work, he would make the whole appear loathsome, and not attractive. Mr. Menzel is bound to do this, for he believes that the substance and the form of art are inseparable, or in plain English, that virtue is beautiful, and vice ugly. Having made this criticism, he might justly pronounce the moral sentence also. If truth is harmonious, then a licentious work is false and detestable, as well in an artistic, as in a moral point of view. But we cannot enlarge on this great question at the end of an article.

Judging Menzel from his own point of view, this work is defective in still graver points. He carries his partisan feelings wherever he goes, and with very superficial knowledge passes a false sentence on great men

* Read who will, Vol. III. p. 228, for an example.

and great things. His mistakes are sometimes quite amusing, even to an American scholar, and must be doubly ludicrous to a German, whose minute knowledge of the literature of his own country would reveal more mistakes than meet our eye. We will point out a few of these in only two chapters. That on philosophy and religion. In the first, we think the author may safely defy any one to divine from his words the philosophical systems of the writers he treats of. Take, for a very striking example, his remarks upon Leibnitz.* "The great Leibnitz, who stood on the boundary line between the old times of astrology, magic, and sympathetic influences, and the later times of severe scientific method, united the labyrinth of life, belonging to these austere dark days, with the clear light of our own. He was animated with deep religious faith, but still had the full vigor of thought. Living faith in God was his rock; *but his system of world-harmony,*† showed nothing of the darkly-colored cathedral light of the ancient mystics; it stood forth in the clear white light of the day, like a marble temple on the mountain top." From this statement, one would naturally connect Leibnitz with Pythagoras, Kepler, and Baron Swedenborg, who really believed and taught the world-harmony. But who would ever dream of the Monads, which play such a part in the system of Leibnitz? He tells us, that Eberhard has written a one-sided and Kantian history of philosophy, which is very strange in a man who lived a Wolfian all his days, and fought against the critical philosophy, though with somewhat more zeal

* Vol. I. p. 219.

† Mr. Felton has translated Weltharmonie "Preëstablished Harmony," which Leibnitz believed in, but it is not the meaning of the word.

than knowledge, it is thought. Besides, his history of Philosophy was published in 1788, before the Kantian philosophy had become lord of the ascendant. As he criticizes poets by the patriotic standard, so he tries the philosophers by his æsthetic rule, and wonders they are hard to understand. But these are minor defects; come we to the greater. His remarks on Kant are exceedingly unjust, not to speak more harshly. "The philosophical century wanted an earth without a heaven, a State without a church, man without a God. No one has shown so plainly as Kant, how with this limitation earth may still be a paradise, the State a moral union, and man a noble being, by his own reason and power, subjected to law." * We do not see how any one could come to this conclusion, who had read Kant's Kritik of Judgment, and Practical Reason, and conclude our critic, forgetting to look into these books, in his abhorrence of scholastic learning, and "study, that makes men pale," cut the matter short, and rode over the "high priori road," in great state to the conclusion. We pass over his account of Fichte and Schelling, leaving such as have the ability to determine, from his remarks, what were the systems of these two philosophers, and reconstruct them at their leisure. There is an old remark we have somewhere heard, that it takes a philosopher to judge a philosopher; and the truth of the proverb is very obvious to the readers of this chapter. Hegel seems the object of our author's most desperate dislike. His sin, however, is not so much his philosophy, as his conservative politics, as it appears. He does not condescend, — as an historian might do once in a while, — to give us a portrait, or even a caricature of his system;

* Vol. I. p. 223.

but contents himself with such abuse as the following precious sentences. "Hegel first reduced God to a mere speculation, led about by an evil spirit, in the void of his heavenly heath, who does nothing but think, indeed, nothing but think of thinking."* "He makes no distinction between himself and God; he gives himself out for God." He says God first came to a clear consciousness of himself "in the philosopher who has the only right philosophy, therefore in himself, in the person of Hegel. Thus we have, then, a miserable, hunch-backed, book-learned God; a wooden and squinting academical man, a man of the most painful and pompous scholasticism; in a word, a German pedant on the throne of the world." We need make no comments on the spirit which suggests such a criticism upon a philosopher like Hegel. Still further, he says, Förster "declared, over the grave of Hegel, that, beyond all doubt, Hegel was himself the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Godhead." When we read this several years ago, we believed the words were uttered by some man of an Oriental imagination, who meant no harm by his seeming irreverence. But on inquiry we find it is not so. One who heard Mr. Förster's Oration, who had it lying before him, in print, at the time of writing, declares, there was no such thing in it, but the strongest passage was this; "*Was it not he, who reconciled the unbelievers with God, inasmuch as he taught us truly to understand Jesus Christ?*"†

But enough on this subject. Let us say a word respecting the chapter on Religion, more particularly on that part relating to theology. Here the learned author's abhorrence of book-learning is more conspicuous

* Vol. I. p. 259. † Strauss, ubi sup. p. 212, 213.

than elsewhere, though obvious enough in all parts of the book. We pass over the first part of the chapter, — which contains some very good things, that will come to light in spite of the smart declamations in which they are floating, — and proceed to his account of Catholicism in Germany.* Here, in a work on German literature, we naturally expect a picture of the Catholic theology, at least a reference to the chief Catholic writers in this department. But we are disappointed again. We find declamations and anecdotes well fitted for the Penny Magazine, as a German critic says, to whom we are indebted for some hints on this topic.† He throws together such remarks as would make excellent and smart paragraphs in a newspaper; but gives no calm, philosophical view of the subject. He can enlarge on the Jesuits, or Jansenists, on the influence of Kant's and Schelling's philosophy, and the reaction in favor of Catholicism, for these subjects are in all mouths; but he scarce looks at the great philosophical question, on which the whole matter hinges. His acquaintance with modern Catholic writers seems to be as narrow as his philosophy is superficial. Gunther, Pabst, Möhler, Singler, Staudenmaier, Klee, and Hermes, have escaped the sharp glance of our author.‡ In the portion of the chapter which relates to Protestantism, we find the same defects. The sketch of the history of theology since Luther is hasty and inaccurate. It does not give the reader a clear conception of the progress of ideas. He makes some amusing misrepresentations on page 159 and 173, to which we will

* Vol. I. p. 114–139.

† A writer in Rheinwald's Ropertorium, Vol. XV. p. 14, seq.

‡ See Rheinwald, ubi sup. p. 16.

only refer. Among the most celebrated of German preachers, since the middle of the last century, he forgets to mention Teller, Löffler, Zollikoffer, Lavater, Herder, Tzschirner, Schmalz, Röhr, Zimmermann, De Wette, Marheineke, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Ehrenberg, Strauss, Reinhard, Therimin, Couard, Lisco, and many others of equal fame. Mosheim is mentioned as a distinguished writer on morals, Ammon and Bretschneider are despatched in a word. Wetstein is mentioned among the followers of Ernesti and Semler, and is put after Eichhorn, though he died only two years after the latter was born. But it is an ungrateful task to point out these defects. Certainly we should not name them, if there were great and shining excellences beside. But they are not to be found. The chapter gives a confused jumble of ideas, and not a true picture. True, it contains passages of great force and beauty, but throughout the whole section, order and method, accurate knowledge and an impartial spirit, are grievously wanting. Who would guess what great things had been done in Biblical criticism, from Mr. Menzel's words? Who would know that De Wette had written profound works in each of the four great departments of theology; indeed, that he wrote any thing but a couple of romances? But we are weary with this fault-finding. However, one word must be said, by way of criticism upon his standing point itself. German literature is not to be surveyed by an amateur merely. The dilettanti has no rule and compasses in his pocket, by which he can measure all the objects in this German ocean of books. No doubt, histories of literature have hitherto been too often "written in the special interest of scholastic learning," and are antiquarian lists of books and not living histories. It is certainly well

to write a history of literature so that all men may read. But it would require a most uncommon head to treat ably of all departments of literature and science. In one word, it is quite impossible to judge all by one rule. The writer, therefore, must change his position as often as he changes the subject. He must write of matters pertaining to religion, with the knowledge of a theologian; on philosophical subjects, like a philosopher, and so of the rest. Any attempt to describe them all from one point of sight seems as absurd as to reckon pounds, shillings, and pence, and drachms, ounces, quarters, and tons in the same column. A sketch of German theological literature ought to tell what has been done and what is now doing by Protestants and Catholics, in the four great departments of exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. It should put us in possession of the idea, which lies at the bottom of Catholicism and Protestantism, and tell what form this ideal assumes, and why it takes this form and no other. But to this Mr. Menzel makes no pretension. He has not the requisite knowledge for this. His learning seems gathered from reviews, newspapers, the conversations-lexicon, literary gossip, and a very perfunctory perusal of many books. The whole work lacks a plan. There is no unity to the book. It seems a compilation of articles, written hastily in the newspapers, and designed for immediate effect. So the spirit of the partisan appears everywhere. We have declamation instead of matter-of-fact and cool judgment. Still the work is quite entertaining. Its author, no doubt, passes for a man of genius; but as a friend says, who rarely judges wrong, "he has more show than sinew, and makes up in smartness what he wants in depth." We are glad to welcome the book in its English dress, but we hope

it will be read with caution, as a guide not to be trusted. Its piquant style, and "withering sarcasm," remind us often of Henry Heine, and the young Germans, with whom the author would not wish to be classed. We think it will not give a true idea of the German mind and its workings, to the mere English reader, or aid powerfully the student of German to find his way amid that labyrinthian literature. The book is very suggestive, if one will but follow out the author's hints, and avoid his partialities and extravagance.

Professor Felton seems to have performed the work of translation with singular fidelity. His version is uncommonly idiomatic and fresh. It reads like original English. But here and there we notice a slight verbal inaccuracy in translating, which scarce any human diligence could avoid.* We regard the version as a monument of diligence and skill. The metrical translations are fresh and spirited.

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* It would have been a convenience to the readers, if it had been stated in the preface, that the version was made from the second German edition, published at Stuttgart, 1836; for the author only treats of things as they were at that time, or before it.

III.

THE LIFE OF ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.*

A CHAPTER OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, — his name carries us back to the depths of the middle ages. We connect it, in our associations, with Scholastic Theology, and Mystical Religion; with activity almost unbounded in the affairs of the Church. Austere monks, admiring women, and long ranks of crusaders come up in our fancy when his name is mentioned. St. Bernard was a great man in his time, and his day outlasted several centuries; for after his death he made a mark on the

* De Melliflui devotique doctoris sācti Bernardi Abbatis clarevallensis cisterciēsis ordinis opus preclarū suos cōpletes, sermones de tempore; de sanctis; et super cantica canticarum. Aliosque plures ejus sermones, et sentētias nusq. hactenus impressas. Ejusdem insuper epistolas ceteraque universa ejus opuscula. Domini quoque Gilleberti Abbatis Do. Hoilādia in Anglice prelibati ordinis super cantica sermones. Omnia sm. seriem hic a sequēti pagella annotatam collocata vigilanter et accurate super vetustissima clarevallis exemplaria apprime correcta. Johan Petit.

Venūdantur Parisiis in vice divi Jacobi sub Lilio aureo a Johanne Parvo. (Paris, 1513, one vol. fol.) — [From the Christian Examiner for March, 1841].

ages as they passed over his tomb, and the church long bore the impress of his gigantic spirit. A man who oftener than once scorned to be archbishop; who dictated to kings, and wrote a manual for the "infallible head of the church;" who projected a crusade, uttered prophecies, and worked miracles, even after his death,—so his biographers affirm,—such a man was St. Bernard in his day. Such is he now, by force of tradition, in the minds of many a true Catholic. It has been said that he honored the year when he became immortal, "and went to receive in heaven the reward of his illustrious virtue and glorious fatigues."* He was called in his own age and after it, "the firm pillar of the church," the "fellow-citizen of the angels," the second interpreter of the Holy Ghost, and the second child of the most holy mother of God.† "The salutiferous honey of moral instruction fell from his lips and flowed everywhere," says a learned Jesuit, writing many hundred years after his death.‡ "The Bossuet of the twelfth century," his word shook the church, and made two great empires rock to their foundation.

Yet this man is forgotten in less than eight centuries from his birth. His books, no man reads them; or only those scholars "who have folios in their library," and graze with delight amid the frowzy pastures of old time, where the herbage is thick and matted together with ages of neglect. The Saint is no longer appealed to in controversies; his works are not reprinted, except in ponderous collections of the Fathers, which the herd of scholars stare at and pass by, in quest of new things,

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* Muratori, Annali d' Italia, etc. Tom. vi. p. 403, sq.

† Andres, dell' Origine progressi e Stato attuale di ogni Letteratura, Romo. 1817. Tom. vii. p. 219, sq.

‡ Ibid.

wondering at the barbarism that could write, and the stupidity that can still read such works. But Bernard is eclipsed only because brighter lights have gone into the sky. We are struck with the wealth of thought there is in the world, when we read, on the pages of the nations, those names which Genius and Virtue have consecrated and forbid to die. But the world's richness seems still greater, when men, like this mighty Bernard, are not deemed worth remembering. But if he is thus quickly forgot, who of modern great men can stand? What existing reputation shall not be blown away as chaff, before the mystic fan of time?

Saint Bernard belongs to that long list of middle-age scholars, on whom the world has passed the bitter doom of forgetfulness and night. We would gladly rescue much that it consigns to oblivion; but its decree is irreversible, and there is no higher court of appeal, save only "the pure eyes and perfect witness of all-judging Jove." The works of these men stand in old libraries, and fill goodly presses with forgotten folios. Their ribbed backs, their antiquated dress, eaten with worms and covered with dust as many generations have passed by, — dust which no antiquarian finger has disturbed, — these things frighten the loose-girt student, and he turns away to read the novels of Bulwer and Scott, or laugh at the illustrations of La Fontaine's fables. Should he open the venerable tome, the barbarism of the print; the contractions unnumbered, which defile its thousand folio pages; the uncouth phraseology; the strange subjects which it treats; the scholastic terms; the distinctions without a difference, — all these repel the modern student. The gaunt shadow of the monk, its author, seems to rise from its coffin, and staring at the literary gentleman, to say, "Why hast thou disturbed my re-

pose, and brought me to the day once more? Break not again my mystic dream." These are the authors before whom Industry folds her hands, and gives up the task; from whom Diligence, with his frame of iron and his eye of fire, turns away, dispirited and worn down. Yet were these men lights in their day. They shed their lustre over many a land. The shadows they cast, fall still on us. Mankind looked hopeful as their light arose, and saw it sink, doubting that another would ever arise and equal it.

What a different spirit pervades the men of those ages we call dark, — not dreaming that our age, — the nineteenth century itself, — shall likewise one day be called by the same name. Their spirit is not classic, and it is not modern. You come down from Plato to St. Bernard, for example, and feel that you have made a descent. The high ideal of mortal life does not float before the eyes of the saint as before that great-hearted pagan. The character of these writings is unique. They have not the majestic tranquillity of the Greek literature, nor the tempestuous movement of modern works. Here worship takes the place of passion, and contemplation is preferred before action. Their ideal life would be wretchedness to an American, and Tartarus itself to a Greek, for fast and vigils are thought better than alms-deeds and daily duty. The senses are looked upon as legitimate inlets of pain, and pain only. What austerity of discipline, — to which the wars of antiquity, and the commercial enterprises of our day were pastime; what watching; what fast and prayer; what visions and revelations, — the natural result of their life, — conspired to form these stout spirits.

You turn from the bustling literature of the nineteenth century to the works of Bernard, and the change

of atmosphere is remarkable. You feel it in every limb. It is as if you stepped at once from the hot plains of Ethiopia to the very summit of the Mountains of the Moon. Or better, as if you were transferred in a moment from the feverish heat of an August noon, to the cool majesty of an April night, when there was frost in the air, and a rawness in the occasional gusts of wind, come from what quarter they would; when clouds of grotesque shape and threatening darkness mingled capriciously with the uncertain shining of the moon, and the mysterious twinkle of the stars; when you were uncertain what weather had preceded or what would follow, but knew that a storm was not far off, it might have been, or might yet come, for all was organic and not settled. The difference between this and the spirit of Greek literature, is the difference between a forest, with its underbrush and winding paths, leading no one knows whither, — a forest full of shadows and wild beasts, — and a trim garden of great and beautiful trees, reared with art, planted by science, and arranged with most exquisite taste, — a garden where flowers bloomed out their fragrant life, fruits ripened on the stem, and little birds sang their summer carol, to complete the harmony of the scene.

In the days of Bernard, a saint was a popular character; the great man of a kingdom. Men went in crowds to see him. Women threw garlands on him as he passed, and branches were spread in his way. Rude peasants and crowned kings begged for his blessing, though it were but a mere wave of his hand. But we have changed all that, and more wisely confer them and the like honors on men in epaulets, and dancing girls. It is nature's law to pay men in kind. It may be surprising to our readers, but it is still true, that Saint Bernard,

though lean as a skeleton almost, was received with as much eclat wherever he chanced to go, as the most popular modern statesman, or electioneering orator. Nay more, men made long pilgrimages to see him; they laid the sick, that they might be healed, in the streets where he walked, or beneath the windows of the house in which he chanced to pass the night, and the sick were cured, at least his three monkish and contemporary biographers credited the miracle. Rebellious Dukes, and a refractory Emperor were subservient to his will, and when at high mass he elevated the host, the stoutest of heart fell on his knees, and forgot his rebellion, becoming like a little child. The bold deniers of the church's authority, — bold even then, when it was dangerous to be bold, — shrunk from the grasp of this nervous athlete of the faith. Peter of Bruis, Henry of Lausanne, Gilbert of Poictiers, even Abelard himself, with his net of subtle dialectics, fine-meshed as woven wind, gave up at last to him. He uttered prophecies which time has not yet seen fit to fulfil, though the good Catholic, no doubt, hopes they will yet come to pass. In what follows, we shall rely chiefly on the lives of this great man, which were written by several of his contemporaries.

Saint Bernard was born at Fontaines, in Burgundy, not far from Dijon, in the year of our Lord 1091. His father, Trecelin, a knight of an ancient family of considerable fortune, spent most of his life in arms, taking little pains about the education of his children. This duty fell to the lot of his pious and intelligent wife, Aleth, the daughter of Count Montbart, who discharged it with most exemplary fidelity. In old times, we are told, that supernatural signs preceded the birth of men predestined to eminence, and swarms of bees, or flocks

of birds, or sheep with one horn in the middle of the forehead, foretold the character and prowess of the babe unborn, so that when he came into the world, he had nothing to do but realize the augury. The monkish historian, Abbot William of St. Thierry,* relates similar things of Bernard. To Aleth, as to Hecuba, was foretold the character of her son, with the same clearness in both cases. Aleth, before the birth of her child, dreamed of a dog, "white all over, but somewhat reddish on the back," and in her dream the dog barked, as dogs often do. Terrified at this prodigy, she sought ghostly counsel of a certain religious man. He, remembering that King David wished "that the tongue of the dogs may be dipped in the blood of the enemy," and being "filled with the spirit of prophecy," foretold that the child about to be born should bark loud and long at the enemies of the church. He should be an excellent preacher of the word, and his tongue should have a medicinal savor and cure diseases of the soul. The mother was comforted by this interpretation, which coming events very kindly fulfilled, and proved he could not only bark but bite also. Aleth, the mother of Bernard, and of five other sons and one daughter, was a religious woman, as religious was then understood. She declined the splendors which usually belonged to her wealth and station; lived almost a monastic life of prayer, fasting, and self-mortification. She early dedicated her child to a monastic life, and accordingly gave him an education suited to his destiny. He received some instruction in the church at Chatillon. His contemporary and friend, the above-named William, relates that in study he far surpassed his fellow students,

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* Vita S. Bernardi Abbati, Lib. I. C. 1–3. Prefixed to Bernard's Works.

but began his mortification of the flesh, also, at the same time. Even in his youth, he gave signs of the excellent virtue that was in him, and by his remarkable greatness of soul foreshowed what he was one day to become. Once he was violently afflicted with a headache, and "a sorry little woman was called in to cure him by the magic of songs. But soon as she came in with the implements of her art, which she used to delude the superstitious, he cried out against her with great indignation, and ordered the witch out of the house. He felt that virtue had come into him, and rising in the strength of the spirit, found himself free from all pain." This is looked on as one of his earliest miracles. Exceeding grace was given to the youth even in his tender years. "The Lord appeared to him, as to Samuel at Shiloh, and manifested his glory." This took place on Christmas night, as he sat waiting the event, between sleeping and waking. "Jesus appeared to him, like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," and then took the form of the word just incarnated in the newborn babe, "beautiful above the sons of men." After this, as he grew up and "increased in favor with God and man," the great Enemy spread in vain the witchery of his most enticing nets, and the serpent lay in wait to sting his heel. On one occasion, he was so sorely pressed by the same temptation that overcame even St. Anthony, and has been thought irresistible, that he could find no relief, except by jumping into a pond of exceedingly cold water up to his ears. Here he remained until similar temptations lost all their power, and he lost nearly his life. But by "virtue of divine grace" he was, ever after, "ice all over" to such allurements. Those who are curious in such matters may see, in the good monk's biography, how variously he was tempted by

this Protean Devil, transforming himself into an angel of light, and how he yet kept whole, as a salamander in a Brazier's fire. While a school-boy in the world, he became a soldier of Christ, and had "visions and revelations of the Lord." Bernard lost his mother at an early age, and then his youthful companions sought to seduce him from his pious vow, and lead him away to their life of violence, and riot, and bloodshed.

In this period of the middle ages, the line of distinction between noble and ignoble blood was drawn with peculiar sharpness, as feudal society is based on birth and birth only. For the ignoble there was open the common lot of the poor and despised. They served to flesh the swords of the nobles; to fight in their wars, with the certainty of loss to themselves, whether conquering or conquered. Slaves they were, to till the soil for their masters, to build castles and churches, at this day the proud monuments of gothic and feudal grandeur. Men's heads were made to think, but theirs to bear burdens. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water for their superiors, who should have borne their sorrows and upheld them when they fell. God gives to a few more excellent gifts of mind, or body, or social position, or wealth, not that they may thereby oppress their brethren, but that they may comfort and bless them. There are but two scales in the balance of society, the Rulers and the Ruled. As the one rises, the other falls. In that age the world was far less rich in the comforts and conveniences of life, than it is now. Therefore when we admire at the ruler's scale so well loaded, we are to remember also the empty scale of the poor, who could not tell their tale to other times, except by implication. When we admire the possessions of

the powerful, the castles and cathedrals of those days, it may be profitable to remember, how wretched were the cabins in which the builders slept, and with what reluctant and compulsory toil, with what privation, hunger, and wretchedness this magnificence must have been bought. The desires of the rich were fed with the bread of the poor. Men were left naked and comfortless, that grandeur might pile up its marble and mortar. The needy asked bread, and literally a stone was given them. The name of a tyrant who harried a province, and whose character was well imaged by the ferocious beasts he bore on his scutcheon, comes down to our times coupled with the epithet of Pious, or Gentle, because, forsooth, he built a church, or endowed a convent, with the fragments of rapacity that fell from his table; while the men, who paid for it all with pain and toil and bloody sweat, lie forgotten in the ditches and fens where they labored and died. At that time the Christian maxim, "we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," — a maxim which meant something to Paul and Jesus, as their lives attest, — was regarded far less than even now. Such was the simple lot of the low-born and poor; their "puddle-blood" flowed at the mercy of each noble of haughty head and rapacious hand. But their prayers and the cry of their blood went up to the God of justice, who answered in the peasant wars, and similar convulsions, from the twelfth century to the nineteenth. Such was their lot, a life of subjection, hardships, and bondage.

But for the other and less numerous class, two arenas were open, the World and the Church. There seems to have been no middle ground between the life of a Nobleman and that of an Ecclesiastic. Fortune met

well-born men at their entrance into being, and said, "choose which you will, the Church or the World. I have no other alternative." The life of an Ecclesiastic, and the life of a Noble; the cloister and the camp, what a world lies between them! On the one side, celibacy, fasting, and poverty, and prayer;* on the other, riot, debauchery, wealth, and sin in general. Ambition pointed, and perhaps equally to both, for the Cardinal was often greater than the King, and the Pope was second only to the Almighty. Every lawyer in England, it is said, hopes one day to be Lord Chancellor, or at least Judge; and so, perhaps, every priest in the twelfth century hoped to be Pope, Cardinal, or Bishop at the very least. So young men of the noblest families rushed into convents, just as others rushed into camps. To the lasting praise of the Catholic Church, be it said, that she knew nothing of difference between

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* It may be said *celibacy* was not universal at this time among the clergy, and it is certain the laws of that period are conflicting on this point. In some countries, as Hungary and Ireland, great freedom prevailed in this respect. Priests and Deacons, even Bishops, had their wives. At the council of Gran, 1114, a singular decree was passed. "Presbyteris uxores — runs the original — quas legitimis ordinibus accesserint, moderatius habendas, praevisa fragilitate, indulsimus." Synod Strigonicus. C. xxxi. p. 57, cited in Schroeckh's Kirchengeschichte, Vol. xxvii. p. 203. (Leipzig, 1798.) But Bernard complains bitterly that men with wives, — *viri uxorati*, — had got into the church. Even the Hungarian clergy gradually lost their freedom. Yet in 1273, Bishop Henry of Lüttich had fourteen children born in a little less than two years. See in Schroeckh, l. c. the gradual progress of celibacy in the church. But out of this partial evil there grew a general benefit. When there was no legitimate heir, there could be no spiritual aristocracy growing up to usurp dominion over the church, as the nobles had done over the State. "The wrath of man shall praise thee," says the Psalmist, "and the remnant of wrath thou wilt restrain."

rich and poor; at least, nothing in theory, though rich men daily bought and sold benefices, and that without concealment in the Pope's court. The Church was the last bulwark of Humanity in the dark ages. She kept in awe the rude barons and barbarous kings, and nestled the poor and forsaken comfortably in her bosom. In her eyes every one born at all was well-born. Hence we find a cobbler in the chair of St. Peter, and that cobbler Gregory the Seventh, of whom all Europe stood in awe. The Church, thus opening for the poor the road to wisdom and power, unconsciously bettered their condition at large. For bishops, cardinals, and popes, elevated from the servile class, — having no legitimate issue to provide for, or enrich with power and place transmitted to them, — felt strongly the natural, instinctive love of their native class, and watched over it with a jealous care. The history of Thomas a Becket, and his sovereign, is a striking instance of this kind, where each represents a class.

The church and the camp were the two fields open before the wealthy and well-born. But in Bernard's time, a new and distinct arena was also opened; that of letters. A great enthusiasm for literature and philosophy sprang up in the eleventh century, as the world began to awake from its long sleep, and rub its drowsy eyes. Its starting point was the ancient philosophy, and the Organum of Boethius. In the twelfth century, the brilliant success of Abelard was both a cause and an effect of the new movement.* With him the scholastic philosophy began, as M. Cousin thinks.

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* On the number of Abelard's pupils, and his influence, see Ouvrages inedites d' Abelard, etc.; par M. Victor Cousin. Paris, 1836. *Introduction*, p. ii. seq.

After Bernard's companions found the camp had no charms "to shake the settled purpose of his soul," they tried him with the life of letters, in which his bright spirit found activity and joy. But this attempt also was fruitless. The image of his mother soared above him, and forbade the unholy life. His lively fancy brought her from the grave, in visions, and in his waking hours; she reminded him of her past example, and seemed to chide him for his faltering faith. Once, as he was travelling alone, to see his brothers in the Burgundian camp at Grancy, this thought came over him, and the image of his mother filled his soul. He turned aside into a church to pray for strength to keep his resolve and be a monk. His prayer was granted. A voice said to him, Qui audit dicat "Veni." After this the difficulty was all over. He persuaded others to follow his example. Among these were his uncle Galdric, a rich and celebrated man, and some of his own brothers. But Guido, his oldest brother, mocked at Bernard's resolution, and called it frivolous. Guido, a distinguished man, bound by wedlock, and more strongly rooted in the world than the others, stoutly refused the monastic life, when urged by the young enthusiast to accept it. Well he might shudder at the thought, for his married life seems to have been happy, and the change proposed involved a separation from his wife and children, and imprisonment, — such it really was, — amid monks as cheerless and stupid as they were superstitious. "Yet," says Abbot William, "at first hesitating, but weighing the matter continually, and thinking it over and over, he consented to the change, on condition that his wife were willing. But this contingency seemed scarcely possible to a young woman of noble birth, the mother of several daughters, at that time of

tender age." But Bernard, nothing daunted at the difficulty, tenderly promised Guido that "his wife would soon consent, or die." To bring about one of these pleasant alternatives, "the Lord gave the husband this manly counsel, that he should abjure all he seemed to have in the world, lead a rustic life, earning with his own hands the subsistence of himself and wife, whom it was not lawful for him to divorce against her will." This ingenious counsel, so pleasantly attributed to the Holy Ghost, succeeded like a charm. The wife very naturally fell sick, and remembering the prediction, and finding "how hard it was to kick against the pricks," begged Bernard's forgiveness, and promised all that he required of her. Accordingly she was separated from her husband, and took the usual conventual vow, which she kept "until this day," says the Abbot, for he wrote while she and Bernard were both still living.

The other brother, Gerhard, still held out, "and loved the world." "Nothing but suffering will ever convince you," said Bernard. "But the day is coming," continued he, putting his finger on his brother's side, "and it comes quickly, when the lance plunged in your breast, shall open to your heart a way for my counsels, which now you despise." "No sooner said than done," proceeds the biographer, "for after a few days, he was wounded in just the spot marked by the priestly finger, and taken prisoner besides." Then, fearing death, he exclaimed, "I am a monk, a Cistercian monk." Bernard was sent for to comfort him in prison. But he refused to go, saying, he "knew all this before, and the wound was not unto death, but unto life." And "it was even so," for, contrary to expectation, the wound healed of a sudden. However, he was still a captive, and kept closely in ward. But one day, as he grew continually

more and more desirous of the monastic life, he heard a voice more than mortal, as he lay wakeful in his dungeon, saying to him, "This day shalt thou be set free," and about nightfall, by accident as it were, he felt of his chains, and they fell off his hands with a heavy clank; still the door was shut, and a crowd of beggars stood before it, not to mention the guards. But the bar fell back, and the door opened at his approach. The beggars, astonished at the prodigy, fled without speaking. It was the hour of evening prayers when he drew nigh the church, walking slowly, for some of the chains still clung to him. Bernard espied his brother, and said: "Brother Gerhard, have you come? There is still something left that you may hear." But "his eyes were holden, so that he did not know what was going on," until Bernard led him into the church. "Thus was he freed from captivity and love of the world."

After this, Bernard "went to and fro upon the earth, and walked up and down in it," seeking to bring souls into the monastic fold. He compelled many to come in. His word was so taking, his eloquence so persuasive, — for he knew the way equally to the heart of the clown and the courtier, — that when he was to preach in public or private, wise "mothers shut up their sons at home; wives kept back their husbands from hearing, for the Holy Ghost gave such voice and power to his words, that scarce any tie could restrain those who listened." All whom he converted were like the first Christians, "of one heart and one mind." *

* The monastic life was then held in very high esteem. Bernard calls it "a second baptism;" "it renders its professors like the angels, and unlike men." It could wash out the deepest sins. See Neander's Heilige Bernhard und sein Zeitalter, etc. Berlin, 1813, p. 1, 42, note 2. But he mentions Norbert advising Count Theobald of Cham-

His biographer gives a glowing account of his noviciate, and holds him up as an ideal of austerity, to be looked up to and imitated by all tyros in the convents. He not only resisted the desire of the senses, but turned the senses themselves out of doors. "When, with the interior sense, he began to feel the sweetness of divine love breathe gently over him, he feared lest the secret sense within should be darkened by the senses from without, so he scarce gave them enough to keep them in being. The 'breathings of divine love' were at first but a momentary impression, but soon became a constant habit, and the habit at length, nature itself." "Absorbed entirely in the Spirit, all his hopes directed inward to God, his mind entirely occupied with spiritual meditation, seeing, he saw not; hearing, he heard not; eating, he tasted not; and scarce felt any thing with the corporeal sense. After passing a year in the noviciate's cell, he hardly knew when he went out whether it had a roof or not." This was deemed the perfection of a monk's life. He ate only to sustain the body, and knew not whether he fed on bread or stones, or whether his drink was water or wine. "He went to his dinner as to the rack." Nemesis never sleeps even in a monk's cell, so nature took sweet revenge, and racked him all his life long in every limb of his attenuated frame. However, he did two good things, and that daily. He worked hard with his hands, and walked in the woods, where he used afterwards to confess he found his best thoughts, and had no teachers but the birch trees and the oaks. "Trust my experience," he subsequently wrote to Henry of Murdoch, a celebrated teacher of

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pagne not to become a monk, because he was already so useful to the poor and downtrodden.

speculative theology, "thou wilt find in the woods somewhat more than in books; wood and stone shall teach thee what thou canst not learn from masters."* The cheerful, though serious countenance of Nature, we should fancy, might shame even a monk into a rational life; but man outgrows nothing so reluctantly as the religious prejudice of his times, and it is given to but few to take a single step in advance of their age. But one day, while exhausted with very slight labor in reaping, Bernard felt a natural shame at the artificial weakness of his body; he turned aside, and "besought the Lord for strength," which was given, miraculously, as the Abbot thinks, and he reaped before them all.

On entering the monastic state, he had not chosen, as many did, a cloister, where the buxom ascetics revelled in every thing but self-mortification. He chose the cloister at Citeaux, a wild quarter of the bishopric of Chalons sur la Saone. The number of monks increased so rapidly, through his efforts and austere reputation, that the buildings of the establishment required to be enlarged, and new ones erected. A new cloister, also, was established in another place. This was the celebrated cloister of Clairvaux, a wild desolate glen, formerly named the Valley of Wormwood,† on account of a den of robbers in it, as some say; but after the

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* Boulau, Hist. Universitatis Parisiensis, tom. II. p. 162, cited in Neander, l. c. p. 45.

† Nicolaus Hacqueville thus poetically celebrates the charms of the place: —

Abdita vallis erat, mediis in montibus, alto
Et nemore, et viridi tunc adoperta rubo,
Hanc *claram vallem* merito dixere priores,
Mutarunt nomen *vallis amara* tuum, etc.

De Laudibus Bernardi, prefixed to his works, fol. 24, 1, of this edition.

cloister was built, it was called Clairvaux, — the fair valley. In three years from its foundation, Bernard was appointed Abbot of Clairvaux, and ordained to that office by the famous William de Champeaux, whose skill in dialectics took nothing from the jolly roundness of his face. The spectators laughed, or admired, at the contrast between the bishop and the monk. Established in his new office, his example animated the whole cloister. "You might see there a weak and languid man, solicitous for all, but careless of himself; obedient to all in all things, but scarce doing any thing for himself. Not deeming his own concerns of prior importance to others, he strove chiefly to avoid sparing his own body. So he made his spiritual studies the more rigorous. His body, attenuated by various infirmities, was still more worn down by fast and watching without intermission. He prayed standing day and night, till his knees, weakened by fasting, and his feet swollen with extreme toil, refused to sustain his body. For a long time, in secrecy he wore sackcloth next his skin, but when the fact was accidentally discovered he cast it off, and returned to his common dress. His food was bread and milk; water in which pulse had been boiled, or such thin water gruel as men make for little children."* Physicians who saw him and listened to his eloquence, wondered at the strength in his emaciated frame, as much as if they had seen a lamb drawing the plough.

The monkish admirer relates that Gerhard was a sort of butler in the establishment, and as winter began to set in, he naturally, in the way of his vocation, complained of the slender provision, both in money and victuals,

* Vita, S. Bernardi, l. c. i. c. viii.

laid in for the season. To this complaint Bernard returned no reply. But being told, that no less a sum than eleven pounds was absolutely needed, and that for the present emergency, he sent away his brother and betook himself to prayer. While at his devotion a messenger arrived, and said that a woman stood at the gate, asking to see him. She fell down at his feet, and gave him twelve pounds to pray for her husband, then dangerously ill. "Go in peace," said Bernard to the woman, "thou shalt find thy husband safe and sound." She went home and found as he had foretold. A similar case often occurred, says William, and unexpected help came from the Lord, whenever common means failed. It is difficult to estimate the power of prejudice and superstition to blind men's eyes, but each of the then contemporary biographers of Bernard ascribes to him a similar miraculous power, and relates the wonderful cures he effected on men, women, and children.*

Weak as Bernard was in body, and secluded from the world, in that remote valley, he yet took an active part in all the great concerns of church and State, not only in France but out of it. He was present at councils, and men journeyed from far to ask his advice. He lifted his voice indignantly to rebuke the wantonness and pride of the clergy; wantonness and pride not sur-

* Neander tells a singular story, illustrating this peculiarity of the age. One Norbert, a rough, tempestuous, destructive personage, was once riding in a hunting expedition, and a violent storm came on. His horse was struck down by lightning, and he lay senseless nearly an hour. When he recovered, and saw how providentially he had escaped death, a shudder came over him, at the thought of his past life, from which he was so near being summoned to the bar of God. He resolved to found a religious institution, kept his vow, and was one of the most distinguished reformers of his age. l. c. p. 44, seq.

passed by the nobles of the court of Sardanapalus. He declaimed with the sternest vehemence against the great, who trod the humble down into the dust. He labored to extend his own order, and still more to defend the church from the assaults of the temporal powers, — no light work, nor lightly undertaken.

At this time the moral state of the clergy was bad, very bad. Men of loose habits and no religion pressed into the lucrative offices of the church, through the influence of some prince or count.

> "Of other care they little reckoning took,
> Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
> And shove away the worthy bidden guest."

Their office was gain. The pope might make laws, often as he listed, against simony, extravagance, licentiousness, and all other clerical sins of the age; cunning men found means to break them all, and live unconcerned, or at least unmolested. The Popes themselves were partakers of their crimes. "The stench of the Roman Court," says William of Paris, "rising from this dunghill of usury, robbery, and simony, went up a hateful steam, to the very clouds." The vice of the clergy reached its height about the middle of the twelfth century. In England alone, about that time, in the short space of ten or twelve years, more than a hundred murders were committed by priests. Bernard saw these monstrous evils, and labored with great diligence to reform the clergy. He censured the monks with the greatest severity.

But while engaged in this good work, if we may trust his biographer, he did not neglect the minor gifts of healing the sick, and casting out devils. We will set down some of the miraculous works ascribed to the

saint by his contemporaries. In a certain monastery, called Carus-Locus (Charlieu), he cured a boy, who wept and wailed incessantly, with a kiss. For when he had been weeping for several days, and found no help from his physicians, our holy man advised him to confess his sins. He did so, and with a serene face asked Bernard to kiss him. This also was done, and "the kiss of peace being received from the saint's face, he rested in perfect peace; the fountain of his tears were dried up, and he went back rejoicing to his friends, safe and sound."

A new Oratory was to be dedicated at Fusniacum, (Foigny,) and a great swarm of flies took possession of it, so that their noise and buzzing was very offensive to all who entered. There was no help to be had. The holy Bernard said, "I excommunicate them," and the next morning they were all found dead. This affair was so well known, that the curse upon the flies of Foigny became a proverb.*

Once, however, Bernard himself fell sick of the influenza, we should judge, and "his body failing on all hands, he was brought wellnigh to death's door." "His sons and his friends came as it were to the funeral of so great a father, and I also was present among them," says William, "for his esteem for me gave me a place among his friends. When he seemed about to draw his last breath, as his soul was on the point of leaving the body, he seemed to himself to stand before the tribunal of the Lord. And Satan also was present, attacking him with bitter accusations. When he had brought forward all his charges, and it was time for this man of God to speak for himself, nothing daunted or

* Vita, S. Bernardi, l. c. Lib. I. c. xi.

disturbed in the slightest degree, he said, 'I confess that I am not worthy, nor can I, of my own merits, obtain the kingdom of Heaven. But my Lord has obtained it for me, in two legitimate ways; namely, by inheritance from his Father, and by the merit of his own suffering. He is satisfied with one, and grants me the other claim. I claim it on the ground of his gift, and shall not be confounded.' At these words the enemy was put to shame; the meeting, (before the tribunal of the Lord,) broke up, and the man of God came to himself." * His recovery was no less remarkable. "The blessed Virgin appeared to him, with two companions, Saint Laurentius and Saint Benedict; they laid their hands on him, and by their pious manifestations assuaged the pain in the most afflicted parts of his body; they drove off the sickness, and all pain ceased."

Still further, to show to what length human credulity will go, William relates gravely a miracle Bernard wrought on the historian himself. "Once upon a time, when I had long been sick in our own house, and my illness, long continued, had weakened and worn me down to a great degree, Bernard heard of it, and sent his brother, Gerhard, — a man of happy memory, — directing me to come to Clairvaux, and promising that I should be cured, or should die very soon. I set out forthwith, though with great pain and trouble, for I looked on this as an opportunity, divinely given, or at least offered, of dying with him, or of living with him some time, and I do n't know which I should have then preferred. That was performed which had been promised, and, I confess it, as I wished. My health was restored from this great and dangerous infirmity, and

* L. c. Lib. I. c. xi. xii.

my strength gradually returned. But, good God! what advantage did this infirmity bring me! All the time of my illness with him, his sickness wrought with my necessity, for he also was sick at that time. We were both ill together, and he talked all day about the spiritual physic of the soul, and the remedial force of the virtues against the weakening influence of the vices. Accordingly he discoursed to me of the Song of Songs, as far as my weakness allowed it." One day during his convalescence, he abstained from his customary food, and suffered accordingly. His pains returned with such violence that he despaired of life. Bernard came in, in the morning, and learned the cause and the result. "What would you advise me to do?" said William. "Keep quiet," said he, "you shall not die this time," and went out. And what shall I say? immediately all my pain vanished; the next day I was well again, and recovered strength, and after a few days went home, with the benediction of my kind host." *

We will now mention but one more miracle attributed to Bernard. On a certain time, "when that blessed man was coming from Laviniacum, a noble city in the bishopric of Meldis, a deaf and dumb girl, nearly grown up, was brought to him. She was placed on the neck of his horse, and he looking up to heaven, uttered a short prayer. Then he anointed her ears and lips with saliva; blessed her, and commanded her to call on the Holy Virgin. Immediately the damsel, who had never before spoken a word, opened her mouth and

* Beside the stories of his miracles related in the lives of Bernard, — and his life was a favorite theme, — there is a distinct treatise of his miracles. Narratio Herberti Abbatis Coenobii Morensis de libro Miraculorum S. Bernardi; per insigne miraculum servato. It may be found in Mabillon's Edition of Bernard, Vol. II.

cried out, Sancta Maria. There was present one Roger, afterwards an ecclesiastic and monk of Clairvaux, but then in the world, and seeing this miracle wrought before his eyes, he was sharply pricked in the heart, and as he has told me, this was the chief cause that induced him to enter the cloister at Clairvaux." *

In the year of our Lord 1130, died Pope Honorius the Second, in the sixth year of his Pontificate. "In a city like Rome," says Neander, "where party spirit, ambition, and intrigues had long prevailed, where Avarice, Poverty, and Wantonness stood side by side, where a restless people and ambitious families struggled together, it was but natural the choice of a Pope should create the greatest discord and dissensions." The deceased Pope was not legally chosen, and trouble and bloodshed were avoided only by the rare self-denial of his rival, Cardinal Buccapecu. Honorius the Second had been placed in the chair by the great families of Rome, and especially by the Frangipani. At his death there were two candidates for the papacy, one the descendant of a rich Jewish usurer, who had been converted to Christianity, and had taken the name of Leo. Cardinal Gregory was supported by the opposite faction, who appointed him the very night Honorius died, pretending that such was his wish. The new Pope assumed the title of Innocent Second. Leo was proclaimed Pope by the other party, with the title of Anaclete Second. Thus there were two Popes at the same time. Innocent repeatedly declined the power that was offered him, and with many tears threw off the

* Fragmenta ex Herberti libris de miraculis Cisterciensium monachorum. C. 13, p. 1247, ed. Mabillon.

pontifical robes, but was at last prevailed on to accept the office, when convinced that he alone could insure the peace and prosperity of the church in these times of trouble. Roger of Sicily declared in favor of Anaclete. But Louis Sixth of France, to whom Innocent had fled, declined at first deciding between the two competitors, until he had called a council of the Bishops. Bernard was also called to this council, and cheered by revelations and visions on his way thither. His character and reputation gave great weight to his opinion.* The affair before the council turned chiefly on the merit of the two Popes, for the question of a legal choice was little regarded by either party. Bernard declared in favor of Innocent, and by his eloquent and forcible harangue, made such an impression on the council, that a unanimous vote was passed confirming the claims of Innocent to the Papal chair and its consequent infallibility. But as all the neighboring kingdoms did not readily follow the example of France, Bernard was despatched to England to persuade King Henry First to declare for Innocent. But that acute investigator doubted if the election were legal and regular in all respects, and after Bernard had cleared up that point, and found his representations were of no avail, he resorted to a device, as he often did when better weapons failed him. "You fear that if you obey Innocent as Pope you shall bring a sin upon yourself. Let this rather be your only concern, to answer before God for all your *other* sins; *leave this sin to me, I will take it*

* Dupin is mistaken when he says the *sole decision of the matter was left to him*, (Ecclesiastical History of the 12th Century, Ch. iv. p. 43, ed. Lond. 1698,) and in making the Pope *post hither* (to France) *with all diligence*, after the King's declaration. He went there before.

upon myself." And the word of the venerable man was sufficient to quiet his scruples.* Bernard then accompanied the new Pope in a journey through the greater part of France, "strengthening the churches."

At this time Lothaire of Saxony, and Conrad of the Swabian family, — so hateful to the Popes, — were contending for the crown of Germany. The former Pope had acknowledged Lothaire, and both of the rival Popes, recognizing their predecessor's infallibility, declared in favor of Lothaire. He was indeed addressed by the Roman friends of Anaclete, but took no notice of their letter, for his chief Bishops had already given in their adhesion to Innocent. To quiet these difficulties, or rather to strengthen the papal hands, Innocent went to Germany. Bernard accompanied him, serving the cause by his eloquence and activity. When he preached, the audience was melted into tears, even though they did not understand the language in which he spoke. This event often happened. At Lüttich the Pope and Emperor first met, the latter surrounded by his great men, "the Lords Spiritual and Temporal." He dismounted, walked through the assembly, took the Pope's horse by the bridle with one hand, and holding in the other the staff of defence for the church, conducted the pontiff to the church. Here, after mentioning the many evils the Empire had borne for the church, he touched upon the right of investiture, so long a subject of controversy between them, and of course maintained his own claims. But Bernard set forth in such glowing colors the injustice of his demand, that he receded, leaving this important right in the hands of the

* Vita S. Bernardi Auctore Ernaldo, etc. Lib. ii. c. i. and Neander, p. 72, sq.

Pope.* This signal service of the holy abbot was never forgot. Innocent and Lothaire separated in perfect harmony.† The next year, after Bernard and the Pope had passed through several districts of France; had quieted the discontented, and reconciled the hostile, and held a council at Rheims, Lothaire conducted Innocent to Rome, and entering by violence into the city, was crowned by that Pope. But Anaclete's party was still strong in the metropolis, and Innocent fled to Pisa, which was near both to France and Germany, and where his friends were powerful enough to protect him.

The letter of Bernard to the Pisans is a curious monument of the spirit of the age. "May the Lord bless you and remember the faithful service and pious compassion, and consolation, which you have shown, and still continue to show, toward the spouse of his Son, in an evil time, and in the days of her affliction. This is already in part fulfilled, and some fruit of my prayer is already in our hands. A worthy recompense shall soon remunerate you. God rewards thee for thy works, Oh nation, whom he hath chosen as an heritage to himself, an acceptable nation, zealous of good works. Pisa is taken in the place of Rome, and is chosen out of all cities of the earth, as the place of the apostolic seat.

* See on this point an extract from Echart's Quaternis vet. Monument. p. 46, in Giesceler's Eccles. History, Am. ed. Vol. ii. p. 182, note 1.

† Lothaire, it seems, was little better than a puppet for the Pontiff. He received his crown *on his knees, as a feudal investiture* from the Pope, and so became the vassal of the church. The Pope caused a painting to be made of this imperial genuflection, with the following inscription beneath it. REX HOMO FIT PAPAE. See Wolfgang Menzel's Geschichte der Deutschen, etc. 3d ed. 1937. Chap. 199, p. 284, sq.

This has not happened by any human chance, or counsel, but by the celestial providence and divine favor of God, who loves those that love him, and has said to Christ his friend Innocent, (Christo suo Innocentio,) Dwell thou in Pisa, and blessing, I will bless it. Inhabit there since I have chosen it. By my counsel, the constancy of the Pisans yields not to the wickedness of the Sicilian tyrant, nor is shaken by his threats, nor corrupted by his gifts, nor circumvented by his frauds. Oh men of Pisa! men of Pisa! God hath done greatly for you; we are made joyful. What city does not envy you! Keep what is committed to thee, faithful city; acknowledge the favor; seek to be found not ungrateful for the privilege. Honor the father of thyself and all; honor the chiefs of the world who are in thee, and the judges of the earth whose presence renders thee illustrious, glorious, famous.*

Bernard thus wrought diligently for the head of the church, both in person and by his many letters. The inhabitants of Milan had been fast friends to Anaclete. The city was one of his strong-holds. It had espoused the party of Conrad. And Anselm, the metropolitan Bishop, strenuously opposed Innocent, though some of the clergy had taken his part This disagreement among the clergy led to many evils, and a certain time was appointed by the magistrates to settle the matter between the parties. On the day appointed, a large body of men, dressed in coarse and undyed woollen garments, their heads shaven in an unusual fashion, appeared in the place of meeting. They were men more or less connected with the Cistercian order of monks, and of course were friends to Bernard and Innocent.

* Epist. 130. Ed. Mabillon.

"These men," said Anselm to the hostile Bishops, "these men are heretics." But it would not do; the people regarded them as angels of light, and he was no longer looked on as the head and bishop of the diocese. Messengers were sent to bring Bernard himself, "the last of the fathers," the great pacificator. He came; the result was wonderful, and is thus described by a contemporary. "When the inhabitants of Milan heard that the well-beloved abbot was drawing nigh to their borders, all the people went out to meet him seven miles from the city. Noble and vulgar, horse and foot, rich and poor, as if migrating from the city, left their homes, and, arranged in regular order, received the Man of God, with incredible reverence. All were delighted to see him; they judged themselves happy who could hear him speak, and they kissed his feet. They pulled threads out of his garments, and took whatever thread they could from the hem of his garments, (de pannorum laciniis,) as remedies for sickness, counting as sacred whatever he had touched, and thinking that they also should be made holy by using or touching any of those things."*

Here he allayed all the strife and settled the difficulties as usual. Nor is this all. Landulf the younger, an eye-witness, thus speaks of his work. "At a nod from him all sorts of church apparel, that was of gold or silver, — because disagreeable to the abbot, — were shut up in presses. Men and women put on garments of hair, or the coarsest wool; water was changed into wine. Devils were cast out and the sick healed. The abbot loosed the bonds of the captives taken by the Milanese, and restored them to freedom. And by an

* Vita S. Bernard. l. c. Lib. ii. Cap. ii.

oath he made them take, he bound this great people in love to the Emperor Lothaire, and obedience to the Pope." *

One day, continues Ernaldus, the people, knowing "that he obtained whatever he chanced to ask of the Lord, brought to him, nothing doubting, a woman; a woman known to all of them, and whom an unclean spirit had vexed seven years, suppliantly asking him, in the name of the Lord, to put the devil to flight, and restore the woman to health." He blushed a little as they persisted, but thought he might offend God if he declined doing so good a work. Thinking within himself, he concluded it would be a sign to the unbelieving, "so he committed his enterprise to the Holy Ghost," and kneeling in prayer, put the devil to route, in the spirit of fortitude, and gave back the woman safe and sound. "The noise of this affair soon went abroad, and suddenly it filled all the city; and through the churches, the camps, (prætoria,) and all the public streets, they came thronging together. Everybody was talking about the Man of God. It was stated in public that nothing was impossible which he asked of God. They say and believe, they preach and confirm it, that the ears of God are open to his prayers. They could not be satisfied with seeing and hearing him. Some rushed into his presence; others took their stations before the doors until he should go out. Men left business and trade; all the city was in suspense on this spectacle. They rush together; they beg to be blest, and some seem to have been healed by touching him." † He healed a woman deaf, dumb, and blind, and possessed of a devil, in the presence of a great mul-

* Landuff, cited in Neander, p. 83, sq. † L. c. c. ii.

titude, by going up to the house with the Host in his hand, and adjuring the devil, in the name of God, to leave the woman.

We will not weary the patience of our readers with more details. The few we have given mark an age of credulity, when a sharp distinction was not made between the miraculous and the natural; when the effects of imagination, of a strong will, or sensitive nerves, were less understood than now, and when "wonders" were expected of each very holy man. Where they are expected, or looked for, they always come. The history of trials for witchcraft might lead a philosopher to ponder deeply the natural law of testimony. There is no doubt that these monks believed Bernard wrought surprising miracles.* No doubt, he himself believed that he wrought them, for he often mentions the fact, but without any vainglory. His biographer relates with surprise that he never grew vain of his powers, "never walked above himself in wonderful things, but judging humbly of himself, thought he was not the author of these venerable works, but only their minister; and when in the opinion of all, he was the greatest, in his own opinion, he was the least." This latter statement is not strictly true, for the vice of pride had entered into his soul, and his ambition and love of power knew no bounds. His hatred of those who stood in his way was cruel and remorseless, as we shall soon see.

After he had finished his work in Italy, Bernard returned to Clairvaux. But the fame of his greatness

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* Even Fenelon believed these miracles, and cites them as proofs of the power of God. See his "Sermon pour la fête de Saint Bernard," in his Œuvres. Paris. 1822. Tom. iii. pp. 196–219.

went before him. As he passed the Alps "the herdsmen and boors came down from their rocks to see him, and after receiving his blessing, turned back joyful to their rude dwellings." His monks received him with no less joy. They fell down before him and embraced his knees; they rose up and kissed him, and in this manner conducted him to the cloister. Here, during his long absence from Clairvaux, "the Devil could effect nothing. No mildew had gathered on the pure minds therein, and the house of God, founded on a rock, was in no part shaken." "No quarrels had been kept for his coming, and no long-nursed hatred broke out in his presence." The young did not accuse the old of austerity, nor did the old accuse the young of remissness, "but they were all found of one accord, in the house of God; in holiness and peace ascending the ladder of Jacob, and hastening up to look on God, whose delectable countenance shone in the upper realm. The Abbot, not unmindful of him who said, 'I saw Satan falling as lightning from heaven,' was the more humble and submissive to God as he saw that God was propitious to his desires. Nor did he rejoice because the devils were subject to him, but rather he rejoiced in the Lord, because he saw the names of his brethren were written in heaven."

But the difficulties of the times would not suffer the strong and active spirit of Bernard to remain idle or contemplative at Clairvaux, "bewailing his own sins." New troubles called him forth again. William the Ninth of Aquitaine and Poictou, espousing the part of Anaclete, deposed all the bishops of the Province who were hostile to him. Bishop Godfrey of Chartres went with Bernard to visit the rebellious prince. He was a rough layman, who knew no reason for following one

Pope more than the other, but had taken a solemn oath never to be reconciled with the degraded bishops. Bernard attempted for a long time to bring the Baron to reason; but his efforts were fruitless. So he went into the church to celebrate high mass. The Prince, who had been excommunicated, did not venture in, but stood without at the door. Bernard consecrated and transubstantiated the bread and wine; gave his blessing to the people, and then, with fiery countenance and flaming eyes, and threatening look, "bearing on a platter the bread just changed to the body of Christ," went out to the Prince, and said to him, "in terrible words," "We have entreated, and you have despised us. The multitude of God's servants united has besought you in two meetings, and you have mocked at them. So now comes to you the Son of the Virgin, the Head and Lord of the Church, which you persecute. Here is thy Judge, at whose name every name shall bow, of things celestial, and terrestrial, and things under the earth. Here is thy Judge, into whose hands thy soul will come. Will you despise Him also? Will you despise Him, as you have despised his servants?" The prince was overcome; he fell like one lifeless on the ground. His servants raised him up. Bernard ordered him to rise upon his feet; to be reconciled with the bishops of Poictiers; to give him the kiss of peace, and yield to Pope Innocent. The humbled Prince did as he was commanded, and thus peace was restored to a whole province. This event is characteristic of the middle ages, — the presumption of the priest, and the folly of the Prince.

Bernard was the most powerful man in Europe; though but an ecclesiastic, without money, or lands, or

soldiers, or powerful connections, by the might of his spirit alone, this emaciated monk kept the wide world in awe. He tamed rough barons; said to kings, thus far and no farther. It was mainly through his influence, that Innocent kept possession of the papal chair. He reconciled Conrad with Lothaire. A third time he was called to Rome, by the Pope, whom German arms once more established in the capital, though here he held only divided empire. He attempted to reconcile the two papal parties without loss of blood, and had a convenient formula, wherewith to remove any oaths, that interfered with his plans. "Alliances hostile to the law can never be comfirmed by an oath, for God's law renders them of no avail." He went to Roger, king of Sicily, on the eve of a battle, hoping to divert that prince from assisting Anaclete. This effort was vain; but after Roger had lost the battle he consented to decide between the two popes, on condition that their respective claims were laid before him. So on a set day Roger arrayed himself in his robes of State, and sat down to hear the conflicting parties. The cardinals of the two Popes appeared as counsel. On the side of Anaclete, the chief speaker was Cardinal Peter, or Pisa, a man well skilled in dialectics and the canon law. Bernard, of course, was the foremost in favor of Innocent. Bernard's chief argument was this: There is no salvation out of the true church; the legal Pope is head of the true church. Now almost all the western churches have declared Innocent to be that head, and it is more likely they should be in the right, since they all agree, than it is that Roger, a single layman, is alone right; for God would not suffer so many to go astray, and be damned eternally, while one only, and he a layman, was saved. Cardinal Peter was convinced by the

logical skill and eloquence of his opponent, and was soon reconciled to Innocent; for it would be quite unfair to suppose, the offers of power, and wealth, thrown privately into the scales, had the slightest weight in the dialectic balance of this cardinal, so well versed in the canon law. Roger still held out, but luckily Anaclete died soon after, (1138,) and when his friends appointed Victor the Third his successor, Bernard had the hardihood to beard the lion in his den, and ask the new Pope to renounce his budding honors; and still more, he had the address to succeed in the attempt. Victor went and fell down at Innocent's feet, and did him homage. Peace was thus restored to the Church. Years of war and thousands of lives were saved, by the force of this poor monk. The public gratitude did not loiter behind such signal merit. The people received him everywhere with shouts. Men and women escorted him in processions from place to place. But, his work done, he returned again to the quiet repose, and mystical devotion of Clairvaux, to retire into himself, and to write letters to the ends of the world.

But the repose of this "Dog of the Church" was never very deep, or of long continuance. The Church was always in trouble. Bishops quarrelled with one another, or a priest took a wife, a lord sold a benefice, or a monk went back to the cottage or the camp, and the burden of the Church fell on Bernard. We must pass over the troubles occasioned by nobles pressing, uncalled for, into ecclesiastical offices, and by the wickedness of the clergy, to come to the remarkable quarrel between Bernard and Abelard.

So long as ignorance lowered dark and heavy on the middle ages, there was no doubt of the Church's doc-

trine. Then nothing opposed the ecclesiastical sway, but the Flesh and the Devil, — ambitious and wicked men. The Church was in advance of the world, and the little light by which men walked came mainly from the Church itself. But there is no monopoly of truth, and least of all can the whole of wisdom be appropriated by a body of men, however pious and thoughtful, who resolve to accept nothing, which was not admitted by their fathers, centuries before. So when light began to dawn on the world once more, and the clouds to withdraw their heavy folds, and the noble army of Greek and Roman sages or poets to come out of their recesses, men began to doubt, for the first time, whether all moral, philosophical, and religious truth were contained in the dogmas of the Church. These doubts came from the wisest and best men of the age. Thus the Church was assaulted not only by its old enemies, the Flesh and the Devil, with whom it knew how to contend, but also by the Spirit and the Holy Ghost, against whom some new device was to be tried. Men, wiser and holier than the Church itself, rose up, — often coming from its own bosom, — and opened their dark sayings. Hence arose two parties; one stood on authority, and adhered strictly to the old theological formulas, and if they could not find expressed therein the sum of wisdom which they sought, they found it by implication. A few of the latter sort of this class, calling a certain capricious mysticism to their aid, succeeded marvellously with their work. They were the conservatists of that time, and dealt out, with a lavish hand, the thunders of the Church, and its fire and fagots too, against all who dared to look forward. The other party, few in numbers, but often mighty in talents, relied on no authority, however great and good. They

referred all to the human soul, or rather to the Spirit of God in the soul of man. Hence they deduced their doctrines, and hereby they formed the dogmas they accepted. To them, philosophy was more than history. They might not disagree with the creed of the Church, in whose bosom they sometimes continued all their life long, but their starting point, their new method, their spirit differed entirely from that of the Church. This party was inclined to rationalism, as the other was to a vicious sort of mysticism. Yet there were genuine mystics and religious men in either sect. It would be instructive, as well as curious, to trace the gradual growth of Protestantism in the middle age, — coincident as it was with the spread of light, — but we forbear.*

Abelard would be prominent in any period of the world's history; but in the twelfth century he towers above his contemporaries like a colossus. He went back to the human soul, and from that he attempted to prove the truth of his doctrines, knowing well, that while men rested on truths that were elementary and universal, even if they should doubt the Scriptures, and deny the Church, they would still be religious, useful to their fellows, and acceptable to God. Besides, he saw Credulity confounded with Faith, and Superstition mistaken for vital Piety. His aim was to unite Reason and Religion. He denied, that we can form an adequate conception of God, or express his nature, in

* Among those who contributed most powerfully, directly or remotely to this, may be named Scotus Erigena, Gerbert, (afterwards Pope Sylvester II.,) Berenger, or Berengarius of Tours. (See Lessing's Sämtliche, Werke, Vol. XX.), Lanfranc, Roscelin, Anselm, and Abelard.

words.* He attempted to explain the Trinity in a manner sufficiently orthodox, if that mystery is to be explained at all, and the profound truth it covers, but too often conceals, also is to be pointed out and explained. He denied free-will to God, in the sense we apply that term to man, who, from his weakness and wickedness, must decide between conflicting desires. He found virtue, like Christian excellence, among the heathen also, who, as well as the Jews, received revelations, and sometimes had power to work miracles. But the doctrines of the Church forbid the free action of his mind in this direction, and so he concluded that baptism was necessary to salvation and the forgiveness of sins, though the man lived a life never so divine. But he dwelt with great delight on the virtue of some of the heathens, and with the obvious design of shaming the hideous sin of the clergy in his own day. He judged virtue by its motives, not by its actions; defined sin as voluntary action opposed to God's law. He spoke with the greatest indignation against those men, who were frightened by fear of hell, and after a life of sin, repenting on their death-bed, left money got by crime, that priests, wicked as themselves, and hypocrites besides, might say masses for their souls. He denied the false or alleged miracles of his time, though he admitted the Christian miracles in full.

Such a man could not want for opponents. His philosophical opinions; his Christian zeal, which sometimes out-travelled his discretion; still more, his tendency to call sin, *sin*, and his violent invectives against

* To judge from his remarks on this point, there seems to be a striking similarity between him and Hegel.

vice and hollowness, raised up for him a host of enemies. The timid feared; the wicked hated him. But we are now concerned with Abelard, only so far as he comes into the history of Bernard. The first persecution* of Abelard, — and in which Bernard took an active part, — arose, like many others, from personal, and not ecclesiastical jealousy. Albric and Lotulf, rival professors at Rheims, brought two charges against him; the one, that he, a monk, engaged in secular studies; the other, that he taught theology, which he had never learned "from the great doctors of the age," and without a regular theological education. Their complaints were brought before the Council of Soissons, (1121,) where his obnoxious book (de Theologia) was to be explained. The matter was referred to a greater council, at Paris. Here, to quell the alarm, Abelard threw his offensive book into the fire, knowing well that this act would recoil upon his enemies. He withdrew to a cloister. But the public condemned his opponents, and he soon returned in triumph to Paris, renewed his teachings and attacks on the wicked lives of the monks. But, getting weary of this work, — as hopeless as to pick up all the sands of Sahara, — and, desiring leisure to think far down into the deep of things, he retired to solitude once more. Here he lived in poverty and want. But pupils came to be taught. The neighborhood was filled with young men. A great enthusiasm, wide and deep, broke out in his favor. His doctrines spread far and wide. The watch-dog of the Church awoke from his brief slumbers at Clairvaux, and began his threatening growl. Bernard, — the Napoleon of the twelfth

* The opposition of Walter de Mauritania does not deserve so harsh a name.

century, — was more formidable than all other opponents, bishops, and councils. To escape the imminent danger, Abelard accepted the post of Abbot in Brittany. But he could not be silent, and here likewise his hateful doctrines were taught, and rumors of Abelard's fame went up like a cloud, and extended to Clairvaux. Bernard "eyed him" as "Saul eyed David." He warned him, in letters, to change his "manner of theologizing," and on all occasions cautioned Abelard's pupils against the poison of their master's doctrines. He was not a man to sit quietly down and thus suffer dictation, though from "the first man in the century." He expressed a willingness to look Bernard in the face, and argue the matter in the Synod of Sens (1140), before an assembly of the first men of the nation. He called on his thousands of scholars to come and witness his triumph. But Bernard declined entering the lists with the first dialectician of the age. He knew what he was about, — the artful monk. So he cunningly wrote, — that precursor of the Jesuits, — "he would not make the articles of faith matters of dispute." No. They rested on authority, which was abandoned soon as he came down into a fair field. He wished his opponent's doctrines to be compared with the "standards" of the only infallible Church. Thus the accused was condemned by implication, and without a hearing. But it is easy to gainsay such a swift verdict of condemnation, and Abelard's reputation rose higher even than before. His scholars boasted, that even Bernard dared not venture into the arena with their master. So it became necessary for the Abbot of Clairvaux to make a regular attack, and risk a defeat, or else leave his rival master of the field. So he came to the council. The king was present, and the most eminent bishops, abbots, and

clergymen in general; men over whom Bernard's authority was almost despotic. Abelard knew a fair hearing would not be allowed him. Bernard was resolved to give him no chance for it, and laid before the council a list of passages, carefully culled from Abelard's works, and flanked by the conflicting doctrines of the Church. He then called on the accused to recant, or defend the passages. Abelard was silent, and the council pronounced the obnoxious sentences heretical. But before they could take the next step, and condemn the *man* as a heretic, he appealed to the pope. No sooner was this done, than Bernard wrote letters to the pope, and the nobles of Rome, to prejudice their minds against the alleged heretic. In these letters, as in the statement made to the council, Bernard either intentionally misrepresented, or atrociously misunderstood Abelard;* charged upon him doctrines he never taught, and twisted sentences into a form different from the original. Bernard had great influence at the Roman court. The Church was afraid of Philosophy. The result was, that the passages obnoxious to Bernard were judged heretical; the author was pronounced a heretic, and forbidden to teach the obnoxious doctrines. All who adhered to them were excommunicated. Thus was he condemned, through the jealousy of one man, without

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* See Epist. 187–194. He condemns the works of Abelard, namely, Theologia, Liber Sententiarum, and Nosce Teipsum. He calls his opponent many hard names, an Arian, a Pelagian, a Nestorian, "a Herod at home, and a Saint John abroad." "In all things that are in Heaven above, etc., he sees only himself." "A fabricator of lies." Epist. 327–338. Abbot William fears the treatise, *Sic et Non*, is "monstrous in doctrine as it is in name." See also Bernardi Opuscula, especially the "Tract concerning the errors of Peter Abelard," sometimes put among his letters, as Epist. 190.

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any proof that the obnoxious passages were contained in his writings, or that they would not bear a different interpretation, and without asking if the author could not reconcile them with the orthodox faith. *All* his heretical doctrines were condemned, but no care was taken to specify *which* were heretical. Bernard's conduct in this affair justifies fully the sharp and bitter censure of Bayle and others, whom he follows. "It is certain, that he had very great talents, and a great deal of zeal; but some pretend, that his zeal made him too jealous of those, who acquired a great name through the study of human learning, and they add, that his mild and easy temper rendered him too credulous, when he heard any evil reported of these learned persons. It is difficult to imagine he was free from human passions, when he made it his business to cause all, that seemed heterodox to him, to be overwhelmed with anathemas. But it is very easy to conceive, that his good reputation, and the ardor wherewith he prosecuted the condemnation of his adversaries, surprised the judges, and made the accused persons sink under the weight of these irregular proceedings." "They do not do him justice, who call him only a hound, or a mastiff dog; he ought, in some sense, to be compared to Nimrod, and styled *a mighty hunter before the Lord.*"

Abelard's scholars, — especially the young and enthusiastic part of them, — defended their master, with the keen wit and exquisite sarcasm, for which the French were remarkable, even then. But the philosopher himself, weary of conflict, worn down by repeated calamities, yielded to the tide of trouble, and became reconciled with the Argus of the Church. He offered to strike out of his works whatever offended orthodox ears, and to renounce both his school and his study.

This reconciliation, — as men call it, — was effected by Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Clugny, who received Abelard into his establishment, where, and at the more healthy cloister of Chalons sur la Saone, he spent the brief and bitter remnant of his days, and ended a life, at once the brightest and most sad that appears in the middle ages. Few men have been so often misjudged and abused as he. Fate seemed to pursue him with a fiery sword, and the furies, — Ambition, Hatred, Fear, — to scourge him with their bloody scorpion whip, through life. Bernard rejoiced that he had reduced that eloquent voice to silence, and restored tranquillity to the churches! So the old Romans, after they had desolated a province, "proclaimed peace, where they had made only solitude." But, though he went where the wicked cease from troubling, his spirit passed into the ages, and lives even now. It is an easy thing to kill a man, or to shut him up in a cloister, especially if he is old or constitutionally timid. To burn a heretic is no difficult matter, for the weakest princes have, perhaps, burned the most. But to suppress heresy; to stay thought: or stop the truth thereby, the world has not found so easy. Bernard could cut off the hydra's head; but others sprouted anew. What was personal in Abelard died, or faded out of the public mind. But the scorn of whatever is false; the love of truth; the desire of a divine life, burnt in many a young heart, like a fire in the forest, and would not be put down.

Arnold of Brescia was among these. The corruption of the clergy; the strife between the emperors and the popes; the increasing study of the Roman law; the general advance of knowledge, all favored his design of founding a true Church on the earth, which could

offer no bribes, and claim no secular power. He fell back on primitive Christianity, and preached it with a soul of fire. He held up to shame the conduct and life of the clergy. At Bernard's suggestion, he was excommunicated and condemned to a cloister. He refused to make his peace as his master had done, and finding few disposed to enforce the papal sentence, went to Zurich, where even the bishop tolerated him. Guido a Castellis, through the pope's legate, received him kindly, and took little heed to Bernard's admonitory letters. After the death of Innocent the Third, Arnold repaired to Rome, and made "no small stir" among the people. But we pass over all this, and the troubles about the popes, and come down to the crusade, and the administration of Eugene the Third, — the friend and pupil of Bernard.

Celestine the Second, the successor of Innocent, filled the papal chair but four months. Lucian the Second, the next pope, lived but a short time after his election, and when Eugene the Third was elected, the confusion at Rome forced him to take refuge in Viterbo, where he speedily excommunicated Arnold, no doubt to the great satisfaction of his old persecutor. Bernard wrote letters to the Romans, exhorting them to receive Eugene as their father. But these falling fruitless to the ground, he tried Conrad, his old enemy, exhorting him to revenge the Pope. "Gird on the sword. Give to yourself, as Cæsar, what is Cæsar's, and to God, what is God's." "God forbid," says he, "that the power of the nation, the insolence of the rabble should hold out a moment before the eyes of the monarch." Bernard exerted himself with all his might to sustain his friend in the chair of the Church. Meantime, a great event was gathering, in the future, and coming

near at hand. The mountain once produced a mouse, as the story goes; but here, several mice produced a mountain. The occasion of a new crusade was as follows. Louis the Seventh of France felt some natural compunctions of conscience for the cruelties he had been guilty of in the war against Theobald of Champagne. He hoped to efface the old crime, by engaging in a new war, at the command of the Church, and thus wash the old blood from his hands, in the fresh stream of so many lives. A crusade in the twelfth century, — it stirred men's hearts, as a line of gas packets to the moon would do in our day. We know not who first proposed the new enterprise, but Bernard caught readily at the idea, and called on the pope to summon all Christendom to the work. Eugene the Third knew as well as Lord Chatham, that when a brilliant war burns in the distance, men will not look at grievances they suffer at home. So he readily favored a plan, which would strengthen his own hands.

At that day it was easy to raise armies. Especially was it easy to raise armies for a crusade. There have always been sinners enough in the world; sinners, too, who wished their guilt might be wiped off all at once, and they be cleansed of their old leprosy without trouble, by a single plunge into the Jordan. The pope promised that all sins, however great, however numerous and deeply ingrained, should be all wiped out for those who engaged in the crusade, on condition that they repented, — which was easily done, and cost nothing, — and joined the expedition with good motives.

A council was held on Easter-day. But the castle at Bezelay, where it had met, would not hold the retainers of the church militant. The assembly adjourned to a

field. Here the king appeared on a stage, with the sign of the cross on his back. Bernard was beside him, and addressing the multitude, he poured out such a molten tide of hot words, eloquent and persuasive, that the assembly yielded to his counsels, and shouted, till all rung again, — To the Cross, To the Cross. Meanwhile, — says the monkish chronicler, — the holy Abbot wrought miracles more plenteous than ever. Miracles became the order of the day, almost of the hour; for not only "was no day without its miracle;" but "one day he wrought twenty. Men, blind from their birth, received sight; the lame walked; men withered up became fresh again at his word; the dumb spake; the deaf heard, divine grace supplying what nature lacked." Bernard's zeal burned like a rocket, kindling as it rose. He declaimed with fiery eloquence, and wrote letters, and preached, and watched, and fasted, and prayed, to a degree almost exceeding belief. But the most attenuated body sometimes becomes powerful under the pressure of a giant will. He labored with good effect; for he soon writes in triumph to the pope; "The cities and castles are getting empty, and seven women can scarcely find one man; wives are widowed while their husbands are yet alive!" A great assembly once demanded Bernard himself as the leader of the host; but the wily monk knew how to make excuses. "It is too foreign to my holy office;" precious scruple, of a man who preached and got up the whole affair! He journeyed through France, fanning the flame. In the neighborhood of the Rhine, he found one Ralph, an ignorant monk, who had excited many to murder the Jews, thinking, no doubt, he did great honor to Jesus by slaying the poor remnant of that nation, which produced the Bible, both Old Testament and New Testa-

ment, and gave birth to the Saviour, and the "mother of God." Bernard, to his praise be it spoken, thought it better to convert the Jews than to kill them; and really, monk as he was, took sides with the oppressed race.

Conrad, — the German emperor, — was averse to the crusade, and for the best reason. Bernard must attempt to bring him over; and here the greatness of his influence and the triumph of his genius are seen in all their lustre. He had an interview with Conrad, and the result was unfavorable. He gave up the attempt for the moment, and waited his time. But on Christmas day, after settling some difficulties, and healing some dissensions among the great men of Germany, he exhorted the nobles and emperor to the work. Three days later, in private, he advised the emperor to accept so easy a penance, and wash out his many sins. Soon after he celebrated the mass before the court, and unexpectedly delivered a sermon relating to the crusade. At the end of the ceremony, he went to the emperor, in the church. He addressed him as though he was a private man; described the last judgment, and the consternation of a man unable to give God an answer, if he had not done his best. He spoke of Conrad's blessings, his wealth, power, strength of body and mind. Conrad burst into tears, and sobbed forth, "I am ready to serve him. He himself exhorts me." A scream of joy followed, from all who filled the church. Bernard took a consecrated banner from the altar, and placed it in Conrad's hands, and the work was done.*

* The following sentence, from his appeal to the German nation, is curious, and a fair specimen of his style of address. "The earth trembles and quakes because the God of Heaven is afraid he shall lose his land; his land, I say, where the Word of the Heavenly

After the crusade was fairly on its feet, and the last straggler of the army was out of sight, Bernard returned to his cloister, and his old work, hunting heretics; and no English squire ever loved to unearth an otter, better than the good Abbot to scent a heretic, and drive him out of the Church. He found no lack of employment in this agreeable occupation. The spirit of Abelard was not yet laid. It stood in the background of the Church, and made mouths at the crusade; nay, at orthodoxy itself. Protean in its nature, it assumed all manner of forms, most frightful to Catholic believers. The metaphysics of the Trinity opened a wide field for philosophical inquiry and speculation. The Cerberus of Heresy bayed loud at the Church. Nominalism, Realism, and Scholasticism, all were at feud, and each engendered its band of heretics. Among these was Gilbert of Poictiers, — often called Porretanus, — a man allied to Abelard by a kindred love of philosophy, but differing widely from his conclusions. Though a bishop, he was soon accused before the pope, and Bernard was easily put upon the scent. He accused Gilbert in a council at Paris, but he found more than his equal, for Gilbert could "parry, pass, and ward," and was well skilled in the dazzling fence of dialectics. He would not be silent, like Abelard; he had all the weapons of logic at command; could quote councils and fathers readily as the paternoster or decalogue, and, what was still more important in that crisis, *his friends and pupils were great men;* some of them cardinals, who, however, were fearful of offending Bernard. The whole affair was referred to the great council at Rheims. When the

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Father was affianced for more than twenty years, teaching and conversing with men, — his land, glorified by his miracles, sanctified by his blood," etc.

dispute had outlasted the patience of the pope and the cardinals, the latter said, "We will now decide." Whereupon Bernard, fearing the result, hastily collected his friends, telling them, that "Gilbert must be put down." So they drew up a paper, condemning him, and sent it to the pope, for whom it was a cake of the right leaven. But the cardinals were very justly offended because the pope had violated justice, and preferred the opinion of one man to the united council. The head of the Church knew not which way to turn. Bernard was called in to end the troubles. He reconciled Gilbert, who shook hands with his foes, and went home in greater honor than ever before.

He who begins to pursue heretics, finds his work increase before him. In the twelfth century, there were men in no small number, whom the Church could not feed. They turned away from cold abstractions and lifeless forms, to warm and living love for man and God; they shrunk away from the contaminating breath of emaciated monks, and ambitious cardinals, to fresh and glowing nature, which still reflected the unfading goodness of the Infinite. These were men, who took what was good, where they could find it, and so found manna even in the wilderness. They were content to sit on the brink of the well of Truth, and watch the large, silent faces of the stars reflected from its tranquil deeps, which they did not ruffle, while they drew life from its waters; men, whose inward eye, once opened by the Holy Ghost, could never again be closed, but ever looked upwards and right on, for Light and Life. These men might be branded as heretics, scourged in the market-place for infidelity, or burned at high noon for atheism. The natural man does not understand the things of the Spirit. They had too much religion to be

understood by their contemporaries; they were too far above them for their sympathy, too far before them for their comprehension. No doubt these men were often mistaken, fanatical; their minds overclouded, and their hearts filled with bigotry. Still, it is in them that we find the religion of the age. The veriest tyro in ecclesiastical history knows, that the true life of God in the soul, from the third century downwards, has displayed itself out of the established Church, and not in it. It would be both curious and instructive to trace the growth of Protestantism from Paul down to Luther, and notice the various phases it assumed, of mysticism or rationalism, as the heart or the head uttered the protest, and consider the treatment it met with from men of a few good rules, of much ambition, and little elevation of character. The mass of men is too often eager to punish both such as loiter in the rear, and such as hurry in the front, — especially the latter. Perhaps this contagion of heresy, this epidemic of non-conformity, like Christianity itself, came from the East, where every religion that has taken a strong hold of the heart has had its home. The Gnostics and Manicheans, and men of more mystical piety, for whom the blind orthodoxy of the Church offered little attraction, — these men fattened the Christian soil with their blood, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. Their bones fell still more abundantly in the two ages that followed. But, in countries where Christianity was newly introduced, the obnoxious sects took root, and flourished. The tumults of the tenth century brought them to Italy, France, and Germany. Heresy spread like the plague; no one knows how, or by whom it is propagated. Rather let us say, Truth passes, like morning, from land to land, and men, who all night long have read with bleared

eyes by the candle of tradition, wonder at the light which streams through the crevice of window and wall. In the eleventh century, these "heretical doctrines" were still more common. The headsman's axe gleamed over many a Christian neck. But the neck of Heresy was not cut off; for in the twelfth century there were still some to be done to death. It is sad to reflect, that every advance in science, art, freedom, and religion, has been bought with the best hearts that ever beat, who have poured out the stream of their lives, and thus formed a deep, wide channel of blood, which has upborne and carried forward the ark of Humanity, Liberty, and Truth, from the dawn of things till this day. On every lofty path, where man treads securely now, naked feet have bled, as they trampled the flint into dust. How many forerunners leave their heroic heads in a charger; and even the Saviour must hang upon the cross, before men can be redeemed. In Bernard's time, these reformers came to a world lying in wickedness; they came to priests, still more wicked, who attempted to heal the world by church ceremonies, theological dogmas, councils, and convents, and "communion in one kind." There were a few, who wished to fall back on morality and religion. They counted the Bible as the finite stream, that comes from the infinite source and waters the gardens of the earth. They took their stand on primitive Christianity; when they spoke, it was from heart to heart, and so the common people heard them gladly.

We lament to say, that Bernard, great man as he was, good and pious as we know him to have been, set his face seriously against all these men, and thought he did God service by hunting them to death. His garments were rolled in the blood of these innocents. One

of his friends, Everwin of Steinfeld, tells him he has "written enough against the pharisaism of Christians; now lift up your voice against the heretics, who are come into all the churches, like a breath from hell." Among the most eminent of these reformers and heretics were Peter of Bruis, founder of the Petrobrusians, and Henry of Lausanne. Bernard signalized himself in attacking these men, though with various success. On a certain occasion, some heretics were burned in a remote district, and Everwin, writing an account of the affair, and, as usual, throwing all the blame on the *people*, wonders that these limbs of the devil, in their heresy, could exhibit such steadfastness in suffering the most cruel tortures, as was scarce ever found even among pious orthodox Christians.* The monk's wonder is quite instructive. In one of his letters, Bernard thus complains of the desolations wrought by the heretics. "The churches are shunned as if they were synagogues; the sanctuary of God is no longer reckoned holy; the sacraments are not honored; the festivals not celebrated. Men die in their sins; their souls are brought into the dreadful judgments of God, not reconciled by penance; not confirmed by taking the Last Supper." Yet, even among these heretics, Bernard was nearly all-powerful. He came to the city Albigeois, the head-quarters of these men, and did wonders. The following anecdote exhibits the character of the Saint, and the age. He once preached against the heretics at Toulouse, and, finishing his sermon, mounted his horse to ride off. In presence of the crowd, one of the dissenters said; "Your horse, good Abbot, is fatter and better fed than the beast of our Master, much as you say against him." "I do

* Neander, p. 244.

not deny it," said Bernard, with a friendly look; "It is the nature of the beast to be fat; not by our horses, but by ourselves, are we to be judged before God." He then laid bare his neck, and showed, naked, his meagre and attenuated breast. This was, for the public, the most perfect confutation of the heretic!

But we must, however unwilling, hasten from these scenes. In 1148, Pope Eugene visited Bernard in the cloister at Clairvaux, and remained with him some time. It was a beautiful homage from the conventional Head of the Church to a poor monk, whom piety, zeal, and greatness of soul, had raised above all the heroes of convention. Bishop Malachias, who had done a great work in Ireland, came to lay his bones at Clairvaux. But bitter disappointment came at last upon Bernard. The crusade, for which he had preached, and prophesied, and worked miracles, and travelled over half Europe, was a failure. Its ruin was total. Half-smothered invectives and fierce denunciations arose against him. All his predictions fell to the ground; the miracles he wrought; the vaunting boast and fiery words he had uttered came back on the head of the poor monk, mingled with the scorn of the nations. He had sophistry enough to refer the calamity to the sins of the crusaders. But this availed little, for he had promised their sins should be forgiven, and expressly called notorious sinners to the task. So he laid the blame upon the Almighty, who had assigned him his mission, gave him the promise, and "confirmed it by miracles."

Weary and disappointed, the poor Abbot betook himself to finish his greatest literary work, the celebrated treatise *de Consideratione*, a sort of manual for the popes, giving a picture of an ideal pope, a book of

no small merit. This was the latest work of his life, and its concluding lines flowed forth from lips longing to give up the ghost. His usefulness continued to the last. His letters went on as usual; he exhorted his friends and pupils. But the shadow of defeat was on the man. It grew thicker and blacker each day. His letter to Andreas, written shortly before his death, shows how a monk can feel, and a man, whose word then shook the world, can be overcome. All his life long, he had looked to the west, and found no comfort, as the rising luminary shed new day over the world. But even on his death-bed, cast down as he was, he gave proofs of that mysterious power the soul exerts over those decaying elements which it gathers about itself, a power remarkably shown in his whole life. While sick almost to death, scarce any strength left in him, Hillin, Archbishop of Friers, came to ask him to mediate between the people of Metz, and the nobility of the neighborhood. Bernard arose from his bed; forgot his weakness; forgot his pain; forgot his disappointment. His body seemed sinewy and strong beneath his mighty will. He met the delegates of the two parties on the banks of the Moselle. The haughty knights, flushed with victory, refused to listen to his terms, and withdrew, "not wishing the sick monk farewell." "Peace will soon come," said he. "It was foretold me last night, in a dream; for I thought I was celebrating mass, and was ashamed because I had forgotten the chant, Gloria in Excelsis; and so I sung it with you to the end." Before the time arrived for singing the chant, a messenger came to say, the knights were penitent! His words had done the work in silence. The two parties were reconciled, and the kiss of peace exchanged. He returned to Clairvaux, and his

strong spirit soon left the worn-out frame where it had long dwelt almost in defiance of the body's law. He had lived sixty-three years, and his spirit was mighty in the churches long after his death.

His biographer Alanus thus describes the last scene. "About the third hour of the day, (August 20, 1153,) this shining light of his age, this holy and truly blessed Abbot passed away from the body of death to the land of the living; from the heavy sobbings and abundant tears of his friends, standing around him, to the chorus of angels chanting continually, with Christ at their head. Happy that soul, which rises by the excellent grace of its own merits; which is followed by the pious vows of friends, and drawn upwards by holy desire for things above. Happy that transition from labor to rest; from expectation to enjoyment of the reward; from the battle to the triumph; from death to life; from faith to knowledge; from a pilgrimage to his own home; from the world to the Father."

In stature, Saint Bernard was a little below the common standard; his hair of a flaxen color; his beard somewhat reddish, but both became gray as he grew old. The might of the man was shown in his countenance. Yet his face had a peculiar cheerfulness, more of heaven than of earth, and his eye at once expressed the serpent's wisdom, with the simplicity of the dove. It was indifferent to him whether he drank oil, or wine, or water. He was dead to the pleasures of the table, and to all sensual delights. He could walk all day by the lake of Lucerne, and never see it. In summing up his character, we must allow him great acuteness of insight; a force of will, great and enduring almost beyond belief, — a will like that of Hannibal, or Simeon

the Stylite, which shrunk at no difficulty, and held out Promethean to the end. He was zealous and self-denying; but narrow in his self-denial, and a bigot in his zeal. He was pious, — beautifully pious, — but superstitious withal. In a formal age, no man loved forms better than he, or clung closer to the letter, when it served his end. His writings display a masculine good sense;* great acquaintance with the Scriptures, which he quotes in every paragraph, and with Augustine and Ambrose, "with whom he would agree, right or wrong." † He hated all tyranny but the tyranny of

* His works are, 447 Letters; numerous Sermons on all the Sundays and Festivals in the year; 86 Sermons on the Canticles; a Treatise, in five books, de Consideratione; another, de Officio Episcoporum, de Præcepto et Dispensatione; Apologia ad Gulielmum Abbatum; this contains some of his sharpest rebukes of the monks and clergy. De laude Novæ Militiæ, i. e. the new order of knights templars. De gradibus humilitatis et superbiæ, de gratia et libero arbitrio, de baptismo, de erroribus Petri Abelardi. De Vita S. Malachiæ, de Cantu. Besides these, there are many works attributed to him, which belong to others, known or unknown. Such are the famous "Meditations of Saint Bernard," which are sometimes printed in English in the same volume with Saint Augustine's Meditations. No writer of the middle ages has been so popular as Bernard. His works were read extensively before the art of printing was invented, and have often been published since then. The best edition is that of Mabillon. Paris. 1719. 2 vols. folio. A new edition has recently been published, (Paris. 1838. 4 vols. 8vo.) which we have not examined. Besides, he wrote a Summa Theologiae not noticed by Mabillon, but commented on by *Gerson*, whose book thereon is called *Floretus*, published at Paris, 1494, 1 vol. 4to. This by the way is not in Dupin's edition of Gerson, 1706, 5 vols. fol. It is noticed in Fleury, Hist. Eccl. vol. xiv. p. 444, ed. Nismes, 1779.

† His reverence for the authority of the Church was most uncompromising. He thought it had power to change the words of Scriptures, and make the Bible better by the change; "Cum in Scripturis

the Church. Yet his heart was by nature gentle; he could take pains to rescue a hen from the hawk; but would yet burn men at the stake for explaining the mystery of the Trinity. He was ambitious as Cæsar; not that he cared for the circumstance and trappings of authority, but he loved power for itself, as an end. All the wax of Hymettus could not close his ears against this syren, nor a whole Anticyra heal his madness. He lived in an age when new light came streaming upon the world. But he called on men to close their shutters and stir their fires. Greek and Roman letters, then beginning their glorious career in modern times, he hated as profane, and never dreamed of the wonders they were to effect for art, science, religion, yea, for Christianity itself. He was a man of the eleventh century, not of the twelfth. Its spirit culminated most beautifully in him. But he had no sympathy for those, who, grateful for their fathers' progress, would yet carry the line of improvement still farther on. He did nothing directly to promote a pure theology, or foster philosophical views, and thus to emancipate mankind from their long thraldom. Yet he did much remotely. Frozen hands are best warmed in snow. Bernard was a mystic,* and the age was growing rational. But in his mystic flights he does not soar so sublime as the Pseudo-Dionysius, or Scotus Erigena, from whom his mysticism seems derived. Still less has he the depth of Saint Victor, Tauler, Eckart, and Nicolas of Basle,

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divinis verba vel *alterat, vel alternat, fortior est illa compositio quam positio prima verborum.*" — *Sermon on the Nativity.*

* On his Mysticism, see Ammon, Fortbildung des Christenthums, Vol. II., 2d edition, p. 355, seq. Heinroth, Geschichte und Kritik der Mysticismus, p. 324, seq.; and Schmid, Der Mysticismus der Mittelalter, etc., p. 187, seq.

or the profound sweetness of Fenelon, the best, perhaps, of modern mystical Christians. His practical tendency was lead to the wings of mystical contemplation, and the very strength of his will prevented him from seeing Truth as other mystics, all absorbed in contemplation. Yet he was a great man, and without him the world would not have been what it is. Well does he deserve the praise of Luther, "if there ever was a pious monk, it was Saint Bernard."

IV.

TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.*

A PARABLE OF PAUL.

One day Abdiel found Paul at Tarsus, after his Damascus journey, sitting meek and thoughtful at the door of his house; his favorite books, and the instruments of his craft, lying neglected beside him. "Strange tidings I hear of you," said the sleek Rabbi. "You also have become a follower of the Nazarene! What course shall you pursue after your precious conversion?" "I shall go and preach the Gospel to all nations," said the new convert, gently. "I shall set off to-morrow."

The Rabbi, who felt a sour interest in Paul, looked at him with affected incredulity and asked, "Do you know the sacrifice you make? You must leave father and friends; the society of the Great and the Wise. You will fare hard and encounter peril. You will be impoverished; called hard names; persecuted; scourged; perhaps put to death." "None of these things move me," said Paul. "I have counted the cost.

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* From the Dial for October, 1840.

I value not life the half so much as keeping God's Law, and proclaiming the truth, though all men forbid. I shall walk by God's light, and fear not. I am no longer a slave to the old Law of sin and death, but a free man of God, made free by the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus." "Here," rejoined the Rabbi, "you have ease and fame; in your new work you must meet toil, infamy, and death." "The voice of God says Go," exclaimed the Apostle, with firmness, "I am ready to spend and be spent in the cause of Truth."

"Die then," roared the Rabbi, "like a Nazarene fool and unbelieving Atheist, as thou art. He that lusts after new things, preferring his silly convictions, and that whim of a conscience, to solid ease, and the advice of his friends, deserves the cross. Die in thy folly. Henceforth I disclaim thee. Call me kinsman no more!"

Years passed over; the word of God grew and prevailed. One day it was whispered at Tarsus, and ran swiftly from mouth to mouth, in the market-place, "Paul, the apostate, lies in chains at Rome, daily expecting the Lions. His next trouble will be his last." And Abdiel said to his sacerdotal crones in the synagogue, "I knew it would come to this. How much better to have kept to his trade, and the old ways of his fathers and the prophets, not heeding that whim of a conscience. He might have lived respectably to an easy old age at Tarsus, the father of sons and daughters. Men might have called him RABBI in the streets."

Thus went it at Tarsus. But meantime, in his dungeon at Rome, Paul sat comforted. The Lord stood by him in a vision and said, "Fear not, Paul. Thou hast fought the good fight. Lo, I am with thee to the

end of the world." The tranquil old man replied, "I know whom I have served, and am thoroughly persuaded that God will keep what I have committed to him. I have not the spirit of fear, but of love, and a sound mind. I shall finish my course with joy, for I see the crown of Righteousness laid up for me, and now my salvation is more perfect, and my hope is higher, than when first I believed."

Then in his heart spoke that voice, which had spoken before on the mount of Transfiguration; "Thou also art my beloved Son. In thee I am well pleased."

V.

THOUGHTS ON LABOR.*

"God has given each man a back to be clothed, a mouth to be filled, and a pair of hands to work with." And since wherever a mouth and a back are created a pair of hands also is provided, the inference is unavoidable, that the hands are to be used to supply the needs of the mouth and the back. Now as there is one mouth to each pair of hands, and each mouth must be filled, it follows quite naturally, that if a single pair of hands refuses to do its work, then the mouth goes hungry, or, which is worse, the work is done by other hands. In the one case, the supply failing, an inconvenience is suffered, and the man dies; in the other he eats and wears the earnest of another man's work, and so a wrong is inflicted. The law of nature is this, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat." Still further, God has so beautifully woven together the web of life, with its warp of Fate, and its woof of Freewill, that in addition to the result of a man's duty, when faithfully done, there is a satisfaction and recompense in the very discharge thereof. In a rational state of things, Duty

* From the Dial for April, 1841.

and Delight travel the same road, sometimes hand in hand. Labor has an agreeable end, in the result we gain; but the means also are agreeable, for there are pleasures in the work itself. These unexpected compensations, the gratuities and stray gifts of Heaven, are scattered abundantly in life. Thus the kindness of our friends, the love of our children is of itself worth a thousand times all the pains we take on their account. Labor, in like manner, has a reflective action, and gives the working man a blessing over and above the natural result which he looked for. The duty of labor is written on a man's body; in the stout muscle of the arm and the delicate machinery of the hand. That it is congenial to our nature appears from the alacrity with which children apply themselves to it, and find pleasure in the work itself, without regard to its use. The young duck does not more naturally betake itself to the water, than the boy to the work which goes on around him. There is some work, which even the village sluggard and the city fop love to do, and that only can they do well. These two latter facts show that labor, in some degree, is no less a pleasure than a duty, and prove, that man is not by nature a lazy animal who is forced by Hunger to dig and spin.

Yet there are some who count labor a curse and a punishment. They regard the necessity of work, as the greatest evil brought on us by the "Fall;" as a curse that will cling to our last sand. Many submit to this yoke, and toil, and save, in hope to leave their posterity out of the reach of this primitive curse!

Others, still more foolish, regard it as a disgrace. Young men, — the children of honest parents, who, living by their manly and toil-hardened hands, bear up the burden of the world on their shoulders, and eat with

thankful hearts their daily bread, won in the sweat of their face, — are ashamed of their fathers' occupation, and forsaking the plough, the chisel, or the forge, seek a livelihood in what is sometimes named a more respectable and genteel vocation; that is, in a calling which demands less of the hands, than their fathers' hardy craft, and quite often less of the head likewise; for that imbecility which drives men to those callings, has its seat mostly in a higher region than the hands. Affianced damsels beg their lovers to discover (or invent) some ancestor in buckram who did not work. The Sophomore in a small college is ashamed of his father who wears a blue frock, and his dusty brother who toils with the saw and the axe. These men, after they have wiped off the dirt and the soot of their early life, sometimes become arrant coxcombs, and standing like the heads of Hermes without hands, having only a mouth, make faces at such as continue to serve the State by plain handiwork. Some one relates an anecdote, which illustrates quite plainly this foolish desire of young men to live without work. It happened in one of our large towns, that a Shopkeeper and a Blacksmith, both living in the same street, advertised for an apprentice on the same day. In a given time fifty beardless youngsters applied to the Haberdasher, and not one to the Smith. But that story has a terrible moral, namely, that forty-and-nine out of the fifty were disappointed at the outset.

It were to be wished that this notion of labor being disgraceful was confined to vain young men, and giddy maidens of idle habits and weak heads, for then it would be looked upon as one of the diseases of early life, which we know must come, and rejoice when our young friends have happily passed through it, knowing

it is one of "the ills that flesh is heir to," but is not very grievous, and comes but once in the lifetime. This aversion to labor, this notion that it is a curse and a disgrace, this selfish desire to escape from the general and natural lot of man, is the sacramental sin of "the better class" in our great cities. The children of the poor pray to be rid of work; and what son of a rich man learns a trade or tills the soil with his own hands? Many men look on the ability to be idle as the most desirable and honorable ability. They glory in being the Mouth that consumes, not the Hand that works. Yet one would suppose a man of useless hands and idle head, in the midst of God's world, where each thing works for all; in the midst of the toil and sweat of the human race, must needs make an apology for his sloth, and would ask pardon for violating the common law, and withdrawing his neck from the general yoke of humanity. Still more does he need an apology, if he is active only in getting into his hands the result of others' work. But it is not so. The man who is rich enough to be idle values himself on his leisure; and what is worse, others value him for it. Active men must make a shamefaced excuse for being busy, and working men for their toil, as if business and toil were not the Duty of all and the support of the world. In certain countries men are divided horizontally into two classes, the men who WORK and the men who RULE, and the latter despise the employment of the former as mean and degrading. It is the slave's duty to plough, said a Heathen poet, and a freeman's business to enjoy at leisure the fruit of that ploughing. This same foolish notion finds favor with many here. It is a remnant of those barbarous times, when all labor was performed by serfs and bondsmen, and exemption from toil was the exclusive sign of

the freeborn. But this notion, that labor is disgraceful, conflicts as sharply with our political institutions, as it does with common sense, and the law God has writ on man. An old author, centuries before Christ, was so far enlightened on this point, as to see the true dignity of manual work, and to say, "God is well pleased with honest works; he suffers the laboring man, who ploughs the earth by night and day, to call his life most noble. If he is good and true, he offers continual sacrifice to God, and is not so lustrous in his dress as in his heart."

Manual labor is a blessing and a dignity. But to state the case on its least favorable issue, admit it were both a disgrace and a curse, would a true man desire to escape it for himself, and leave the curse to fall on other men? Certainly not. The generous soldier fronts death, and charges in the cannon's mouth; it is the coward who lingers behind. If labor were hateful, as the proud would have us believe, then they who bear its burdens, and feed and clothe the human race, and fetch and carry for them, should be honored as those have always been, who defend society in war. If it be glorious, as the world fancies, to repel a human foe, how much more is he to be honored who stands up when Want comes upon us, like an armed man, and puts him to rout? One would fancy the world was mad, when it bowed in reverence to those who by superior cunning possessed themselves of the earnings of others, while it made wide the mouth and drew out the tongue at such as do the world's work. "Without these," said an ancient, "cannot a city be inhabited, but they shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation;" and those few men and women who are misnamed the World, in their wis-

dom have confirmed the saying. Thus they honor those who sit in idleness and ease; they extol such as defend a state with arms, or those who collect in their hands the result of Asiatic or American industry; but pass by with contempt the men who rear corn and cattle, and weave and spin, and fish and build for the whole human race. Yet if the state of labor were so hard and disgraceful as some fancy, the sluggard in fine raiment and that trim figure — which, like the lilies in the Scripture, neither toils nor spins, and is yet clothed in more glory than Solomon — would both bow down before Colliers and Farmers, and bless them as the benefactors of the race. Christianity has gone still further, and makes a man's greatness consist in the amount of service he renders to the world. Certainly he is the most honorable who by his head or his hand does the greatest and best work for his race. The noblest soul the world ever saw appeared not in the ranks of the indolent; but "took on him the form of a servant," and when he washed his disciples' feet, meant something not very generally understood perhaps in the nineteenth century.

Now manual labor, though an unavoidable duty; though designed as a blessing, and naturally both a pleasure and a dignity, is often abused, till, by its terrible excess, it becomes really a punishment and a curse. It is only a proper amount of work that is a blessing. Too much of it wears out the body before its time; cripples the mind, debases the soul; blunts the senses, and chills the affections. It makes a man a spinning-jenny, or a ploughing machine, and not "a being of a large discourse, that looks before and after." He ceases to be a man, and becomes a thing.

In a rational and natural state of society, — that is, one in which every man went forward towards the true end he was designed to reach; towards perfection in the use of all his senses; towards perfection in wisdom, virtue, affection, and religion, — labor would never interfere with the culture of what was best in each man. His daily business would be a school to aid in developing the whole man, body and soul, because he would then do what nature fitted him to do. Then his business would be really his calling. The diversity of gifts is quite equal to the diversity of work to be done. There is some one thing which each man can do with pleasure, and better than any other man; because he was born to do it. Then all men would labor, each at his proper vocation, and an excellent farmer would not be spoiled to make a poor lawyer, a blundering physician, or a preacher, who puts the world asleep. Then a small body of men would not be pampered in indolence, to grow up into gouty worthlessness, and die of inertia; nor would the large part of men be worn down as now by excessive toil before half their life is spent. They would not be so severely tasked as to have no time to read, think, and converse. When he walked abroad, the laboring man would not be forced to catch mere transient glimpses of the flowers by the way-side, or the stars over his head, as the dogs, it is said, drink the waters of the Nile, running while they drink afraid the crocodile should seize them if they stop. When he looked from his window at the landscape, Distress need not stare at him from every bush. He would then have leisure to cultivate his mind and heart no less than to do the world's work.

In labor, as in all things beside, moderation is the

law. If a man transgresses and becomes intemperate in his work, and does nothing but toil with the hand, he must suffer. We educate and improve only the faculties we employ, and cultivate most what we use the oftenest. But if some men are placed in such circumstances that they can use only their hands, who is to be blamed if they are ignorant, vicious, and, in a measure, without God? Certainly not they. Now it is a fact, notorious as the sun at noonday, that such are the circumstances of many men. As society advances in refinement, more labor is needed to supply its demands; for houses, food, apparel, and other things must be refined and luxurious. It requires more work, therefore, to fill the mouth and clothe the back, than in simpler times. To aggravate the difficulty, some escape from their share of this labor, by superior intelligence, shrewdness, and cunning; others by fraud and lies, or by inheriting the result of these qualities in their ancestors. So their share of the common burden, thus increased, must be borne by other hands, which are laden already with more than enough. Still further, this class of mouths, forgetting how hard it is to work, and not having their desires for the result of labor checked by the sweat necessary to satisfy them, but living vicariously by other men's hands, refuse to be content with the simple gratification of their natural appetites. So Caprice takes the place of Nature, and must also be satisfied. Natural wants are few; but to artificial desires there is no end. When each man must pay the natural price, and so earn what he gets, the hands stop the mouth, and the soreness of the toil corrects the excess of desire, and if it do not, none has cause of complaint, for the man's desire is allayed by his OWN work. Thus if Absalom wishes for sweet

cakes, the trouble of providing them checks his extravagant, or unnatural appetite. But when the Mouth and Hand are on different bodies, and Absalom can coax his sister, or bribe his friend, or compel his slave to furnish him dainties, the natural restraint is taken from appetite, and it runs to excess. Fancy must be appeased; peevishness must be quieted; and so a world of work is needed to bear the burdens which those men bind, and lay on men's shoulders, but will not move with one of their fingers. The class of Mouths thus commits a sin, which the class of Hands must expiate.

Thus, by the treachery of one part of society, in avoiding their share of the work; by their tyranny in increasing the burden of the world; an evil is produced quite unknown in a simpler state of life, and a man of but common capacities not born to wealth, in order to insure a subsistence for himself and his family, must work with his hands so large a part of his time, that nothing is left for intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious improvement. He cannot look at the world; talk with his wife; read his Bible, nor pray to God, but Poverty knocks at the door, and hurries him to his work. He is rude in mind before he begins his work, and his work does not refine him. Men have attempted long enough to wink this matter out of sight, but it will not be put down. It may be worse in other countries, but it is bad enough in New England, as all men know who have made the experiment. There must be a great sin somewhere in that state of society, which allows one man to waste day and night in sluggishness or riot, consuming the bread of whole families, while from others, equally well-gifted and faithful, it demands twelve, or sixteen, or even eighteen hours of

hard work out of the twenty-four, and then leaves the man so weary and worn, that he is capable of nothing but sleep, — sleep that is broken by no dream! Still worse is it when this life of work begins so early, that the man has no fund of acquired knowledge on which to draw for mental support in his hours of toil. To this man the blessed night is for nothing but work and sleep, and the Sabbath day simply what Moses commanded, a day of bodily rest for Man, as for his Ox and his Ass. Man was sent into this world to use his best faculties in the best way, and thus reach the high end of a man. How can he do this while so large a part of his time is spent in unmitigated work? Truly he cannot. Hence we see, that while, in all other departments of nature, each animal lives up to the measure of his organization, and with very rare exceptions becomes perfect after his kind, the greater part of men are debased and belittled; shortened of half their days, and half their excellence, so that you are surprised to find a man well educated whose whole life is hard work. Thus what is the exception in nature, through our perversity becomes the rule with man. Every Blackbird is a blackbird just as God designs; but how many men are only bodies? If a man is placed in such circumstances, that he can use only his hands, they only become broad and strong. If no pains be taken to obtain dominion over the flesh, the man loses his birthright, and dies a victim to the sin of society. No doubt there are men, born under the worst of circumstances, who have redeemed themselves from them, and obtained an excellence of intellectual growth, which is worthy of wonder; but these are exceptions to the general rule; men gifted at birth with a power almost superhuman. It is not from exceptions we are to frame the law.

Now to put forward the worst possible aspect of the case. Suppose that the present work of the world can only be performed at this sacrifice, which is the best, that the work should be done, as now, and seven tenths of men and women should, as the unavoidable result of their toil, be cursed with extremity of labor, and ignorance, and rudeness, and unmanly life, or that less of this work be done, and, for the sake of a wide spread and generous culture, we sleep less softly, dine on humbler food, dwell in mean houses, and wear leather, like George Fox? There is no doubt what answer Common Sense, Reason, and Christianity would give to this question; for wisdom, virtue, and manhood, are as much better than sumptuous dinners, fine apparel, and splendid houses, as the Soul is better than the Senses. But as yet we are slaves. The senses overlay the soul. We serve brass, and mahogany, and beef, and porter. The class of Mouths oppresses the class of Hands, for the strongest and most cunning of the latter are continually pressing into the ranks of the former, and while they increase the demand for work, leave their own share of it to be done by others. Men and women of humble prospects in life, while building the connubial nest that is to shelter them and their children, prove plainly enough their thraldom to the senses, when such an outlay of upholstery and joiners' work is demanded, and so little is required that appeals to Reason, Imagination, and Faith. Yet when the mind demands little besides time, why prepare so pompously for the senses, that she cannot have this, but must be cheated of her due? One might fancy he heard the stones cry out of the wall, in many a house, and say to the foolish people who tenant the dwelling, — "O, ye fools, is it from the work of the joiner, and the craft of those who are

cunning in stucco and paint, and are skilful to weave and to spin, and work in marble and mortar, that ye expect satisfaction and rest for your souls, while ye make no provision for what is noblest and immortal within you? But ye also have your reward!" The present state of things, in respect to this matter, has no such excellences that it should not be changed. It is no law of God, that when Sin gets a footing in the world it should hold on forever, nor can Folly keep its dominion over society simply by right of "adverse possession." It were better the body went bare and hungry, rather than the soul should starve. Certainly the Life is more than the meat, though it would not weigh so much in the butcher's scales.

There are remedies at hand. It is true a certain amount of labor must be performed, in order that society be fed and clothed, warmed and comforted, relieved when sick, and buried when dead. If this is wisely distributed; if each performs his just proportion; the burden is slight, and crushes no one. Here, as elsewhere, the closer we keep to nature, the safer we are. It is not under the burdens of Nature that society groans; but the work of Caprice, of Ostentation, of contemptible Vanity, of Luxury, which is never satisfied — these oppress the world. If these latter are given up, and each performs what is due from him, and strives to diminish the general burden and not add to it, then no man is oppressed; there is time enough for each man to cultivate what is noblest in him, and be all that his nature allows. It is doubtless right that one man should use the service of another; but only when both parties are benefited by the relation. The Smith may use the service of the Collier, the Grocer, and the Grazier, for he does them a service in return

He who heals the body deserves a compensation at the hands of whomsoever he serves. If the Painter, the Preacher, the Statesman, is doing a great work for mankind, he has a right to their service in return. His fellow man may do for him what otherwise he ought to do for himself. Thus is he repaid, and is at liberty to devote the undivided energy of his genius to the work. But on what ground an idle man, who does nothing for society, or an active man, whose work is wholly selfish, can use the services of others, and call them to feed and comfort him, who repays no equivalent in kind, it yet remains for Reason to discover. The only equivalent for service is a service in return. If Hercules is stronger, Solon wiser, and Job richer than the rest of men, it is not that they may demand more of their fellows, but may do more for them. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," says a good man. In respect, however, to the matter of personal service, this seems to be the rule; that no one, whatever be his station, wants, attainments, or riches, has any right to receive from another any service which degrades the servant in his own eyes, or the eyes of the public, or in the eyes of him who receives the service. It is surely unmanly to receive a favor which you would not give. If it debases David to do a menial service for Ahud, then it debases Ahud just as much to do the same to David. The difference between King and Slave vanishes when both are examined from the height of their common humanity, just as the difference between the west and north-west side of a hair on the surface of the Earth is inconsiderable to an eye that looks down from the Sun, and takes in the whole system, though it might appear stupendous to the motes that swim uncounted in a drop of dew. But no work, useful or orna-

mental to human life, needs be debasing. It is the lasting disgrace of society, that the most useful employments are called "low." There is implied in this very term, the tacit confession, on the part of the employer, that he has wronged and subjugated the person who serves him; for when these same actions are performed by the mother for her child, or the son for his father, and are done for love and not money, they are counted not low, but rather ennobling.

The law of nature is, that work and the enjoyment of that work go together. Thus God has given each animal the power of self-help, and all necessary organs. The same Robin builds the nest and lives in it. Each Lion has claws and teeth, and kills his own meat. Every Beaver has prudence and plastic skill, and so builds for himself. In those classes of animals where there is a division of labor, one brings the wax, another builds the comb, and a third collects the honey, but each one is at work. The drones are expelled when they work no more. Even the Ruler of the colony is the most active member of the State, and really the mother of the whole people. She is only "happy as a king," because she does the most work. Hence she has a divine right to her eminent station. She never eats the bread of sin. She is Queen of the Workers. Here each labors for the good of all, and not solely for his own benefit. Still less is any one an injury to the others. In nature those animals that cannot work, are provided for by Love. Thus the young Lion is fed by the Parent, and the old Stork by its children. Were a full-grown Lion so foolish that he would not hunt, the result is plain he must starve. Now this is a foreshadowing of man's estate. God has given ten fingers for every two lips. Each is to use the ability he has for

himself and for others. Who, that is able, will not return to society, with his head or his hand, an equivalent for what it received? Only the Sluggard and the Robber. These two, the Drones and Pirates of Society, represent a large class. It is the plain duty of each, so far as he is able, to render an equivalent for what he receives, and thus to work for the good of all; but each in his own way; Dorcas the seamstress at her craft, and Moses and Paul at theirs. If one cannot work through weakness, or infancy, or age, or sickness, — Love works for him, and he too is fed. If one will not work, though he can — the law of nature should have its effect. He ought to starve. If one insist simply upon getting into his hands the earnings of others, and adding nothing to the common stock, — he is a robber, and should properly meet with the contempt and the stout resistance of society. There is in the whole world but a certain amount of value, out of which each one is to have a subsistence while here; for we are all but life-tenants of the Earth, which we hold in common. We brought nothing into it; we carry nothing out of it. No man, therefore, has a natural right to any more than he earns or can use. He who adds any thing to the common stock and inheritance of the next age, though it be but a sheaf of wheat, or cocoon of silk, he has produced, a napkin, or a brown loaf he has made, is a benefactor to his race, so far as that goes. But he who gets into his hands, by force, cunning, or deceit, more than he earns, does thereby force his fellow-mortal to accept less than his true share. So far as that goes, he is a curse to mankind.

There are three ways of getting wealth. First, by seizing with violence what is already in existence, and

appropriating it to yourself. This is the method of the old Romans; of Robbers and Pirates, from Sciron to Captain Kidd. Second, by getting possession of goods in the way of traffic, or by some similar process. Here the agent is Cunning, and not Force; the instrument is a gold coin, and not an iron sword, as in the former case. This method is called Trade, as the other is named Robbery. But in both cases wealth is acquired by one party and lost by the other. In the first case there is a loss of positive value; in the latter there is no increase. The world gains nothing new by either. The third method is the application of labor and skill to the earth, or the productions of nature. Here is a positive increase of value. We have a dozen potatoes for the one that was planted, or an elegant dress instead of an handful of wool and flax. Such as try the two former ways consume much, but produce nothing. Of these the Roman says, "fruges consumere nati," — *they are born to eat up the corn.* Yet in all ages they have been set in high places. The world dishonors its workmen; stones its prophets; crucifies its Saviour, but bows down its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, LONG LIVE VIOLENCE AND FRAUD.

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burden to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sits at ease, and fares daintily, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burden to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for man, with his head or his hands, what claim has he to respect, or even a subsist-

ence? The rough-handed woman, who, with a salt-fish and a basket of vegetables, provides substantial food for a dozen working men, and washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this fop with his culture and wealth is a curse. She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that fop has eaten, has performed its duty better than he. "It was made to support nature, and it has done so," while he is but a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He, who invents a machine, does no less a service than he, who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship were deservedly placed among those whom society was to honor. But they also, who teach men moral and religious truth; who give them dominion over the world; instruct them to think, to live together in peace, to love one another, and pass good lives enlightened by Wisdom, charmed by Goodness, and enchanted by Religion; they who build up a loftier population, making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life, and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and village and city grow glad in their light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a very vulgar mind, that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker, and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as in giving up the work of Ostentation and Folly and Sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work would toil diligently but two hours out of the twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this were done, we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentary and rich men. Exercise for the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed by hard work; nor another oppressed by indolence, and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods to preserve a life that is not worth the keeping, because it is useless and ignominious. Now men may work at the least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity, and a blessing, and find likewise abundant opportunity for study, for social intercourse, and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favorite pursuit, for the general burden would still be slight.

Another remedy is this, the mind does the body's work. The head saves the hands. It invents machines, which, doing the work of many hands, will at last set free a large portion of human time from slavery to the elements. The brute forces of nature lie waiting man's

command, and ready to serve him. At the voice of Genius, the river consents to turn his wheel, and weave and spin for the antipodes. The Mine sends him iron Vassals, to toil in cold and heat. Fire and Water embrace at his bidding, and a new servant is born, which will fetch and carry at his command; will face down all the storms of the Atlantic; will forge anchors, and spin gossamer threads, and run of errands up and down the continent with men and women on his back. This last child of Science, though yet a stripling and in leading strings, is already a stout giant. The Fable of Orpheus is a true story in our times. There are four stages of progress in regard to labor, which are observable in the history of man. First, he does his own work by his hands. Adam tills the ground in the sweat of his own face, and Noah builds an ark in many years of toil. Next he forces his fellow-mortal to work for him, and Canaan becomes a servant to his brother, and Job is made rich by the sweat of his great household of slaves. Then he seizes on the beasts, and the Bull and the Horse drag the plough of Castor and Pollux. At last he sets free his brother; works with his own hands; commands the beasts, and makes the brute force of the elements also toil for him. Then he has dominion over the earth, and enjoys his birthright.

Man, however, is still in bondage to the elements; and since the beastly maxim is even now prevalent, that the Strong should take care of themselves, and use the weak as their tools, though to the manifest injury of the weak, the use of machinery has hitherto been but a trifling boon in comparison with what it may be. In the village of Humdrum, its thousand able-bodied men and women, without machinery, and having no intercourse with the rest of the world, must work fourteen

hours out of the twenty-four, that they may all be housed, fed, and clothed, warmed, instructed, and made happy. Some ingenious hands invent water-mills, which saw, plane, thrash, grind, spin, weave, and do many other things, so that these thousand people need work but five hours in the day to obtain the result of fourteen by the old process. Here then a vast amount of time — nine hours in the day — is set free from toil. It may be spent in study, social improvement, the pursuit of a favorite art, and leave room for amusement also. But the longest heads at Humdrum have not Christian but only selfish hearts beating in their bosoms, and sending life into the brain. So these calculators think the men of Humdrum shall work fourteen hours a day as before. "It would be dangerous," say they, "to set free so much time. The deluded creatures would soon learn to lie and steal, and would speedily end by eating one another up. It would not be Christian to leave them to this fate. Leisure is very good for us, but would be ruinous to them." So the wise men of Humdrum persuade their neighbors to work the old fourteen hours. More is produced than is consumed. So they send off the superfluities of the village, and in return bring back tea and porcelain, rich wines, and showy gew-gaws, and contemptible fashions that change every month. The strong-headed men grow rich; live in palaces; their daughters do not work, nor their sons dirty their hands. They fare sumptuously every day; are clothed in purple and fine linen. Meanwhile the common people of Humdrum work as long as before the machines were invented, and a little harder. They also are blest by the "improvement." The young women have red ribbons on their bonnets, French gloves on their hands, and shawls of India on their shoulders,

and "tinkling ornaments" in their ears. The young man of Humdrum is better off than his father who fought through the Revolution, for he wears a beaver hat, and a coat of English cloth, and has a Birmingham whittle, and a watch in his pocket. When he marries he will buy red curtains to his windows, and a showy mirror to hang on his wall. For these valuable considerations he parts with the nine hours a day, which machinery has saved, but has no more bread than before. For these blessings he will make his body a slave, and leave his mind all uncultivated. He is content to grow up a body — nothing but a body. So that if you look therein for his Understanding, Imagination, Reason, you will find them like three grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. You shall seek them all day before you find them, and at last they are not worth your search. At Humdrum, Nature begins to revolt at the factitious inequality of condition, and thinks it scarce right for bread to come fastest into hands that add nothing to the general stock. So many grow restless and a few pilfer. In a ruder state crimes are few; — the result of violent passions. At Humdrum they are numerous; — the result of want, indolence, or neglected education; they are in great measure crimes against property. To remedy this new and unnatural evil, there rises a Court House and a Jail, which must be paid for in work; then Judges and Lawyers and Jailors are needed likewise in this artificial state, and add to the common burden. The old Athenians sent yearly seven beautiful youths and virgins; — a tribute to the Minotaur. The wise men of Humdrum shut up in Jail a larger number; — a sacrifice to the spirit of modern cupidity; unfortunate wretches, who were the victims not the foes of society; men so weak in head

or heart, that their bad character was formed FOR them, through circumstances far more than it was formed BY them, through their own freewill. Still further, the men who violate the law of the body, using the Mouth much and the Hand little, or in the opposite way, soon find Nature taking vengeance for the offence. Then unnatural remedies must oppose the artificial disease. In the old time, every sickly dunce was cured "with Motherwort and Tansy," which grew by the road side; suited all complaints, and was administered by each mother in the village. Now Humdrum has its "medical faculty," with their conflicting systems, homœopathic and allopathic, but no more health than before. Thus the burden is increased to little purpose. The strong men of Humdrum have grown rich and become educated. If one of the laboring men is stronger than his fellows, he also will become rich, and educate his children. He becomes rich, not by his own work, but by using the hands of others whom his cunning overreaches. Yet he is not more avaricious than they. He has perhaps the average share of selfishness, but superior adroitness to gratify that selfishness. So he gets and saves, and takes care of himself; a part of their duty, which the strong have always known how to perform, though the more difficult part, how to take care of others, to think for them, and help them to think for themselves, they have yet to learn, at least to practise. Alas, we are still in bondage to the elements, and so long as two of the "enlightened" nations of the earth, England and America, insist on weaving the garments for all the rest of the world, — not because they would clothe the naked, but that their strong men might live in fine houses, wear gay apparel, dine on costly food, and their Mouths be served by other men's Hands, — we

must expect that seven tenths of mankind will be degraded, and will hug their chains, and count machinery an evil. Is not the only remedy for all the evils at Humdrum in the Christian idea of wealth, and the Christian idea of work?

There is a melancholy background to the success and splendid achievements of modern society. You see it in rural villages, but more plainly in large cities, where the amount of Poverty and Wealth is summed up as in a table of statistics, and stands in two parallel columns. The wretchedness of a destitute mother contrasts sadly with a warehouse, whence she is excluded by a single pane of glass, as cold as popular charity and nearly as thin. The comfortless hutch of the poor, who works, though with shiftless hands and foolish head, is a dark background to the costly stable of the rich man, who does nothing for the world, but gather its treasures, and whose horses are better fed, housed, trained up, and cared for than his brother. It is a strange contrast to the church of God, that, with thick granite walls, towers up to Heaven near by. One cannot but think, in view of the suffering there is in the world, that most of it is the fault of some one; that God, who made men's bodies, is no bankrupt, and does not pay off a penny of Satisfaction for a pound of Want, but has made enough and to spare for all his creatures, if they will use it wisely. Who does not sometimes remember that saying, Inasmuch as you have not done it unto the least of these, you have not done it unto me?

The world no doubt grows better; comfort is increased from age to age. What is a luxury in one generation, scarce attainable by the wealthy, becomes at last the

possession of most men. Solomon, with all his wealth, had no carpet on his chamber floor; no glass in his windows; no shirt to his back. But as the world goes, the increase of comforts does not fall chiefly into the hands of those who create them by their work. The mechanic cannot use the costly furniture he makes. This, however, is of small consequence; but he has not always the more valuable consideration, TIME TO GROW WISER AND BETTER IN. As society advances, the standard of poverty rises. A man in New England is called poor at this day, who would have been rich a hundred and fifty years ago; but as it rises, the number that falls beneath that standard becomes a greater part of the whole population. Of course the comfort of a few is purchased by the loss of the many. The world has grown rich and refined, but chiefly by the efforts of those who themselves continue poor and ignorant. So the Ass, while he carried wood and spices to the Roman bath, contributed to the happiness of the State, but was himself always dirty and overworked. It is easy to see these evils, and weep for them. It is common also to censure some one class of men — the Rich or the Educated, the Manufacturers, the Merchants, or the Politicians, for example — as if the sin rested solely with them, while it belongs to society at large. But the world yet waits for some one to heal these dreadful evils, by devising some new remedy, or applying the old. Who shall apply for us Christianity to social life?

But God orders all things wisely. Perhaps it is best that man should toil on some centuries more before the race becomes of age, and capable of receiving its birthright! Every wrong must at last be righted, and he who has borne the burden of society in this ephemeral

life, and tasted none of its rewards, and he also, who has eaten its loaves and fishes and yet earned nothing, will no doubt find an equivalent at last in the scales of divine Justice. Doubtless the time will come when labor will be a pleasant pastime; when the sour sweat and tears of life shall be wiped away from many faces; when the few shall not be advanced at the expense of the many; when ten pairs of female hands shall not be deformed to nurse a single pair into preternatural delicacy, but when all men shall eat bread in the sweat of their face, and yet find leisure to cultivate what is best and divinest in their souls, to a degree we do not dream of as yet; when the strong man who wishes to be a Mouth and not a Hand, or to gain the treasures of society by violence or cunning, and not by paying their honest price, will be looked upon with the same horror we feel for pirates and robbers, and the guardians who steal the inheritance of their wards and leave them to want and die. No doubt it is a good thing that four or five men out of the thousand should find time, exemption from labor, and wealth likewise to obtain a generous education of their Head and Heart and Soul, but it is a better thing, it is alone consistent with God's law, that the world shall be managed, so that each man shall have a chance to obtain the best education society can give him, and while he toils, to become the best and greatest his nature is capable of being, in this terrene sphere. Things never will come to their proper level so long as Thought with the Head, and Work with the Hands are considered incompatible. Never till all men follow the calling they are designed for by nature, and it becomes as common for a rich man's son to follow a trade, as now it is happily for a poor man's to be rich. Labor will always be unattractive and disgraceful, so

long as wealth unjustly obtained is a distinction, and so long as the best cultivation of a man is thought inconsistent with the life of the farmer and the tailor. As things now are, men desert a laborious occupation for which they are fitted, and have a natural fondness, and seek bread and honor in the "learned professions," for which they have neither ability nor taste, solely because they seek a generous education, which is thought inconsistent with a life of hard work. Thus strong heads desert the plough and the anvil, to come into a profession which they dislike, and then to find their Duty pointing one way and their Desire travelling another. Thus they attempt to live two lives at the same time, and fail of both, as he who would walk eastward and westward at the same time makes no progress.

Now the best education and the highest culture, in a rational state of society, does not seem inconsistent with a life of hard work. It is not a figure of speech, but a plain fact, that a man is educated by his trade, or daily calling. Indirectly, Labor ministers to the wise man intellectual, moral, and spiritual instruction, just as it gives him directly his daily bread. Under its legitimate influence, the frame acquires its due proportions and proper strength. To speak more particularly, the work of a farmer, for example, is a school of mental discipline. He must watch the elements; must understand the nature of the soil he tills, the character and habits of the plants he rears, the character and disposition of each animal that serves him as a living instrument. Each day makes large claims on him for knowledge, and sound judgment. He is to apply good sense to the soil. Now these demands tend to foster the

habit of observing and judging justly; to increase thought, and elevate the man. The same may be said of almost all trades. The sailor must watch the elements, and have all his knowledge and faculties at command, for his life often depends on having "the right thought at the right time." Judgment and decision are thus called forth. The education men derive from their trade is so striking, that craftsmen can express almost any truth, be it never so deep and high, in the technical terms of the "shop." The humblest business may thus develop the noblest power of thinking. So a trade may be to the man, in some measure, what the school and the college are to the scholar. The wise man learns more from his corn and cattle, than the stupid pedant from all the folios of the Vatican. The habit of thinking, thus acquired, is of more value than the greatest number of thoughts learned by rote, and labelled for use.

But an objection may readily be brought to this view, and it may be asked, why then are not the farmers as a class so well instructed as the class of lawyers? Certainly there may be found farmers who are most highly educated. Men of but little acquaintance with books, yet men of thought, observation, and sound judgment. Scholars are ashamed before them when they meet, and blush at the homely wisdom, the acute analysis, the depth of insight and breadth of view displayed by laborers in blue frocks. But these cases are exceptions. These men were geniuses of no mean order, and would be great under any circumstances. It must be admitted, that, as a general rule, the man who works is not so well educated as the lawyer. But the difference between them rises not so much from any difference in the two callings, as from this circumstance, that the

lawyer enters his profession with a large fund of knowledge and the habits of intellectual discipline, which the farmer has not. He therefore has the advantage so long as he lives. If two young men of the same age and equal capacity were to receive the same education, till they were twenty years old, both taking proper physical exercise at the same time, and one of them should then spend three years in learning the science of the Law, the other in the science of the Farm, and then both should enter the full practice of their two callings, each having access to books if he wished for them, and educated men and women, can any one doubt that the farmer, at the age of forty, would be the better educated man of the two? The trade teaches as much as the profession, and it is as well known that almost every farmer has as much time for general reading as the lawyer, and better opportunity for thought, since he can think of what he will when at his work, while the lawyer's work demands his thought all the time he is in it. The farmer would probably have the more thoughts; the lawyer the more elegant words. If there is any employment which degrades the man who is *always* engaged in it, cannot many bear the burden — each a short time — and so no one be crushed to the ground?

Morality, likewise, is taught by a trade. The man must have dealings with his fellows. The afflicted call for his sympathy; the oppressed for his aid. Vice solicits his rebuke, and virtue claims his commendation. If he buys and sells, he is presented with opportunities to defraud. He may conceal a fault in his work, and thus deceive his employer. So an appeal is continually made to his sense of Right. If faithful, he learns jus-

tice. It is only by this exposure to temptation, that virtue can be acquired. It is in the water that men learn to swim. Still more, a man does not toil for himself alone, but for those dearest to his heart; this for his father; that for his child; and there are those who out of the small pittance of their daily earnings contribute to support the needy, print Bibles for the ignorant, and preach the Gospel to the poor. Here the meanest work becomes Heroism. The man who toils for a principle ennobles himself by the act.

Still further, Labor has a religious use. It has been well said, "an undevout astronomer is mad." But an undevout farmer, sailor, or mechanic, is equally mad, for the duties of each afford a school for his devotion. In respect to this influence, the farmer seems to stand on the very top of the world. The laws of nature are at work for him. For him the sun shines and the rain falls. The earth grows warm to receive his seed. The dew moistens it; the blade springs up and grows, he knows not how, while all the stars come forth to keep watch over his rising corn. There is no second cause between him and the soul of all. Every thing he looks on, from the earliest flowers of spring to the austere grandeurs of a winter sky at night, is the work of God's hand. The great process of growth and decay, change and reproduction, are perpetually before him. Day and Night, Serenity and Storm visit and bless him as they move. Nature's great works are done for no one in special; yet each man receives as much of the needed rain, and the needed heat, as if all rain and all heat were designed for his use alone. He labors, but it is not only the fruit of his labor that he eats. No; God's exhaustless Providence works for him; works with him.

His laws warm and water the fields, replenishing the earth. Thus the Husbandman, whose eye is open, walks always in the temple of God. He sees the divine goodness and wisdom in the growth of a flower or a tree; in the nice adjustment of an insect's supplies to its demands; in the perfect contentment found everywhere in nature — for you shall search all day for a melancholy fly, yet never find one. The influence of all these things on an active and instructed mind is ennobling. The man seeks daily bread for the body, and gets the bread of life for the soul. Like his corn and his trees, his heart and mind are cultivated by his toil; for as Saul seeking his father's stray cattle found a kingdom, as stripling David was anointed king while keeping a few sheep in the wilderness, and when sent to carry bread to his brothers in the camp slew a giant, and became monarch; so each man who with true motives, an instructed mind, and soul of tranquil devotion, goes to his daily work, however humble, may slay the giant Difficulty, and be anointed with gladness and possess the Kingdom of Heaven. In the lowliest calling he may win the loftiest result, as you may see the stars from the deepest valley as well as from the top of Chimborazo. But to realize this end the man must have some culture, and a large capital of information at the outset; and then it is at a man's own option, whether his work shall be to him a blessing or a curse.

VI.

A DISCOURSE OF THE TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT IN CHRISTIANITY.*

Luke xxi. 33. "Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my word shall not pass away."

In this sentence we have a very clear indication that Jesus of Nazareth believed the religion he taught would be eternal, that the substance of it would last forever. Yet there are some, who are affrighted by the faintest rustle which a heretic makes among the dry leaves of theology; they tremble lest Christianity itself should perish without hope. Ever and anon the cry is raised, "The Philistines be upon us, and Christianity is in danger." The least doubt respecting the popular theology, or the existing machinery of the church; the least sign of distrust in the Religion of the Pulpit, or the Religion of the Street, is by some good men supposed to be at enmity with faith in Christ, and capable of shaking Christianity itself. On the other hand, a few bad men and a few pious men, it is said, on both sides of the water, tell us the day of Christianity is past. The

* Preached at the Ordination of Mr. Charles C. Shackford, in the Hawes Place Church in Boston, May 19, 1841.

latter — it is alleged — would persuade us that, hereafter, Piety must take a new form; the teachings of Jesus are to be passed by; that Religion is to wing her way sublime, above the flight of Christianity, far away, toward heaven, as the fledged eaglet leaves forever the nest which sheltered his callow youth. Let us, therefore, devote a few moments to this subject, and consider what is *Transient* in Christianity, and what is *Permanent* therein. The topic seems not inappropriate to the times in which we live, or the occasion that calls us together.

Christ says, his Word shall never pass away. Yet at first sight nothing seems more fleeting than a word. It is an evanescent impulse of the most fickle element. It leaves no track where it went through the air. Yet to this, and this only, did Jesus intrust the truth wherewith he came laden, to the earth; truth for the salvation of the world. He took no pains to perpetuate his thoughts; they were poured forth where occasion found him an audience, — by the side of the lake, or a well; in a cottage, or the temple; in a fisher's boat, or the synagogue of the Jews. He founds no institution as a monument of his words. He appoints no order of men to preserve his bright and glad revelations. He only bids his friends give freely the truth they had freely received. He did not even write his words in a book. With a noble confidence, the result of his abiding faith, he scattered them broadcast on the world, leaving the seed to its own vitality. He knew, that what is of God cannot fail, for God keeps his own. He sowed his seed in the heart, and left it there, to be watered and warmed by the dew and the sun which heaven sends. He felt his words were for eternity. So he trusted them to the

uncertain air; and for eighteen hundred years that faithful element has held them good, — distinct as when first warm from his lips. Now they are translated into every human speech, and murmured in all earth's thousand tongues, from the pine forests of the North to the palm groves of eastern Ind. They mingle, as it were, with the roar of a populous city, and join the chime of the desert sea. Of a Sabbath morn they are repeated from church to church, from isle to isle, and land to land, till their music goes round the world. These words have become the breath of the good, the hope of the wise, the joy of the pious, and that for many millions of hearts. They are the prayers of our churches; our better devotion by fireside and fieldside; the enchantment of our hearts. It is these words, that still work wonders, to which the first recorded miracles were nothing in grandeur and utility. It is these, which build our temples and beautify our homes. They raise our thoughts of sublimity; they purify our ideal of purity: they hallow our prayer for truth and love. They make beauteous and divine the life which plain men lead. They give wings to our aspirations. What charmers they are! Sorrow is lulled at their bidding. They take the sting out of disease, and rob adversity of his power to disappoint. They give health and wings to the pious soul, broken-hearted and shipwrecked in his voyage through life, and encourage him to tempt the perilous way once more. They make all things ours: Christ our brother; Time our servant; Death our ally and the witness of our triumph. They reveal to us the presence of God, which else we might not have seen so clearly, in the first wind-flower of spring; in the falling of a sparrow; in the distress of a nation; in the sorrow or the rapture of the world. Silence the voice of Christianity, and the

world is wellnigh dumb, for gone is that sweet music which kept in awe the rulers of the people, which cheers the poor widow in her lonely toil, and comes like light through the windows of morning, to men who sit stooping and feeble, with failing eyes and a hungering heart. It is gone — all gone! only the cold, bleak world left before them.

Such is the life of these Words; such the empire they have won for themselves over men's minds since they were spoken first. In the mean time, the words of great men and mighty, whose name shook whole continents, though graven in metal and stone, though stamped in institutions and defended by whole tribes of priests and troops of followers — their words have gone to the ground, and the world gives back no echo of their voice. Meanwhile the great works also of old times, castle and tower and town, their cities and their empires, have perished, and left scarce a mark on the bosom of the earth to show they once have been. The philosophy of the wise, the art of the accomplished, the song of the poet, the ritual of the priest, though honored as divine in their day, have gone down, a prey to oblivion. Silence has closed over them; only their spectres now haunt the earth. A deluge of blood has swept over the nations; a night of darkness, more deep than the fabled darkness of Egypt, has lowered down upon that flood, to destroy or to hide what the deluge had spared. But through all this, the words of Christianity have come down to us from the lips of that Hebrew youth, gentle and beautiful as the light of a star, not spent by their journey through time and through space. They have built up a new civilization, which the wisest Gentile never hoped for; which the most pious Hebrew never foretold. Through centuries of wasting, these words have flown

on, like a dove in the storm, and now wait to descend on hearts pure and earnest, as the Father's spirit, we are told, came down on his lowly Son. The old heavens and the old earth are indeed passed away, but the Word stands. Nothing shows clearer than this, how fleeting is what man calls great; how lasting what God pronounces true.

Looking at the Word of Jesus, at real Christianity, the pure religion he taught, nothing appears more fixed and certain. Its influence widens as light extends; it deepens as the nations grow more wise. But, looking at the history of what men call Christianity, nothing seems more uncertain and perishable. While true religion is always the same thing, in each century and every land, in each man that feels it, the Christianity of the Pulpit, which is the religion taught; the Christianity of the People, which is the religion that is accepted and lived out; has never been the same thing in any two centuries or lands, except only in name. The difference between what is called Christianity by the Unitarians in our times, and that of some ages past, is greater than the difference between Mahomet and the Messiah. The difference at this day between opposing classes of Christians; the difference between the Christianity of some sects, and that of Christ himself; is deeper and more vital than that between Jesus and Plato, Pagan as we call him. The Christianity of the seventh century has passed away. We recognize only the ghost of Superstition in its faded features, as it comes up at our call. It is one of the things which has been, and can be no more, for neither God nor the world goes back. Its terrors do not frighten, nor its hopes allure us. We rejoice that it has gone. But how do we know that our

Christianity shall not share the same fate? Is there that difference between the nineteenth century, and some seventeen that have gone before it, since Jesus, to warrant the belief that our notion of Christianity shall last forever? The stream of time has already beat down Philosophies and Theologies, Temple and Church, though never so old and revered. How do we know there is not a perishing element in what we call Christianity? Jesus tells us, *his* Word is the word of God, and so shall never pass away. But who tells us, that *our* word shall never pass away? that *our notion* of his Word shall stand forever?

Let us look at this matter a little more closely. In actual Christianity — that is, in that portion of Christianity which is preached and believed — there seem to have been, ever since the time of its earthly founder, two elements, the one transient, the other permanent. The one is the thought, the folly, the uncertain wisdom, the theological notions, the impiety of man; the other, the eternal truth of God. These two bear perhaps the same relation to each other that the phenomena of outward nature, such as sunshine and cloud, growth, decay, and reproduction, bear to the great law of nature, which underlies and supports them all. As in that case, more attention is commonly paid to the particular phenomena than to the general law; so in this case, more is generally given to the Transient in Christianity than to the Permanent therein.

It must be confessed, though with sorrow, that transient things form a great part of what is commonly taught as Religion. An undue place has often been assigned to forms and doctrines, while too little stress has been laid on the divine life of the soul, love to God,

and love to man. Religious forms may be useful and beautiful. They are so, whenever they speak to the soul, and answer a want thereof. In our present state, some forms are perhaps necessary. But they are only the accident of Christianity; not its substance. They are the robe, not the angel, who may take another robe, quite as becoming and useful. One sect has many forms; another none. Yet both may be equally Christian, in spite of the redundance or the deficiency. They are a part of the language in which religion speaks, and exist, with few exceptions, wherever man is found. In our calculating nation, in our rationalizing sect, we have retained but two of the rites so numerous in the early Christian church, and even these we have attenuated to the last degree, leaving them little more than a spectre of the ancient form. Another age may continue or forsake both; may revive old forms, or invent new ones to suit the altered circumstances of the times, and yet be Christians quite as good as we, or our fathers of the dark ages. Whether the Apostles designed these rights to be perpetual, seems a question which belongs to scholars and antiquarians; not to us, as Christian men and women. So long as they satisfy or help the pious heart, so long they are good. Looking behind, or around us, we see that the forms and rites of the Christians are quite as fluctuating as those of the heathens; from whom some of them have been, not unwisely, adopted by the earlier church.

Again, the doctrines that have been connected with Christianity, and taught in its name, are quite as changeable as the form. This also takes place unavoidably. If observations be made upon Nature, — which must take place so long as man has senses and understanding, — there will be a philosophy of Nature,

and philosophical doctrines. These will differ as the observations are just or inaccurate, and as the deductions from observed facts are true or false. Hence there will be different schools of natural philosophy, so long as men have eyes and understandings of different clearness and strength. And if men observe and reflect upon Religion, — which will be done so long as man is a religious and reflective being, — there must also be a philosophy of religion, a theology and theological doctrines. These will differ, as men have felt much or little of religion, as they analyze their sentiments correctly or otherwise, and as they have reasoned right or wrong. Now the true system of Nature which exists in the outward facts, whether discovered or not, is always the same thing, though the philosophy of Nature, which men invent, change every month, and be one thing at London and the opposite at Berlin. Thus there is but one system of Nature as it exists in fact, though many theories of Nature, which exist in our imperfect notions of that system, and by which we may approximate and at length reach it. Now there can be but one Religion which is absolutely true, existing in the facts of human nature, and the ideas of Infinite God. That, whether acknowledged or not, is always the same thing and never changes. So far as a man has any real religion — either the principle or the sentiment thereof — so far he has that, by whatever name he may call it. For, strictly speaking, there is but one kind of religion, as there is but one kind of love, though the manifestations of this religion, in forms, doctrines, and life, be never so diverse. It is through these, men approximate to the true expression of this religion. Now while this religion is one and always the same thing, there may be numerous systems of theology or philosophies of religion. These

with their creeds, confessions, and collections of doctrines, deduced by reasoning upon the facts observed, may be baseless and false, either because the observation was too narrow in extent, or otherwise defective in point of accuracy, or because the reasoning was illogical, and therefore the deduction spurious. Each of these three faults is conspicuous in the systems of theology. Now the solar system as it exists in fact is permanent, though the notions of Thales and Ptolemy, of Copernicus and Descartes about this system, prove transient, imperfect approximations to the true expression. So the Christianity of Jesus is permanent, though what passes for Christianity with Popes and catechisms, with sects and churches, in the first century or in the nineteenth century, prove transient also. Now it has sometimes happened that a man took his philosophy of Nature at second hand, and then attempted to make his observations conform to his theory, and Nature ride in his panniers. Thus some philosophers refused to look at the Moon through Galileo's telescope, for, according to their theory of vision, such an instrument would not aid the sight. Thus their preconceived notions stood up between them and Nature. Now it has often happened that men took their theology thus at second hand, and distorted the history of the world and man's nature besides, to make Religion conform to their notions. Their theology stood between them and God. Those obstinate philosophers have disciples in no small number.

What another has said of false systems of science, will apply equally to the popular theology: "It is barren in effects, fruitful in questions, slow and languid in its improvement, exhibiting in its generality the counterfeit of perfection, but ill filled up in its details, popu-

lar in its choice, but suspected by its very promoters, and therefore bolstered up and countenanced with artifices. Even those who have been determined to try for themselves, to add their support to learning, and to enlarge its limits, have not dared entirely to desert received opinions, nor to seek the spring-head of things. But they think they have done a great thing if they intersperse and contribute something of their own; prudently considering, that by their assent they can save their modesty, and by their contributions, their liberty. Neither is there, nor ever will be, an end or limit to these things. One snatches at one thing, another is pleased with another; there is no dry nor clear sight of any thing. Every one plays the philosopher out of the small treasures of his own fancy. The more sublime wits more acutely and with better success; the duller with less success but equal obstinacy, and, by the discipline of some learned men, sciences are bounded within the limits of some certain authors which they have set down, imposing upon them old men and instilling them into young. So that now (as Tully cavilled upon Cæsar's consulship) the star Lyra riseth by an edict, and authority is taken for truth and not truth for authority; which kind of order and discipline is very convenient for our present use, but banisheth those which are better."

Any one, who traces the history of what is called Christianity, will see that nothing changes more from age to age than the doctrines taught as Christian, and insisted on as essential to Christianity and personal salvation. What is falsehood in one province passes for truth in another. The heresy of one age is the orthodox belief and "only infallible rule" of the next. Now

Arius, and now Athanasius is Lord of the ascendant. Both were excommunicated in their turn, each for affirming what the other denied. Men are burned for professing what men are burned for denying. For centuries the doctrines of the Christians were no better, to say the least, than those of their contemporary pagans. The theological doctrines derived from our fathers seem to have come from Judaism, Heathenism, and the caprice of philosophers, far more than they have come from the principle and sentiment of Christianity. The doctrine of the Trinity, the very Achilles of theological dogmas, belongs to philosophy and not religion; its subtleties cannot even be expressed in our tongue. As old religions became superannuated and died out, they left to the rising faith, as to a residuary legatee, their forms and their doctrines; or rather, as the giant in the fable left his poisoned garment to work the overthrow of his conqueror. Many tenets, that pass current in our theology, seem to be the refuse of idol temples; the offscourings of Jewish and heathen cities, rather than the sands of virgin-gold, which the stream of Christianity has worn off from the rock of ages, and brought in its bosom for us. It is wood, hay, and stubble, wherewith men have built on the corner-stone Christ laid. What wonder the fabric is in peril when tried by fire? The stream of Christianity, as men receive it, has caught a stain from every soil it has filtered through, so that now it is not the pure water from the well of Life, which is offered to our lips, but streams troubled and polluted by man with mire and dirt. If Paul and Jesus could read our books of theological doctrines, would they accept as their teaching, what men have vented in their name? Never till the letters of Paul had faded out of his memory; never till the words of Jesus had been torn out

from the Book of Life. It is their notions about Christianity men have taught as the only living word of God. They have piled their own rubbish against the temple of Truth where Piety comes up to worship; what wonder the pile seems unshapely and like to fall? But these theological doctrines are fleeting as the leaves on the trees. They

> "Are found
> Now green in youth, now withered on the ground;
> Another race the following spring supplies;
> They fall successive and successive rise."

Like the clouds of the sky, they are here to-day; to-morrow, all swept off and vanished; while Christianity itself, like the heaven above, with its sun, and moon, and uncounted stars, is always over our head, though the cloud sometimes debars us of the needed light. It must of necessity be the case that our reasonings, and therefore our theological doctrines, are imperfect, and so perishing. It is only gradually that we approach to the true system of Nature by observation and reasoning, and work out our philosophy and theology by the toil of the brain. But meantime, if we are faithful, the great truths of morality and religion, the deep sentiment of love to man and love to God, are perceived intuitively, and by instinct, as it were, though our theology be imperfect and miserable. The theological notions of Abraham, to take the story as it stands, were exceedingly gross, yet a greater than Abraham has told us Abraham desired to see my day, saw it, and was glad. Since these notions are so fleeting, why need we accept the commandment of men, as the doctrine of God?

This transitoriness of doctrines appears, in many in-

stances, of which two may be selected for a more attentive consideration. First, the doctrine respecting the origin and authority of the Old and New Testament. There has been a time when men were burned for asserting doctrines of natural philosophy, which rested on evidence the most incontestable, because those doctrines conflicted with sentences in the Old Testament. Every word of that Jewish record was regarded as miraculously inspired, and therefore as infallibly true. It was believed that the Christian religion itself rested thereon, and must stand or fall with the immaculate Hebrew text. He was deemed no small sinner who found mistakes in the manuscripts. On the authority of the written Word, man was taught to believe impossible legends, conflicting assertions; to take fiction for fact; a dream for a miraculous revelation of God; an oriental poem for a grave history of miraculous events; a collection of amatory idyls for a serious discourse "touching the mutual love of Christ and the Church;" they have been taught to accept a picture sketched by some glowing eastern imagination, never intended to be taken for a reality, as a proof that the Infinite God spoke in human words, appeared in the shape of a cloud, a flaming bush, or a man who ate, and drank, and vanished into smoke; that he gave counsels to-day, and the opposite to-morrow; that he violated his own laws; was angry, and was only dissuaded by a mortal man from destroying at once a whole nation — millions of men who rebelled against their leader in a moment of anguish. Questions in philosophy, questions in the Christian religion, have been settled by an appeal to that book. The inspiration of its authors has been assumed as infallible. Every fact in the early Jewish history has been taken as a type of some analogous

fact in Christian history. The most distant events, even such as are still in the arms of time, were supposed to be clearly foreseen and foretold by pious Hebrews several centuries before Christ. It has been assumed at the outset, with no shadow of evidence, that those writers held a miraculous communication with God, such as he has granted to no other man. What was originally a presumption of bigoted Jews became an article of faith, which Christians were burned for not believing. This has been for centuries the general opinion of the Christian church, both Catholic and Protestant, though the former never accepted the Bible as the *only* source of religious truth. It has been so. Still worse, it is now the general opinion of religious sects at this day. Hence the attempt, which always fails, to reconcile the philosophy of our times with the poems in Genesis writ a thousand years before Christ; hence the attempt to conceal the contradictions in the record itself. Matters have come to such a pass, that even now he is deemed an infidel, if not by implication an atheist, whose reverence for the Most High forbids him to believe that God commanded Abraham to sacrifice his Son, a thought at which the flesh creeps with horror; to believe it solely on the authority of an oriental story, written down nobody knows when or by whom, or for what purpose; which may be a poem, but cannot be the record of a fact, unless God is the author of confusion and a lie.

Now this idolatry of the Old Testament has not always existed. Jesus says that none born of a woman is greater than John the Baptist, yet the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than John. Paul tells us the Law — the very crown of the old Hebrew revelation — is a shadow of good things, which have now

come; only a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, and when faith has come, that we are no longer under the schoolmaster; that it was a law of sin and death, from which we are made free by the Law of the spirit of Life. Christian teachers themselves have differed so widely in their notion of the doctrines and meaning of those books, that it makes one weep to think of the follies deduced therefrom. But modern Criticism is fast breaking to pieces this idol which men have made out of the Scriptures. It has shown that here are the most different works thrown together. That their authors, wise as they sometimes were; pious as we feel often their spirit to have been, had only that inspiration which is common to other men equally pious and wise; that they were by no means infallible; but were mistaken in facts or in reasoning; uttered predictions which time has not fulfilled; men who in some measure partook of the darkness and limited notions of their age, and were not always above its mistakes or its corruptions.

The history of opinions on the New Testament is quite similar. It has been assumed at the outset, it would seem with no sufficient reason, without the smallest pretence on its writers' part, that all of its authors were infallibly and miraculously inspired, so that they could commit no error of doctrine or fact. Men have been bid to close their eyes at the obvious difference between Luke and John; the serious disagreement between Paul and Peter; to believe, on the smallest evidence, accounts which shock the moral sense and revolt the reason, and tend to place Jesus in the same series with Hercules, and Apollonius of Tyana; accounts which Paul in the Epistles never mentions, though he also had a vein of the miraculous running quite through him. Men have been told that

all these things must be taken as part of Christianity, and if they accepted the religion, they must take all these accessories along with it; that the living spirit could not be had without the killing letter. All the books, which caprice or accident had brought together between the lids of the Bible, were declared to be the infallible word of God; the only certain rule of religious faith and practice. Thus the Bible was made not a single channel, but the *only* certain rule of religious faith and practice. To disbelieve any of its statements, or even the common interpretation put upon those statements by the particular age or church in which the man belonged, was held to be infidelity if not atheism. In the name of him who forbid us to judge our brother, good men and pious men have applied these terms to others, good and pious as themselves. That state of things has by no means passed away. Men, who cry down the absurdities of Paganism in the worst spirit of the French "free-thinkers," call others infidels and atheists, who point out, though reverently, other absurdities which men have piled upon Christianity. So the world goes. An idolatrous regard for the imperfect scripture of God's word, is the apple of Atalanta, which defeats theologians running for the hand of divine truth.

But the current notions respecting the infallible inspiration of the Bible have no foundation in the Bible itself. Which Evangelist, which Apostle of the New Testament, what Prophet or Psalmist of the Old Testament, ever claims infallible authority for himself or for others? Which of them does not in his own writings show that he was finite, and with all his zeal and piety, possessed but a limited inspiration, the bound whereof we can sometimes discover? Did Christ ever demand

that men should assent to the doctrines of the Old Testament, credit its stories, and take its poems for histories, and believe equally two accounts that contradict one another? Has he ever told you that all the truths of his religion, all the beauty of a Christian life should be contained in the writings of those men, who, even after his resurrection, expected him to be a Jewish king; of men who were sometimes at variance with one another and misunderstood his divine teachings? Would not those modest writers themselves be confounded at the idolatry we pay them? Opinions may change on these points, as they have often changed — changed greatly and for the worst since the days of Paul. They are changing now, and we may hope for the better; for God makes man's folly as well as his wrath to praise Him, and continually brings good out of evil.

Another instance of the transitoriness of doctrines, taught as Christian, is found in those which relate to the nature and authority of Christ. One ancient party has told us, that he is the infinite God; another, that he is both God and man; a third, that he was a man, the son of Joseph and Mary, — born as we are; tempted like ourselves; inspired, as we may be, if we will pay the price. Each of the former parties believed its doctrine on this head was infallibly true, and formed the very substance of Christianity, and was one of the essential conditions of salvation, though scarce any two distinguished teachers, of ancient or modern times, agree in their expression of this truth.

Almost every sect, that has ever been, makes Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus, and not the immutable truth of the doctrines themselves, or the authority of God, who sent him into the world. Yet it

seems difficult to conceive any reason, why moral and religious truths should rest for their support on the personal authority of their revealer, any more than the truths of science on that of him who makes them known first or most clearly. It is hard to see why the great truths of Christianity rest on the personal authority of Jesus, more than the axioms of geometry rest on the personal authority of Euclid, or Archimedes. The authority of Jesus, as of all teachers, one would naturally think, must rest on the truth of his words, and not their truth on his authority.

Opinions respecting the nature of Christ seem to be constantly changing. In the three first centuries after Christ, it appears, great latitude of speculation prevailed. Some said he was God, with nothing of human nature, his body only an illusion; others, that he was man, with nothing of the divine nature, his miraculous birth having no foundation in fact. In a few centuries it was decreed by councils that he was God, thus honoring the divine element; next, that he was man also, thus admitting the human side. For some ages the Catholic Church seems to have dwelt chiefly on the divine nature that was in him, leaving the human element to mystics and other heretical persons, whose bodies served to flesh the swords of orthodox believers. The stream of Christianity has come to us in two channels — one within the Church, the other without the Church — and it is not hazarding too much to say, that since the fourth century the true Christian life has been out of the established Church, and not in it, but rather in the ranks of dissenters. From the Reformation till the latter part of the last century, we are told, the Protestant Church dwelt chiefly on the human side of Christ, and since that time many works have been written to show how

the two — perfect Deity and perfect manhood — were united in his character. But, all this time, scarce any two eminent teachers agree on these points, however orthodox they may be called. What a difference between the Christ of John Gerson and John Calvin, — yet were both accepted teachers and pious men. What a difference between the Christ of the Unitarians and the Methodists — yet may men of both sects be true Christians and acceptable with God. What a difference between the Christ of Matthew and John — yet both were disciples, and their influence is wide as Christendom and deep as the heart of man. But on this there is not time to enlarge.

Now it seems clear, that the notion men form about the origin and nature of the Scriptures; respecting the nature and authority of Christ, have nothing to do with Christianity except as its aids or its adversaries; they are not the foundation of its truths. These are theological questions; not religious questions. Their connection with Christianity appears accidental; for if Jesus had taught at Athens, and not at Jerusalem; if he had wrought no miracle, and none but the human nature had ever been ascribed to him; if the Old Testament had forever perished at his birth, — Christianity would still have been the Word of God; it would have lost none of its truths. It would be just as true, just as beautiful, just as lasting, as now it is; though we should have lost so many a blessed word, and the work of Christianity itself would have been, perhaps, a long time retarded.

To judge the future by the past, the former authority of the Old Testament can never return. Its present authority cannot stand. It must be taken for what it

is worth. The occasional folly and impiety of its authors must pass for no more than their value; — while the religion, the wisdom, the love, which make fragrant its leaves, will still speak to the best hearts as hitherto, and in accents even more divine, when Reason is allowed her rights. The ancient belief in the infallible inspiration of each sentence of the New Testament is fast changing; very fast. One writer, not a sceptic, but a Christian of unquestioned piety, sweeps off the beginning of Matthew; another, of a different church and equally religious, the end of John. Numerous critics strike off several epistles. The Apocalypse itself is not spared, notwithstanding its concluding curse. Who shall tell us the work of retrenchment is to stop here; that others will not demonstrate, what some pious hearts have long felt, that errors of doctrine and errors of fact may be found in many parts of the record, here and there, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Acts? We see how opinions have changed ever since the apostles' time; and who shall assure us that they were not sometimes mistaken in historical, as well as doctrinal matters; did not sometimes confound the actual with the imaginary; and that the fancy of these pious writers never stood in the place of their recollection?

But what if this should take place? Is Christianity then to perish out of the heart of the nations, and vanish from the memory of the world, like the religions that were before Abraham? It must be so, if it rest on a foundation which a scoffer may shake, and a score of pious critics shake down. But this is the foundation of a theology, not of Christianity. That does not rest on the decision of Councils. It is not to stand or fall with the infallible inspiration of a few Jewish fishermen, who

have writ their names in characters of light all over the world. It does not continue to stand through the forbearance of some critic, who can cut, when he will, the thread on which its life depends. Christianity does not rest on the infallible authority of the New Testament. It depends on this collection of books for the historical statement of its facts. In this we do not require infallible inspiration on the part of the writers, more than in the record of other historical facts. To me it seems as presumptuous, on the one hand, for the believer to claim this evidence for the truth of Christianity, as it is absurd, on the other hand, for the sceptic to demand such evidence to support these historical statements. I cannot see that it depends on the personal authority of Jesus. He was the organ through which the Infinite spoke. It is God that was manifested in the flesh by him, on whom rests the truth which Jesus brought to light and made clear and beautiful in his life; and if Christianity be true, it seems useless to look for any other authority to uphold it, as for some one to support Almighty God. So if it could be proved, — as it cannot, — in opposition to the greatest amount of historical evidence ever collected on any similar point, that the gospels were the fabrication of designing and artful men, that Jesus of Nazareth had never lived, still Christianity would stand firm, and fear no evil. None of the doctrines of that religion would fall to the ground; for if true, they stand by themselves. But we should lose, — oh, irreparable loss! — the example of that character, so beautiful, so divine, that no human genius could have conceived it, as none, after all the progress and refinement of eighteen centuries, seems fully to have comprehended its lustrous life. If Christianity were true, we should still think it was so, not because

its record was written by infallible pens; nor because it was lived out by an infallible teacher, — but that it is true, like the axioms of geometry, because it is true, and is to be tried by the oracle God places in the breast. If it rest on the personal authority of Jesus alone, then there is no certainty of its truth, if he were ever mistaken in the smallest matter, as some Christians have thought he was, in predicting his second coming.

These doctrines respecting the Scriptures have often changed, and are but fleeting. Yet men lay much stress on them. Some cling to these notions as if they were Christianity itself. It is about these and similar points that theological battles are fought from age to age. Men sometimes use worst the choicest treasure which God bestows. This is especially true of the use men make of the Bible. Some men have regarded it as the heathen their idol, or the savage his fetish. They have subordinated Reason, Conscience, and Religion to this. Thus have they lost half the treasure it bears in its bosom. No doubt the time will come when its true character shall be felt. Then it will be seen, that, amid all the contradictions of the Old Testament; its legends so beautiful as fictions, so appalling as facts; amid its predictions that have never been fulfilled; amid the puerile conceptions of God, which sometimes occur, and the cruel denunciations that disfigure both Psalm and Prophecy, there is a reverence for man's nature, a sublime trust in God, and a depth of piety rarely felt in these cold northern hearts of ours. Then the devotion of its authors, the loftiness of their aim, and the majesty of their life, will appear doubly fair, and Prophet and Psalmist will warm our hearts as never before. Their voice will cheer the young and sanctify the gray-

headed; will charm us in the toil of life, and sweeten the cup Death gives us, when he comes to shake off this mantle of flesh. Then will it be seen, that the words of Jesus are the music of heaven, sung in an earthly voice, and the echo of these words in John and Paul owe their efficacy to their truth and their depth, and to no accidental matter connected therewith. Then can the Word, — which was in the beginning and now is, — find access to the innermost heart of man, and speak there as now it seldom speaks. Then shall the Bible, — which is a whole library of the deepest and most earnest thoughts and feelings and piety and love, ever recorded in human speech, — be read oftener than ever before, not with Superstition, but with Reason, Conscience, and Faith fully active. Then shall it sustain men bowed down with many sorrows; rebuke sin; encourage virtue; sow the world broadcast and quick with the seed of love, that man may reap a harvest for life everlasting.

With all the obstacles men have thrown in its path, how much has the Bible done for mankind. No abuse has deprived us of all its blessings. You trace its path across the world from the day of Pentecost to this day. As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies and its birthplace in distant, unknown mountains; as the stream rolls on, enlarging itself, making in that arid waste a belt of verdure, wherever it turns its way; creating palm groves and fertile plains, where the smoke of the cottager curls up at eventide, and marble cities send the gleam of their splendor far into the sky; — such has been the course of the Bible on the earth. Despite of idolaters bowing to the dust before it, it has made a deeper mark on the world than the rich and beautiful literature of all the

heathen. The first book of the Old Testament tells man he is made in the image of God; the first of the New Testament gives us the motto, Be perfect as your Father in heaven. Higher words were never spoken. How the truths of the Bible have blest us. There is not a boy on all the hills of New England; not a girl born in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to God against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy nor a girl all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by that great book.

Doubtless the time will come when men shall see Christ also as he is. Well might he still say: "Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" No! we have made him an idol, have bowed the knee before him, saying, "Hail, king of the Jews;" called him "Lord, Lord!" but done not the things which he said. The history of the Christian world might well be summed up in one word of the evangelist — "and there they crucified him," for there has never been an age when men did not crucify the Son of God afresh. But if error prevail for a time and grow old in the world, truth will triumph at the last, and then we shall see the Son of God as he is. Lifted up he shall draw all nations unto him. Then will men understand the Word of Jesus, which shall not pass away. Then shall we see and love the divine life that he lived. How vast has his influence been. How his spirit wrought in the hearts of his disciples, rude, selfish, bigoted, as at first they were. How it has wrought in the world. His words judge the nations. The wisest son of man has not measured their height. They speak

to what is deepest in profound men; what is holiest in good men; what is divinest in religious men. They kindle anew the flame of devotion in hearts long cold. They are Spirit and Life. His truth was not derived from Moses and Solomon; but the light of God shone through him, not colored, not bent aside. His life is the perpetual rebuke of all time since. It condemns ancient civilization; it condemns modern civilization. Wise men we have since had, and good men; but this Galilean youth strode before the world whole thousands of years, — so much of Divinity was in him. His words solve the questions of this present age. In him the Godlike and the Human met and embraced, and a divine Life was born. Measure him by the world's greatest sons; — how poor they are. Try him by the best of men, — how little and low they appear. Exalt him as much as we may, we shall yet, perhaps, come short of the mark. But still was he not our brother; the son of man, as we are; the Son of God, like ourselves? His excellence, was it not human excellence? His wisdom, love, piety, — sweet and celestial as they were, — are they not what we also may attain? In him, as in a mirror, we may see the image of God, and go on from glory to glory, till we are changed into the same image, led by the spirit which enlightens the humble. Viewed in this way, how beautiful is the life of Jesus. Heaven has come down to earth, or rather, earth has become heaven. The Son of God, come of age, has taken possession of his birthright. The brightest revelation is this, — of what is possible for all men, if not now at least hereafter. How pure is his spirit, and how encouraging its words. "Lowly sufferer," he seems to say, "see how I bore the cross. Pa-

tient laborer, be strong; see how I toiled for the unthankful and the merciless. Mistaken sinner, see of what thou art capable. Rise up, and be blessed."

But if, as some early Christians began to do, you take a heathen view, and make him a God, the Son of God in a peculiar and exclusive sense — much of the significance of his character is gone. His virtue has no merit; his love no feeling; his cross no burden; his agony no pain. His death is an illusion; his resurrection but a show. For if he were not a man, but a god, what are all these things; what his words, his life, his excellence of achievement? It is all nothing, weighed against the illimitable greatness of Him who created the worlds and fills up all time and space! Then his resignation is no lesson; his life no model; his death no triumph to you or me, — who are not gods, but mortal men, that know not what a day shall bring forth, and walk by faith "dim sounding on our perilous way." Alas, we have despaired of man, and so cut off his brightest hope.

In respect of doctrines as well as forms we see all is transitory. "Everywhere is instability and insecurity." Opinions have changed most, on points deemed most vital. Could we bring up a Christian teacher of any age, — from the sixth to the fourteenth century, for example, though a teacher of undoubted soundness of faith, whose word filled the churches of Christendom, clergymen would scarce allow him to kneel at their altar, or sit down with them at the Lord's table. His notions of Christianity could not be expressed in our forms; nor could our notions be made intelligible to his ears. The questions of his age, those on which Christianity was thought to depend, — questions which perplexed and divided the subtle doctors, — are no ques-

tions to us. The quarrels which then drove wise men mad, now only excite a smile or a tear, as we are disposed to laugh or weep at the frailty of man. We have other straws of our own to quarrel for. Their ancient books of devotion do not speak to us; their theology is a vain word. To look back but a short period, the theological speculations of our fathers during the last two centuries; their "practical divinity;" even the sermons written by genius and piety, are, with rare exceptions, found unreadable; such a change is there in the doctrines.

Now who shall tell us that the change is to stop here? That this sect or that, or even all sects united, have exhausted the river of life, and received it all in their canonized urns, so that we need draw no more out of the eternal well, but get refreshment nearer at hand? Who shall tell us that another age will not smile at our doctrines, disputes, and unchristian quarrels about Christianity, and make wide the mouth at men who walked brave in orthodox raiment, delighting to blacken the names of heretics, and repeat again the old charge "he hath blasphemed?" Who shall tell us they will not weep at the folly of all such as fancied Truth shone only into the contracted nook of their school, or sect, or coterie? Men of other times may look down equally on the heresy-hunters, and men hunted for heresy, and wonder at both. The men of all ages before us, were quite as confident as we, that their opinion was truth; that their notion was Christianity and the whole thereof. The men who lit the fires of persecution, from the first martyr to Christian bigotry down to the last murder of the innocents, had no doubt their opinion was divine. The contest about transubstantiation, and the immaculate purity of the Hebrew and Greek texts of the Scrip-

tures, was waged with a bitterness unequalled in these days. The Protestant smiles at one, the Catholic at the other, and men of sense wonder at both. It might teach us all a lesson, at least of forbearance. No doubt, an age will come, in which ours shall be reckoned a period of darkness — like the sixth century — when men groped for the wall but stumbled and fell, because they trusted a transient notion, not an eternal truth; an age when temples were full of idols, set up by human folly, an age in which Christian light had scarce begun to shine into men's hearts. But while this change goes on; while one generation of opinions passes away, and another rises up; Christianity itself, that pure Religion, which exists eternal in the constitution of the soul and the mind of God, is always the same. The Word that was before Abraham, in the very beginning, will not change, for that word is Truth. From this Jesus subtracted nothing; to this he added nothing. But he came to reveal it as the secret of God, that cunning men could not understand, but which filled the souls of men meek and lowly of heart. This truth we owe to God; the revelation thereof to Jesus, our elder brother, God's chosen son.

To turn away from the disputes of the Catholics and the Protestants, of the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, of Old School and New School, and come to the plain words of Jesus of Nazareth, Christianity is a simple thing; very simple. It is absolute, pure Morality; absolute, pure Religion; the love of man; the love of God acting without let or hindrance. The only creed it lays down is the great truth which springs up spontaneous in the holy heart — there is a God. Its watchword is, Be perfect as your Father in Heaven. The only form

it demands is a divine life; doing the best thing, in the best way, from the highest motives; perfect obedience to the great law of God. Its sanction is the voice of God in your heart; the perpetual presence of Him, who made us and the stars over our head; Christ and the Father abiding within us. All this is very simple; a little child can understand it; very beautiful, the loftiest mind can find nothing so lovely. Try it by Reason, Conscience, and Faith — things highest in man's nature — we see no redundance, we feel no deficiency. Examine the particular duties it enjoins; humility, reverence, sobriety, gentleness, charity, forgiveness, fortitude, resignation, faith, and active love; try the whole extent of Christianity so well summed up in the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind — thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and is there any thing therein that can perish? No, the very opponents of Christianity have rarely found fault with the teachings of Jesus. The end of Christianity seems to be to make all men one with God as Christ was one with Him; to bring them to such a state of obedience and goodness, that we shall think divine thoughts and feel divine sentiments, and so keep the law of God by living a life of truth and love. Its means are Purity and Prayer; getting strength from God and using it for our fellow men as well as ourselves. It allows perfect freedom. It does not demand all men to *think* alike, but to think uprightly, and get as near as possible at truth; not all men to *live* alike, but to live holy, and get as near as possible to a life perfectly divine. Christ set up no pillars of Hercules, beyond which men must not sail the sea in quest of truth. He says, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

. . . Greater works than these shall ye do." Christianity lays no rude hand on the sacred peculiarity of individual genius and character. But there is no Christian sect which does not fetter a man. It would make all men think alike, or smother their conviction in silence. Were all men Quakers or Catholics, Unitarians or Baptists, there would be much less diversity of thought, character, and life; less of truth active in the world than now. But Christianity gives us the largest liberty of the sons of God, and were all men Christians after the fashion of Jesus, this variety would be a thousand times greater than now; for Christianity is not a system of doctrines, but rather a method of attaining oneness with God. It demands, therefore, a good life of piety within, of purity without, and gives the promise that whoso does God's will, shall know of God's doctrine.

In an age of corruption, as all ages are, Jesus stood and looked up to God. There was nothing between him and the Father of all; no old world, be it of Moses or Esaias, of a living Rabbi or Sanhedrim of Rabbis; no sin or perverseness of the finite will. As the result of this virgin purity of soul and perfect obedience, the light of God shone down into the very deeps of his soul, bringing all of the Godhead which flesh can receive. He would have us do the same; worship with nothing between us and God; act, think, feel, live, in perfect obedience to Him; and we never are *Christians* as he was the *Christ*, until we worship, as Jesus did, with no mediator, with nothing between us and the Father of all. He felt that God's word was in him; that he was one with God. He told what he saw — the Truth; he lived what he felt — a life of Love. The truth he brought to light must have been always the

same before the eyes of all-seeing God, nineteen centuries before Christ, or nineteen centuries after him. A life supported by the principle and quickened by the sentiment of religion, if true to both, is always the same thing in Nazareth or New England. Now that divine man received these truths from God; was illumined more clearly by "the light that lighteneth every man;" combined or involved all the truths of Religion and Morality in his doctrine, and made them manifest in his life. Then his words and example passed into the world, and can no more perish than the stars be wiped out of the sky. The truths he taught; his doctrines respecting man and God; the relation between man and man, and man and God, with the duties that grow out of that relation, are always the same, and can never change till man ceases to be man, and creation vanishes into nothing. No; forms and opinions change and perish; but the Word of God cannot fail. The form Religion takes, the doctrines wherewith she is girded, can never be the same in any two centuries or two men; for since the sum of religious doctrines is both the result and the measure of a man's total growth in wisdom, virtue, and piety, and since men will always differ in these respects, so religious *doctrines* and *forms* will always differ, always be transient, as Christianity goes forth and scatters the seed she bears in her hand. But the *Christianity holy men feel in the heart* — the Christ that is born within us, is always the same thing to each soul that feels it. This differs only in degree and not in kind, from age to age and man to man; there is something in Christianity which no sect from the "Ebionites" to the "latter day saints" ever entirely overlooked. This is that common Christianity, which burns in the hearts of pious men.

Real Christianity gives men new life. It is the growth and perfect action of the Holy Spirit God puts into the sons of men. It makes us outgrow any form or any system of doctrines we have devised, and approach still closer to the truth. It would lead us to take what help we can find. It would make the Bible our servant, not our master. It would teach us to profit by the wisdom and piety of David and Solomon; but not to sin their sins, nor bow to their idols. It would make us revere the holy words spoken by "godly men of old," but revere still more the word of God spoken through Conscience, Reason, and Faith, as the holiest of all. It would not make Christ the despot of the soul, but the brother of all men. It would not tell us, that even he had exhausted the fulness of God, so that He could create none greater; for with Him "all things are possible," and neither Old Testament or New Testament ever hints that creation exhausts the creator. Still less would it tell us, the wisdom, the piety, the love, the manly excellence of Jesus, was the result of miraculous agency alone, but, that it was won, like the excellence of humbler men, by faithful obedience to Him who gave his Son such ample heritage. It would point to him as our brother, who went before, like the good shepherd, to charm us with the music of his words, and with the beauty of his life to tempt us up the steeps of mortal toil, within the gate of Heaven. It would have us make the kingdom of God on earth, and enter more fittingly the kingdom on high. It would lead us to form Christ in the heart, on which Paul laid such stress, and work out our salvation by this. For it is not so much by the Christ who lived so blameless and beautiful eighteen centuries ago, that we are saved directly, but by the Christ we form in our hearts and live out in

our daily life, that we save ourselves, God working with us, both to will and to do.

Compare the simpleness of Christianity, as Christ sets it forth on the Mount, with what is sometimes taught and accepted in that honored name; and what a difference. One is of God; one is of man. There is something in Christianity which sects have not reached; something that will not be won, we fear, by theological battles, or the quarrels of pious men; still we may rejoice that Christ is preached in any way. The Christianity of sects, of the pulpit, of society, is ephemeral — a transitory fly. It will pass off and be forgot. Some new form will take its place, suited to the aspect of the changing times. Each will represent something of truth; but no one the whole. It seems the whole race of man is needed to do justice to the whole of truth, as "the whole church, to preach the whole gospel." Truth is intrusted for the time to a perishable Ark of human contrivance. Though often shipwrecked, she always comes safe to land, and is not changed by her mishap. That pure ideal Religion which Jesus saw on the mount of his vision, and lived out in the lowly life of a Galilean peasant; which transforms his cross into an emblem of all that is holiest on earth; which makes sacred the ground he trod, and is dearest to the best of men, most true to what is truest in them, cannot pass away. Let men improve never so far in civilization, or soar never so high on the wings of Religion and Love, they can never outgo the flight of Truth and Christianity. It will always be above them. It is as if we were to fly towards a Star, which becomes larger and more bright the nearer we approach, till we enter and are absorbed in its glory.

If we look carelessly on the ages that have gone by,

or only on the surfaces of things as they come up before us, there is reason to fear; for we confound the truth of God with the word of man. So at a distance the cloud and the mountain seem the same. When the drift changes with the passing wind, an unpractised eye might fancy the mountain itself was gone. But the mountain stands to catch the clouds, to win the blessing they bear, and send it down to moisten the fainting violet, to form streams which gladden valley and meadow, and sweep on at last to the sea in deep channels, laden with fleets. Thus the forms of the church, the creeds of the sects, the conflicting opinions of teachers, float round the sides of the Christian mount, and swell and toss, and rise and fall, and dart their lightning, and roll their thunder, but they neither make nor mar the mount itself. Its lofty summit far transcends the tumult; knows nothing of the storm which roars below; but burns with rosy light at evening and at morn; gleams in the splendors of the mid-day sun; sees his light when the long shadows creep over plain and moorland, and all night long has its head in the heavens, and is visited by troops of stars which never set, nor veil their face to ought so pure and high.

Let then the Transient pass, fleet as it will, and may God send us some new manifestation of the Christian faith, that shall stir men's hearts as they were never stirred; some new Word, which shall teach us what we are, and renew us all in the image of God; some better life, that shall fulfil the Hebrew prophecy, and pour out the spirit of God on young men and maidens, and old men and children; which shall realize the Word of Christ, and give us the comforter, who shall

reveal all needed things. There are Simeons enough in the cottages and Churches of New England, plain men and pious women, who wait for the Consolation, and would die in gladness, if their expiring breath could stir quicker the wings that bear him on. There are men enough, sick and "bowed down, in nowise able to lift up themselves," who would be healed could they kiss the hand of their Saviour, or touch but the hem of his garment; men who look up and are not fed, because they ask bread from heaven and water from the rock, not traditions or fancies, Jewish or heathen, or new or old; men enough who, with throbbing hearts, pray for the spirit of healing to come upon the waters, which other than angels have long kept in trouble; men enough who have lain long time sick of theology, nothing bettered by many physicians, and are now dead, too dead to bury their dead, who would come out of their graves at the glad tidings. God send us a real religious life, which shall pluck blindness out of the heart, and make us better fathers, mothers, and children; a religious life, that shall go with us where we go, and make every home the house of God, every act acceptable as a prayer. We would work for this, and pray for it, though we wept tears of blood while we prayed.

Such, then, is the Transient, and such the Permanent in Christianity. What is of absolute value never changes; we may cling round it and grow to it forever. No one can say his notions shall stand. But we may all say, the Truth, as it is in Jesus, shall never pass away. Yet there are always some even religious men, who do not see the Permanent element, so they rely on the fleeting; and, what is also an evil, condemn others for not doing the same. They mistake a defence of the

Truth for an attack upon the Holy of Holies; the removal of a theological error for the destruction of all religion. Already men of the same sect eye one another with suspicion, and lowering brows that indicate a storm, and, like children who have fallen out in their play, call hard names. Now, as always, there is a collision between these two elements. The question puts itself to each man, "Will you cling to what is perishing, or embrace what is eternal?" This question each must answer for himself.

My friends, if you receive the notions about Christianity, which chance to be current in your sect or church, solely because they are current, and thus accept the commandment of men instead of God's truth — there will always be enough to commend you for soundness of judgment, prudence, and good sense; enough to call you Christian for that reason. But if this is all you rely upon, alas for you. The ground will shake under your feet if you attempt to walk uprightly and like men. You will be afraid of every new opinion, lest it shake down your church; you will fear "lest if a fox go up, he will break down your stone wall." The smallest contradiction in the New Testament or Old Testament; the least disagreement between the Law and the Gospel; any mistake of the Apostles, will weaken your faith. It shall be with you "as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."

If, on the other hand, you take the true Word of God, and live out this, nothing shall harm you. Men may mock, but their mouthfuls of wind shall be blown back upon their own face. If the master of the house were called Beelzebub, it matters little what name is given to the household. The name Christian, given in mockery,

will last till the world go down. He that loves God and man, and lives in accordance with that love, needs not fear what man can do to him. His Religion comes to him in his hour of sadness, it lays its hand on him when he has fallen among thieves, and raises him up, heals, and comforts him. If he is crucified, he shall rise again.

My friends, you this day receive, with the usual formalities, the man you have chosen to speak to you on the highest of all themes, — what concerns your life on earth; your life in heaven. It is a work for which no talents, no prayerful diligence, no piety, is too great; an office, that would dignify angels, if worthily filled. If the eyes of this man be holden, that he *cannot* discern between the perishing and the true, you will hold him guiltless of all sin in this; but look for light where it can be had; for his office will then be of no use to you. But if he sees the truth, and is scared by worldly motives, and *will* not tell it, alas for him! If the watchman see the foe coming and blow not the trumpet, the blood of the innocent is on him.

Your own conduct and character, the treatment you offer this young man, will in some measure influence him. The hearer affects the speaker. There were some places where even Jesus "did not many mighty works, because of their unbelief." Worldly motives — not seeming such — sometimes deter good men from their duty. Gold and Ease have, before now, enervated noble minds. Daily contact with men of low aims takes down the ideal of life, which a bright spirit casts out of itself. Terror has sometimes palsied tongues that, before, were eloquent as the voice of Persuasion. But thereby Truth is not holden. She speaks in a

thousand tongues, and with a pen of iron graves her sentence on the rock forever. You may prevent the freedom of speech in this pulpit if you will. You may hire you servants to preach as you bid; to spare your vices and flatter your follies; to prophesy smooth things, and say, It is peace, when there is no peace. Yet in so doing you weaken and enthrall yourselves. And alas for that man who consents to think one thing in his closet, and preach another in his pulpit. God shall judge him in his mercy; not man in his wrath. But over his study and over his pulpit might be writ — EMPTINESS; on his canonical robes, on his forehead and right hand — DECEIT, DECEIT.

But, on the other hand, you may encourage your brother to tell you the truth. Your affection will then be precious to him; your prayers of great price. Every evidence of your sympathy will go to baptize him anew to Holiness and Truth. You will then have his best words, his brightest thoughts, and his most hearty prayers. He may grow old in your service, blessing and blest. He will have

> "The sweetest, best of consolation,
> The thought, that he has given,
> To serve the cause of Heaven,
> The freshness of his early inspiration."

Choose as you will choose; but weal or woe depends upon your choice.

VII.

THE PHARISEES.*

If we may trust the statement of grave philosophers, who have devoted their lives to Science, and given proofs of what they affirm, which are manifest to the senses, as well as evident to the understanding, there were once, in very distant ages, classes of monsters on the earth, which differed, in many respects, from any animals now on its surface. They find the bones of these animals, "under the bottom of the monstrous world," or imbedded in masses of stone, which have since formed over them. They discover the footprints, also, of these monstrous creatures, in what was once soft clay, but has since become hard stone, and so has preserved these traces for many a thousand years. These creatures gradually became scarce, and at last disappeared entirely from the face of the earth, while nobler races grew up and took their place. The relics of these monsters are gathered together by the curious. They excite the wonder of old men and little girls, of the sage and the clown.

Now there was an analogous class of moral monsters

* From the Dial for July, 1841.

in old time. They began quite early, though no one knows who was the first of the race. They have left their footprints all over the civilized globe; in the mould of institutions, laws, politics, and religions, which were once pliant, but have since become petrified in the ages, so that they seem likely to preserve these marks for many centuries to come. The relics of these moral monsters are preserved for our times in some of the histories and institutions of past ages. But they excite no astonishment, when discovered, because, while the sauri of gigantic size, the mammoth, and the mastodon, are quite extinct, the last of the Pharisees has not yet been seen, but his race is vigorous and flourishing now as of old time. Specimens of this monster are by no means rare. They are found living in all countries, and in every walk of life. We do not search for them in the halls of a museum, or the cabinets of the curious, but every man has seen a Pharisee going at large on the earth. The race, it seems, began early. The Pharisees are of ancient blood; some tracing their genealogy to the great Father of Lies himself. However this may be, it is certain, we find them well known in very ancient times. Moses encountered them in Egypt. They counterfeited his wonders, as the legend relates, and "did so with their enchantments." They followed him into the desert, and their gold thrown into the fire, by the merest accident came out in the shape of an idol. Jealous of the honor of Moses, they begged him to silence Eldad and Medad, on whom the spirit of the Lord rested, saying, "Lord Moses rebuke them." They troubled the Messiah in a later day; they tempted him with a penny; sought to entangle him in his talk; strove to catch him, feigning themselves just men. They took counsel to slay him soon as they

found cunning of no avail. If one was touched to the heart by true words — which, though rare, once happened, — he came by night to that great prophet of God, through fear of his fellow Pharisees. They could boast, that no one of their number had ever believed on the Saviour of the nations, — because his doctrine was a new thing. If a blind man was healed, they put him out of the synagogue, because his eyes were opened, and as he confessed by the new Teacher. They bribed one of his avaricious followers to betray him with a kiss, and at last put to death the noblest of all the Sons of God, who had but just opened the burden of his mission. Yet they took care, — those precious philanthropists, — not to defile themselves by entering the judgment hall, with a pagan. When that spirit rose again, they hired the guard to tell a lie, and say, "His disciples came by night, and stole the body, while we slept."

This race of men troubled Moses; stoned the prophets; crucified the Saviour, and persecuted the apostles. They entered the Christian Church soon as it became popular and fashionable. Then they bound the yoke of Jewish tradition on true men's necks, and burned with fire, and blasted with anathemas such as shook it off, walking free and upright, like men. The same race is alive, and by no means extinct, or likely soon to be so.

It requires but few words to tell what makes up the sum of the Pharisee. He is at the bottom a man like other men; made for whatever is high and divine. God has not curtailed him of a man's birthright. He has in him the elements of a Moses or a Messiah. But his aim is to SEEM good and excellent; not to BE good and excellent. He wishes, therefore, to have all of good-

ness and religion, except goodness and religion itself. Doubtless, he would accept these also, were they to be had for the asking, and cost nothing to keep, but he will not pay the price. So he would make a covenant with God and the Devil, with Righteousness and Sin, and keep on good terms with both. He would unite the two worlds of Salvation and Iniquity, having the appearance of the one, and the reality of the other. He would work in deceit and wickedness, and yet appear to men with clean hands. He will pray in one direction, and yet live in just the opposite way, and thus attempt, as it were, to blind the eyes, and cheat the justice of all-knowing God. He may be defined, in one sentence, as the circumstances of a good man, after the good man has left them. Such is the sum of the Pharisee in all ages and nations, variously modified by the customs and climate of the place he happens to dwell in, just as the rabbit is white in winter, and brown in summer, but is still the same rabbit, its complexion only altered to suit the color of the ground.

The Jewish Pharisees began with an honest man, who has given name to the class, as some say. He was moral and religious; a lover of man and God. He saw through the follies of his time, and rose above them. He felt the evils that oppress poor mortal man, and sought to remove them. But it often happens that a form is held up, after its spirit has departed, and a name survives, while the reality which bore this name is gone forever. Just as they keep at Vienna the crown and sword of a giant king, though for some centuries no head has been found large enough to wear the crown, no hand of strength to wield the sword, and their present owner is both imbecile and diminutive. So it was in this case. The subsequent races of Pharisees cher-

ished the form, after the spirit had left it, clinging all the closer because they knew there was nothing in it, and feared, if they relaxed their hold, it would collapse through its emptiness, or blow away and be lost, leaving them to the justice of God and the vengeance of men they had mocked at and insulted. In Christ's time, the Pharisee professed to reverence the law of Moses, but contrived to escape its excellent spirit. He loved the Letter, but he shunned the Law. He could pay tithes of his mint, anise, and cumin, which the law of Moses did not ask for, and omit mercy, justice, and truth, which both that and the law of God demanded. He could not kindle a fire, nor pluck an ear of corn on the Sabbath, though so cold and hungry, that he thought of nothing but his pains, and looked for the day to end. He could not eat bread without going through the ceremony of lustration. He could pray long and loud, where he was sure to be heard, at the corners of the streets, and give alms in the public places, to gain the name of devout, charitable, or munificent, while he devoured widows' houses or the inheritance of orphans in private, and his inward part was full of ravening and wickedness.

There are two things, which pass for religion in two different places. The first is, the love of what is Right, Good, and Lovely; the love of man, the love of God. This is the religion of the New Testament, of Jesus Christ; it leads to a divine life, and passes for religion before the pure eyes of that Father of all, who made us, and the stars over our heads. The other is a mere belief in certain doctrines, which may be true or false; a compliance with certain forms, either beautiful or ludicrous. It does not demand a love of what is right, good, and lovely, a love of man or God. Still less does

it ask for a life in conformity with such sentiments. This passes for religion in the world, in kings' courts, and in councils of the Church, from the council at Nice to the synod at Dort. The first is a vital religion; a religion of life. The other is a theological religion; a religion of death; or rather, it is no religion at all; all of religion but religion itself. It often gets into the place of religion, just as the lizard may get into the place of the lion, when he is out, and no doubt sets up to be lion for the time, and attempts a roar. The one is the religion of men, and the best men that have ever lived in all ages and countries; the other is the religion of Pharisees, and the worst men in all ages and in all countries.

This race of men, it has been said, is not yet exhausted. They are as numerous as in John the Baptist's time, and quite as troublesome. Now, as then, they prefer the praise of men to the praise of God; which means, they would rather SEEM good, at small cost, than take the pains to BE good. They oppose all reforms as they opposed the Messiah. They traduce the best of men, especially such as are true to Conscience, and live out their thought. They persecute men sent on God's high errand of mercy and love. Which of the prophets have they not stoned? They build the tombs of deceased reformers, whom they would calumniate and destroy, were they now living and at work. They can wear a cross of gold on their bosom, "which Jews might kiss and infidels adore." But had they lived in the days of Pilate, they would have nailed the Son of God to a cross of wood, and now crucify him afresh, and put him to an open shame. These Pharisees may be found in all ranks of life; in the front and the rear; among the radicals and the con-

servatives, the rich and the poor. Though the Pharisees are the same in nature, differing only superficially, they may yet be conveniently divided into several classes, following some prominent features.

The Pharisee of the Fireside. He is the man, who at home professes to do all for the comfort and convenience of his family, his wife, his children, his friends; yet at the same time does all for his own comfort and convenience. He hired his servants, only to keep them from the almshouse. He works them hard, lest they have too much spare time, and grow indolent. He provides penuriously for them, lest they contract extravagant habits. Whatever gratification he gives himself, he does entirely for others. Does he go to a neighboring place to do some important errands for himself, and a trifle for his friend, the journey was undertaken solely on his friend's account. Is he a husband, he is always talking of the sacrifice he makes for his wife, who yet never knows when it is made, and if he had love, there would be no sacrifice. Is he a father, he tells his children of his self-denial for their sake, while they find the self-denial is all on their side, and if he loved them self-denial would be a pleasure. He speaks of his great affection for them, which, if he felt, it would show itself, and never need be spoken of. He tells of the heavy burdens borne for their sake, while, if they were thus borne, they would not be accounted burdens, nor felt as heavy. But this kind of Pharisee, though more common than we sometimes fancy, is yet the rarest species. Most men drop the cloak of hypocrisy, when they enter their home, and seem what they are. Of them, therefore, no more need be spoken.

THE PHARISEE OF THE PRINTING PRESS. The Pharisee of this stamp is a sleek man, who edits a newspaper. His care is never to say a word offensive to the orthodox ears of his own coterie. His aim is to follow in the wake of public opinion, and utter, from time to time, his oracular generalities, so that, whether the course be prosperous or unsuccessful, he may seem to have predicted it. If he must sometimes speak of a new measure, whose fate is doubtful with the people, no one knows whether he would favor or reject it. So equally do his arguments balance one another. Never was prophecy more clearly inspired and impersonal. He cannot himself tell what his prediction meant until it is fulfilled. "If Crœsus crosses the Halys, he shall destroy a great empire," thunders the Pharisee from his editorial corner, but takes care not to tell whether Persia or Lydia shall come to the ground. Suggest a doubt that he ever opposed a measure, which has since become popular, he will prove you the contrary, and his words really have that meaning, though none suspected it at the time, and he, least of all. In his, as in all predictions, there is a double sense. If he would abuse a man or an institution, which is somewhat respectable, and against which he has a private grudge, he inserts most calumnious articles in the shape of a "communication," declaring at the same time his "columns are open to all." He attacks an innocent man, soon as he is unpopular; but gives him no chance to reply, though in never so Christian a spirit. Let a distinguished man censure one comparatively unknown, he would be very glad to insert the injured man's defence, but is prevented by "a press of political matter," or "a press of foreign matter," till the day of reply has passed. Let an humble scholar send a well-written article for his journal,

which does not square with the notions of the coterie; it is returned with insult added to the wrong, and an "editorial" appears putting the public on its guard against such as hold the obnoxious opinions, calling them knaves, and fools, or what is more taking with the public at this moment, when the majority are so very faithful, and religious, "infidels" and "atheists." The aim of this man is to please his party, and seem fair. Send him a paper, reflecting on the measures or the men of that party, he tells you it would do no good to insert it, though ably written. He tells his wife the story, adding that he must have meat and drink, and the article would have cost a "subscriber." He begins by loving his party better than mankind; he goes on by loving their opinions more than truth, and ends by loving his own interest better than that of his party. He might be painted as a man sitting astride a fence, which divided two inclosures, with his hands thrust into his pockets. As men come into one or the other inclosure, he bows obsequiously, and smiles; bowing lowest and smiling sweetest to the most distinguished person. When the people have chosen their place, he comes down from "that bad eminence," to the side where the majority are assembled, and will prove to your teeth, that he had always stood on that side, and was never on the fence, except to reconnoitre the enemy's position.

THE PHARISEE OF THE STREET. He is the smooth sharper, who cheats you in the name of honor. He wears a sanctimonious face, and plies a smooth tongue. His words are rosemary and marjoram for sweetness. To hear him lament at the sins practised in business, you would take him for the most honest of men. Are

you to trade with him, he expresses a great desire to serve you; talks much of the subject of honor; honor between buyer and seller; honor among tradesmen; honor among thieves. He is full of regrets, that the world has become so wicked; wonders that any one can find temptation to defraud, and belongs to a society for the suppression of shoplifting, or some similar offence he is in no danger of committing, and so

> "Compounds for sins he is inclined to,
> By damning those he has no mind to."

Does this Pharisee meet a philanthropist, he is full of plans to improve society, and knows of some little evil, never heard of before, which he wishes to correct in a distant part of the land. Does he encounter a religious man, he is ready to build a church if it could be built of words, and grows eloquent, talking of the goodness of God and the sin of the world, and has a plan for evangelizing the cannibals of New Zealand, and christianizing, forsooth, the natives of China, for he thinks it hard they should "continue heathens, and so be lost." Does he overtake a lady of affluence and refinement, there are no limits to his respect for the female sex; no bounds to his politeness; no pains too great for him to serve her. But let him overtake a poor woman of a rainy day, in a lonely road, who really needs his courtesy, he will not lend her his arm or his umbrella, for all his devotion to the female sex. He thinks teachers are not sufficiently paid, but teazes a needy young man to take his son to school a little under price, and disputes the bill when rendered. He knows that a young man of fortune lives secretly in the most flagrant debauchery Our Pharisee treats him with all conceivable courtesy,

defends him from small rumors; but when the iniquity is once made public, he is the very loudest in his condemnation, and wonders any one could excuse him. This man will be haughty to his equals, and arrogant to those he deems below him. With all his plans for christianizing China and New Zealand, he takes no pains to instruct and christianize his own family. In spite of his sorrow for the wickedness of the world, and his zeal for the suppression of vice, he can tell the truth so as to deceive, and utter a lie so smoothly, that none suspects it to be untrue. Is he to sell you an article, its obvious faults are explained away, and its secret ones concealed still deeper. Is he to purchase, he finds a score of defects, which he knows exist but in his lying words. When the bargain is made, he tells his fellow Pharisee how adroitly he deceived, and how great are his gains. This man is fulfilled of emptiness. Yet he is suffered to walk the earth, and eat and drink, and look upon the sun, all hollow as he is.

The Pharisee of Politics. This, also, is a numerous class. He makes great professions of honesty; thinks the country is like to be ruined by want of integrity in high places, and, perhaps, it is so. For his part, he thinks simple honesty, the doing of what one knows to be right, is better than political experience, of which he claims but little; more safe than the eagle eye of statesmanlike sagacity, which sees events in their causes, and can apply the experience of many centuries to show the action of a particular measure, a sagacity that he cannot pretend to. This Pharisee of Politics, when he is out of place, thinks much evil is likely to befall us from the office-holders, enemies of the people; if he is in place, from the office-wanters, most pestilent

fellows! Just before the election, this precious Pharisee is seized with a great concern lest the people be deceived, the dear people, whom he loves with such vast affection. No distance is too great for him to travel; no stormy night too stormy for him, that he may utter his word in season. Yet all the while he loves the people but as the cat her prey, which she charms with her look of demure innocence, her velvet skin and glittering eyes, till she has seized it in her teeth, and then condescends to sport with its tortures, sharpening her appetite, and teazing it to death. There is a large body of men in all political parties,

> "who sigh and groan
> For public good, and mean their own."

It has always been so, and will always continue so, till men and women become Christian, and then, as pagan Plato tells us, the best and wisest men will take high offices cheerfully, because they involve the most irksome duties of the citizen. The Pharisee of Politics is all things to all men, (though in a sense somewhat different from the Apostle, perhaps,) that he may, by any means, gain some to his side. Does he meet a reformer, he has a plan for improving and finishing off the world quite suddenly. Does he fall in with a conservative, our only strength is to stand still. Is he speaking with a wise friend of the people, he would give every poor boy and girl the best education the State could afford, making monopoly of wisdom out of the question. Does he talk with the selfish man of a clique, who cares only for that person, girded with his belt; he thinks seven eighths of the people, including all of the working class, must be left in ignorance beyond hope; as if God made one man all Head, and the other all Hands.

Does he meet a Unitarian, the Pharisee signs no creed, and always believed the Unity; with a Calvinist, he is so Trinitarian he wishes there were four persons in the Godhead to give his faith a test the more difficult. Let the majority of voters, or a third party, who can turn the election, ask him to pledge himself to a particular measure, this lover of the people is ready, their "obedient servant," whether it be to make property out of paper, or merchandise out of men. The voice of his electors is to him not the voice of God, which might be misunderstood, but God himself. But when his object is reached, and the place secure, you shall see the demon of ambition, that possesses the man, come out into action. This man can stand in the hall of the nation's wisdom, with the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and the Bible, the great charter of freedom, in the other, and justify, — not excuse, palliate, and account for, — but JUSTIFY, the greatest wrong man can inflict on man, and attempt to sanction Slavery, quoting chapter and verse from the New Testament, and do it as our fathers fought, in the name of "God and their country." He can stand in the centre of a free land, his mouth up to the level of Mason and Dixon's line, and pour forth his eloquent lies, all freedom above the mark, but all slavery below it. He can cry out for the dear people, till they think some man of wealth and power watches to destroy them, while he wants authority; but when he has it, ask him to favor the cause of Humanity; ask him to aid those few hands, which would take hold of the poor man's son in his cabin, and give him an education worthy of a man, a free man; ask him to help those few souls of great faith, who perfume Heaven's ear with their prayers, and consume their own hearts on the altar, while kindling the reluctant

sacrifice for other hearts, so slow to beat; ask him to aid the noblest interests of man, and help bring the kingdom of Heaven here in New England, — and where is he? Why, the bubble of a man has blown away. If you could cast his character into a melting pot, as chemists do their drugs, and apply suitable tests to separate part from part, and so analyze the man, you would find a little Wit, and less Wisdom; a thimble-full of common sense, worn in the fore part of the head, and so ready for use at a moment's call; a conscience made up of maxims of expediency and worldly thrift, which conscience he wore on his sleeve to swear by when it might serve his turn. You would find a little knowledge of history, to make use of on the Fourth of July and election days; a conviction that there was a selfish principle in man, which might be made active; a large amount of animal cunning, selfishness, and ambition, all worn very bright by constant use. Down further still in the crucible would be a shapeless lump of faculties he had never used, which, on examination, would contain Manliness, Justice, Integrity, Honor, Religion, Love, and whatever else that makes man Divine and Immortal. Such is the inventory of this thing which so many worship, and so many would be. Let it also pass to its reward.

The Pharisee of the Church. There was a time when he, who called himself a Christian, took as it were the Prophet's vow, and Toil and Danger dogged his steps; Poverty came like a Giant upon him, and death looked ugly at him through the casement as he sat down with his wife and babes. Then to be called a Christian, was to be a man; to pray prayers of great resolution, and to live in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Now it means only to be a Protestant, or a Catholic; to believe with the Unitarians, or the Calvinists. We have lost the right names of things. The Pharisee of the Church has a religion for Sunday, but none for the week. He believes all the true things and absurd things ever taught by popular teachers of his sect. To him the Old Testament and the New Testament are just the same, — and the Apocrypha he never reads, — Books to be worshipped and sworn by. He believes most entirely in the Law of Moses and the Gospel of the Messiah, which annuls that Law. They are both "translated out of the original tongues, and appointed to be read in churches." Of course he practises one just as much as the other. His Belief has cost him so much he does nothing but believe; never dreams of living his belief. He has a Religion for Sunday, and a face for Sunday, and Sunday books, and Sunday talk, and just as he lays aside his Sunday coat, so he puts by his talk, his books, his face, and his Religion. They would be profaned if used on a weekday. He can sit in his pew of a Sunday — wood sitting upon wood — with the demurest countenance, and never dream the words of Isaiah, Paul, and Jesus, which are read him, came out of the serene deeps of the soul that is fulfilled of a divine life, and are designed to reach such deeps in other souls, and will reach them if they also live nobly. He can call himself a Christian, and never do any thing to bless or comfort his neighbor. The poor pass and never raise an eye to that impenetrable face. He can hear sermons, and pay for sermons that denounce the sin he daily commits, and thinks he atones for the sin by paying for the sermon. His Sunday prayers are beautiful, out of the Psalms and the Gospels, but his weekly life, what has it to do with his prayer? How

confounded would he be, if Heaven should take him in earnest, and grant his request! He would pray that God's name be hallowed, while his life is blasphemy against Him. He can say, "Thy kingdom come," when if it should come, he would wither up at the sight of so much majesty. The kingdom of God is in the Hearts of men; does he wish it there, in his own heart? He prays, "Thy will be done," yet never sets a foot forward to do it, nor means to set a foot forward. His only true petition is for daily bread, and this he utters falsely, for all men are included in the true petition, and he asks only for himself. When he says "forgive us as we forgive," he imprecates a curse on himself, most burning and dreadful; for when did he give or forgive? The only "evil" he prays to be delivered from is worldly trouble. He does not wish to be saved from avarice, peevishness, passion, from false lips, a wicked heart, and a life mean and dastardly. He can send Bibles to the Heathen on the deck of his ship, and rum, gunpowder, and cast-iron muskets in the hold. The aim of this man is to get the most out of his fellow-mortals, and to do the least for them, at the same time keeping up the phenomena of Goodness and Religion. To speak somewhat figuratively, he would pursue a wicked calling in a plausible way, under the very windows of Heaven, at intervals singing hymns to God, while he debased his image; contriving always to keep so near the walls of the New Jerusalem, that when the destroying flood swept by, he might scramble in at a window, booted and spurred to ride over men, wearing his Sunday face, with his Bible in his hand, to put the Saviour to the blush, and out-front the justice of Almighty God. But let him pass also; he has his reward. Sentence is pronounced against all that is false. The Publicans

and the Harlots enter into the kingdom of God before that man.

The Pharisee of the Pulpit. The Scribes and Pharisees sat once in Moses' seat; now they go further up and sit in the seat of the Messiah. The Pharisee of the Pulpit is worse than any other class, for he has the faults of all the rest, and is set in a place where even the slightest tarnish of human frailty is a disgrace, all the more disgraceful because contrasted with the spotless vestments of that loftiest Spirit, that has bestrode the ages, and stands still before us as the highest Ideal ever realized on the Earth, — the measure of a perfect man. If the Gold rust, what shall the Iron do? The fundamental sin of the Pharisee of the Pulpit is this. He keeps up the Form, come what will come of the Substance. So he embraces the form when the substance is gone forever. He might be represented in painting, as a man, his hands filled with husks, from which the corn has long ago been shelled off, carried away and planted, and has now grown up under God's blessing, produced its thirty, or its hundred-fold, and stands ripe for the reaper, waiting the sickle, while hungering crowds come up escaping from shipwreck, or wanderings in the desert of Sin, and ask an alms, he gives them a husk — only a husk; nothing but a husk. "The hungry flock look up and are not fed," while he blasts with the curses of his church all such as would guide the needy to those fields, where there is bread enough and to spare. He wonders at "the perverseness of the age," that will no longer be fed with chaff and husks. He has seen but a single pillar of God's Temple, and thinking that is the whole, condemns all such as take delight in its beautiful porches, its many

mansions, and most holy place. So the fly, who had seen but a nail-head on the dome of St. Peter's, condemned the Swallow who flew along its solemn vault, and told the wonders she had seen. Our Pharisee is resolved, God willing, or God not willing, to keep up the form, so he would get into a false position should he dare to think. His thought might not agree with the form, and since he loves the dream of his fathers better than God's Truth, he forbids all progress in the form. So he begins by not preaching what he believes, and soon comes to preach what he believes not. These are the men who boast they have Abraham to their father, yet as it has been said, they come of quite a different stock, which also is Ancient and of great renown.

The Pharisee's faith is in the letter, not the spirit. Doubt in his presence, that the Book of Chronicles and the Book of Kings are not perfectly inspired and infallibly true, on those very points where they are exactly opposite; doubt that the Infinite God inspired David to denounce his enemies, Peter to slay Ananias, Paul to predict events that never came to pass, and Matthew and Luke, John and Mark, to make historical statements, which can never be reconciled, and he sets you down as an infidel, though you keep all the commandments from your youth up, lack nothing, and live as John and Paul prayed they might live. With him the unpardonable sin is to doubt that ecclesiastical doctrine to be true, which Reason revolts at, and Conscience and Faith spurn off with loathing. With him the Jews are more than the human race. The Bible is his Master, and not his Friend. He would not that you should take its poems as its authors took them; nor its narratives for what they are worth, as you take others. He

will not allow you to accept the Life of Christianity; but you must have its letter also, of which Paul and Jesus said not a word. If you would drink the water of life, you must take likewise the mud it has been filtered through, and drink out of an orthodox urn. You must shut up Reason, Conscience, and Common Sense, when you come to those Books, which above all others came out of this triple fountain. To those Books he limits divine inspiration, and in his modesty has looked so deep into the counsels of God, that he knows the live coal of Inspiration has touched no lips but Jewish. No! nor never shall. Does the Pharisee do this from true reverence for the Word of God, which was in the beginning, which is Life, and which lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Let others judge. But there is a blindness of the heart, to which the fabled darkness of Egypt was noonday light. That is not the worst scepticism, which, with the Sadducee, denies both angel and resurrection; but that which denies man the right to think, to doubt, to conclude; which hopes no light save from the ashes of the past, and would hide God's truth from the world with the flap of its long robe. We come at Truth only by faithful thought, reflection, and contemplation when the long flashes of light come in upon the soul. But Truth and God are always on one side. Ignorance and a blind and barren Faith favor only lies and their great patriarch.

The Pharisee of the Pulpit talks much of the divine authority of the Church and the Minister, as if the one was any thing more than a body of men and women met for moral and religious improvement, and the other any thing but a single man they had asked to teach them, and be an example to the flock, and not "Lord

of God's heritage." Had this Pharisee been born in Turkey, he would have been as zealous for the Mahometan church, as he now is for the Christian. It is only the accident of birth that has given him the Bible instead of the Koran, the Shaster, the Vedam, or the Shu-King. This person has no real faith in man, or he would not fear when he essayed to walk, nor would fancy that while every other science went forward, Theology, the Queen of Science, should be bound hand and foot, and shut up in darkness without sun or star; no faith in Christ, or he would not fear that Search and Speech should put out the light of life; no faith in God, or he would know that His Truth, like virgin gold, comes brighter out of the fire of thought, which burns up only the dross. Yet this Pharisee speaks of God, as if he had known the Infinite from His boyhood; had looked over his shoulder when he laid the foundations of the earth; had entered into all his counsels, and known to the tithing of a hair, how much was given to Moses, how much to Confucius, and how much to Christ, and had seen it written in the book of fate, that Christianity, *as it is now understood*, was the loftiest Religion man could ever know, and all the treasure of the Most High was spent and gone, so that we had nothing more to hope for. Yet the loftiest spirits that have ever lived have blessed the things of God; have adored him in all his works, in the dew-drops and the stars; have felt at times his Spirit warm their hearts, and blessed him who was all in all, but bowed their faces down before his presence, and owned they could not by searching find him out unto perfection; have worshipped and loved and prayed, but said no more of the nature and essence of God, for Thought has its limits, though presumption it seems has none.

The Pharisee speaks of Jesus of Nazareth. How he dwells on his forbearance, his gentleness, but how he forgets that righteous indignation which spoke through him, applied the naked point of God's truth to Pharisees and Hypocrites, and sent them back with rousing admonitions. He heeds not the all-embracing Love that dwelt in him, and wept at Sin, and worked with bloody sweat for the oppressed and downtrodden. He speaks of Paul and Peter as if they were masters of the Soul, and not merely its teachers and friends. Yet should those flaming apostles start up from the ground in their living holiness, and tread our streets, call things by their right names, and apply Christianity to life, as they once did, and now would do were they here, think you our Pharisee would open his house, like Roman Cornelius, or Simon of Tarsus?

There are two divisions of this class of Pharisees; those who *do not think*, — and they are harmless and perhaps useful in their way, like snakes that have no venom, but catch worms and flies, — and *those who do think.* The latter think one thing in their study, and preach a very different thing in their pulpit. In the one place they are free as water, ready to turn any way; in the other, conservative as ice. They fear philosophy should disturb the church as she lies bedridden at home, so they would throw the cobwebs of Authority and Tradition over the wings of Truth, not suffering her with strong pinions to fly in the midst of Heaven, and communicate between man and God. They think "you must use a little deceit in the world," and so use not a little. These men speak in public of the inspiration of the Bible, as if it were all inspired with equal infallibility; but what do they think at home? In his study, the Testament is a collection of legendary tales;

in the pulpit it is the everlasting Gospel; if any man shall add to it, the seven last plagues shall be added to him; if any one takes from it, his name shall be taken from the Book of Life. If there be a sin in the land, or a score of sins tall as the Anakim, which go to and fro in the earth, and shake the churches with their tread; let these sins be popular, be loved by the powerful, protected by the affluent; will the Pharisee sound the alarm, lift up the banner, sharpen the sword, and descend to do battle? There shall not a man of them move his tongue; "no, they are dumb dogs, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yes they are greedy dogs, that can never have enough." But let there be four or five men in obscure places, not mighty through power, renown, or understanding, or eloquence; let them utter in modesty a thought that is new, which breathes of freedom, or tends directly towards God, and every Pharisee of the Pulpit shall cry out from Cape Sable to the Lake of the Woods, till the land ring again. Doubtless it is heroic thus to fight a single new thought, rather than a score of old sins. Doubtless it is a very Christian zeal thus to pursue obscurity to its retreat, and mediocrity to its littleness, and startle humble Piety from her knees, while the Goliath of sin walks with impudent forehead at noonday in front of their armies, and defies the living God; — a very Christian zeal, which would destroy a modest champion, however true, who, declining the canonical weapons, should bring down the foe and smite off the giant's head. Two persons are mentioned in the Bible, who have had many followers: the one is Lot's wife, who perished looking back upon Sodom; the other Demetrius, who feared that "this our craft is in danger to be set at nought."

Such, then, are the Pharisees. We ought to accept whatever is good in them; but their sins should be exposed. Yet in our indignation against the vice, charity should always be kept for the man. There is "a soul of Goodness in things evil," even in the Pharisee, for he also is a man. It is somewhat hard to BE all that God made us to become, and if a man is so cowardly he will only aim to SEEM something, he deserves pity, but certainly not scorn or hate. Bad as he appears, there is yet somewhat of Goodness left in him, like Hope at the bottom of Pandora's box. Fallen though he is, he is yet a man, to love and be loved. Above all men is the Pharisee to be pitied. He has grasped at a shadow, and he feels sometimes that he is lost. With many a weary step and many a groan, he has hewn him out broken cisterns that hold no water, and sits dusty and faint beside them; "a deceived heart has turned him aside," and there is "a lie in his right hand." Meantime the stream of life hard by falls from the Rock of Ages; its waters flow for all; and when the worn pilgrim stoops to drink, he rises a stronger man, and thirsts no more for the hot and polluted fountain of Deceit and Sin. Further down men leprous as Naaman may dip and be healed.

While these six classes of Pharisees pursue their wicked way, the path of real manliness and Religion opens before each soul of us all. The noblest sons of God have trodden therein, so that no one need wander. Moses, and Jesus, and John, and Paul, have gained their salvation by being real men; content to seek Goodness and God, they found their reward; they blessed the nations of the earth, and entered the kingdom of religious souls. It is not possible for Falseness or Reality to miss of its due recompense. The net of divine jus-

tice sweeps clean to its bottom the ocean of man, and all things, that are, receive their due. The Pharisee may pass for a Christian, and men may be deceived for a time, but God never. In his impartial balance it is only real Goodness that has weight. The Pharisee may keep up the show of Religion; but what avails it? Real sorrows come home to that false heart; and when the strong man tottering calls on God for more strength, how shall the false man stand? Before the Justice of the All-seeing, where shall he hide? Men may have the Pharisee's Religion, if they will, and they have his reward, which begins in self-deception, and ends in ashes and dust. They may, if they choose, have the Christian's Religion, and they have also his reward, which begins in the great resolution of the heart, continues in the action of what is best and most manly in human nature, and ends in Tranquillity and Rest for the Soul, which words are powerless to describe, but which man must feel to know. To each man, as to Hercules, there come two counsellors; the one of the Flesh, to offer enervating pleasures and unreal joys for the shadow of Virtue; the other of the Spirit, to demand a life that is lovely, holy, and true. "Which will you have?" is the question put by Providence to each of us; and the answer is the daily life of the Pharisee or the Christian. Thus it is of a man's own choice that he is cursed or blessed; that he ascends to Heaven, or goes down to Hell.

VIII.

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE LABORING CLASS.*

It is sometimes fancied that here in New England the education of the mass of men and women, who do all the work of the world, is so near perfection, that little need be done but keep what we have got to attain the highest destination of any people. But as things are sometimes seen more clearly by their reflection in an artificial mirror, than when looked at in the natural way, let us illustrate our own condition by contrasting it with another widely different. Let us suppose we were to go to some region in the heart of the African continent, and should find a highly cultivated nation, with towns and cities, and factories and commerce, equipped with the thousand arts which diffuse comfort all over society, but should find the whole class of lawyers were ignorant men. That they could scarcely read and write, and never read any thing beyond the newspapers, books of legal forms, and similar matters of the most trifling magnitude. That they could repeat the

* From Lectures before the American Institute for Instruction. August, 1841.

laws inherited from their ancestors, or enacted from time to time, by their contemporaries, but never dreamed of inquiring whether these laws were right or wrong; still less of examining the principle on which they rested, or ought to rest, and then of attempting to improve them. That they generally aimed to get on with the smallest outlay of education, the least possible expenditure of thought wherewith they could keep their sorry station of legal drudges, yet still that the nation looked to them, in some measure, for the protection of its legal rights.

Let us imagine also, that in our fabulous country the physicians were in the same state of ignorance with the lawyers. That they had inherited from their fathers a few traditional rules of medical practice, which they applied mechanically to all sorts of cases, but never thought of looking into the cause or process of disease; of discovering the laws of health; of devising new remedies, or making the old more efficacious. That they took little care to get an accurate knowledge of their own profession, and no pains at all to increase their stock of general knowledge, acquire mental skill, and give a generous and healthful development to all the faculties with which God endows the race of men. That they made their calling a drudgery, which gave them daily bread, but nothing more. That their whole life was mere handicraft. That they started in their profession with a slender outfit of education, either special or general; usually grew more and more stupid after they were five-and-twenty, and only in rare instances made a continual and life-long progress in what becomes a man, thus growing old in being taught and attaining in life a complete manhood, but still that the

public depended on this class for the preservation of the general health.

To go still further, let us fancy that the clergy also wandered in the same way of ignorance, and that class, which in some countries is the best instructed, had here the least cultivation. That taking the advice which the devil, in a popular legend, gives to a student of divinity, they "stuck to words, and words only." That they could repeat a few prayers, learned by rote from their predecessors; took their religion on trust from their fathers, never asking if the one were perfect, or the other true. That they both trembled and cursed when the least innovation was made in either. That they could go through the poor mummery of the African ritual, with sonorous unction, by their bigotry, making an abomination of what should be a delight, but never attempting to understand what the service meant. That they could give official advice to the people, on days of religious ceremony, which advice consisted solely of commonplace maxims of prudence, virtue, and religion, which all but the children knew as well as they. That the mass of the clergy never dreamed of reading a book which had thought in it; never made that "vehement application of mind" which the great Roman called "study;" knew little of the history of their own country, or the state of other lands; made no scientific study of theology, which it was their duty to teach and explain. That they paid no attention to science; knew no more of the stars, or the flowers, the laws of matter, or the laws of mind, than the kindred clod they trod down as they walked. That literature was a department they never entered, either as host or guest. That they were ignorant of the various forms their religion

had assumed, and knew little of even the rise and progress of the faith they professed; sometimes taught as old what was of but few years existence, and blasted things as new which really were of ancient days. In a word, let us fancy that they were the most ignorant part of the population; spending their leisure, (of which they had abundance,) in sleep; in lounging about the resorts of the idle; in retailing, or inventing both small gossip and graver scandal; in chattering of the last funeral or the next wedding; in talking African politics, whereof they knew nothing but words; in smoking; in chewing the Betelnut; in sitting at home more dead than alive. That when asked to improve and grow wiser, they replied, "We know enough already to perform our official duties. More learning, accomplishment, and skill might make us mad, and lead to innovation, and besides we have no leisure to study, and could only become wise by neglecting a well-known duty." Ignorant as they were, let us suppose the refined and cultivated African public depended on them for the support of religion.

Now to make this picture of society more complete, let us imagine that these professions had fallen into disrepute, and few not *born* therein ever entered them, except men unfit for any other employment, who found a natural inward vocation for these as the proper business of the ignorant and the stupid. That soon as a noble spirit, accidentally born in their ranks, resolved to improve himself, educate his family, and really did set his feet forward in this work, and thought for himself, and took time to study and grow wiser, urging others to do the same, that he was met with this retort, "Why get more wisdom! Can you not eat, and drink, and sleep without wisdom? Can you not, by diligent prudence,

leave your children, who shall come after you in the same craft, to eat more daintily, and drink in greater excess, and have more leisure, and sleep with more delicateness, and all this with no wisdom at all? Why, then, waste so much time and labor in this monstrous bugbear of an 'education?' Do you not know there is something better, both for yourself and your children, than a mind, heart, and soul, perfectly cultivated as God designed them to be? Think you an instructed soul is better than a well-fed body, or that the latter is not worth the most without the former? Besides, do you not know that all wisdom needed in the professions comes by nature, like hands and feet? Sir, you rebel against Providence, you are a fool, and we pity you." Suppose they sought out the wisdom of all the ancients, and demonstrated by proof irrefragable that professional men had always been the most ignorant in the land, and it had come to be a proverb that "Dunces and fools made the best lawyers, physicians, and clergymen;" that reasoning as some always do, they declared "what has been must be forever," and so accused the reformers of violating the fundamental article of God's constitution, which was that an error, or a sin, which had once got foothold of the earth, should never be dislodged, or even molested.

Imagine, on the other hand, that while these three classes were sunk in the most desperate ignorance, the farmers, the butchers, the mechanics, the traders, the haberdashers of all sorts, were instructed men, who thought for themselves. That they had free schools for all ages, and that in abundance; academies and colleges, where Learning lit her gentle flame, and Genius shed down the light of her God-given inspiration to guide the young to wisdom and virtue. That beside

these general institutions, all supported at the public expense, they had specific establishments for each particular art or science. That the farmers had schools for agriculture, and the mechanics for the science of their art, and the merchants for commerce, and that all classes of the people, from the cooper to the king, — except the drones of those three professions, — were intelligent and instructed men; had minds well accomplished; good manners; refined amusements, and met together for the interchange of thoughts no less than words, and yearly grew up to be a nobler population.

Let us add still further, to put the last touch to this ideal picture, that when one was born the son of a lawyer, a physician, or a clergyman, and gifted by Heaven with better parts than the mass of men, or when by any adventure he became desirous of growth in qualities that become a man, he left the calling of his fathers, became a cooper, a fisherman, or a blacksmith, solely for the sake of the education he could get in the trade, which he fancied he could not get in the profession, and that he did this, even when he loved the profession he left, having a natural aptitude therefor, and hated the particular craft to which love of perfection impelled him, and that as a natural consequence, there were men in all these trades who had little natural taste, or even ability for their employment; who longed to quit it, and were retained therein when its ranks were overcrowded, and themselves as good as useless, solely because they saw no chance to educate their better nature in any of the three professions.

What should we say to this state of things? What to the fact, that here were three classes of men, who, instead of getting the most they could of wisdom, were content to take up the most beggarly pittance where-

with their drudgery could be done? Doubtless we should say it was a very sad state of affairs; most foolish and monstrous. It was wrong that these classes should continue in ignorance, with no effort made for their liberation. It was wrong the ablest heads in Africa, — who are the natural sovereigns of the land, — did not take up the matter, and toil day and night to redress an evil so striking and fearful; it was doubly wrong that strong minds left a calling in which they were born; to which they were adapted by nature and choice, to seek out of it an education they might find in it, had they the manliness to make the search. It was false in them to desert the calling for which nature made them, seeking to rise above it, not seeking to raise their calling to their own stature. We should thank heaven that we had a Christian rule for the strong helping the weak, and should say, "Such evils could exist only in a heathen land," and pious men would sail in the next ship to set matters right.

But we have only to change the names a little, and instead of lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, to read "the greater part of laboring men and women," and this fabulous country is in the midst of Massachusetts, not the heart of Africa. Of us is the fable told, and on this body of men depends the ark of our political salvation. In New England the men of these three professions are generally the best educated men in the land. They go diligently through a long process of general training, well adapted to exercise and strengthen the memory, judgment, and imagination, and afford a variety and compass of useful knowledge. They spend years, likewise, in gaining the information and skill requisite for their peculiar craft. We have colleges for the general training, and other seminaries for the special

education of these men, for all see the advantage which accrues to the public from having educated lawyers, physicians, and clergymen in its ranks. But meantime the education of all the others, as a general rule, is grossly neglected. But there seems little reason, if any at all, why men destined for these three professions should be better educated than farmers and mechanics. An educated lawyer, his mind stored with various information, memory, fancy, judgment, and all his faculties quick and active, with skill to turn them all to the best account in his special calling, is, no doubt, a safeguard, an ornament, and a blessing to any country; and he is this, not because he is a lawyer, but a free, educated man, living man-like, and would be just as useful were he a blacksmith or a carpenter; for it is not the place a man stands in which makes him the safeguard, ornament, and blessing, but the man who stands in the place.

It is time that we in New England had given up that old notion, that a man is to be educated that he may by his education serve the State, and fill a bar or a pulpit, be a captain or a constable; time we had begun to act, and in good earnest, on this principle, that a man is to be educated because he is a MAN, and has faculties and capabilities which God sent him into this world to develop and mature. The education of classes of men is, no doubt, a good thing, as a single loaf is something in a famished household. But the education of all born of woman is a plain duty. If reason teaches any thing it is this. If Christianity teaches any thing, it is that men serve God with their mind, heart, and soul, and this, of course, demands an education of mind, heart, and soul, not only in lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, but in all the sons and daughters of Adam. Men

are to seek this for themselves; the public is to provide it, not because a man is to fill this or that station, and so needs the culture, but because he is a man, and claims the right, under the great charter whereby God created him an immortal soul.

Now it is true that we have, here and there, an instructed man, all his faculties awake and active, a man master of himself, and thus attaining his birthright "dominion over all flesh." But still the greater part of men and women, even here, are ignorant. The mark they aim at is low. It is not a maxim generally admitted, or often acted upon, that this world is a school; that man is in it, not merely to eat and drink, and vote, and get gain or honors, (as many Americans seem to fancy,) but that he is here and to do all these things for the sake of growing up to the measure of a complete man. We have put the means for the end, and the end for the means.

Every one sees the change education makes in animals. We could not plough with a wild buffalo, nor hunt with a dog just taken savage from the woods. But here the advantage is not on the animal's side. His education is against his nature. It lessens his animal qualities, so that he is less a dog or a buffalo than he was before. With man the change it produces is greater still, for here it is not against nature. It enhances his human qualities, and he is more a man after it than before. All the difference between the English scholar, with his accomplishment and skill, and the English boor, who is almost an animal; all the difference between the wise and refined Brahmin and the debased and enslaved Pariah; all the difference between the best educated men of Massachusetts and the natives

of New Zealand, ignorant, savage, cannibal as they are, comes of this circumstance, — one has had a better education than the other. At birth they were equally of the kingdom of heaven. The same humanity burns in all hearts; the same soul ebbs and flows in all that are born of woman. The peculiarity of each man, — slight and almost imperceptible when measured by his whole nature, — and the particular circumstances to which he is exposed, make all this difference between savage and civilized. Some five-and-twenty centuries ago our ancestors, in the wilds of Europe, were quite as ignorant, cruel, and savage, as these men of New Zealand, and we have become what we are, only through the influence of culture and education, which ages have produced and matured. But each child in Boston is born a savage as much as at Otaheite. No doubt, in the passage our fathers went through from the savage to the civilized state, much has been lost, but more is won, and it is time to retrieve what is lost, and grasp more for the future. No doubt there are some in this, as in all civilized countries, who are still barbarians, and by no means gainers through the civilization of their brethren; but it is time the foremost rank turned round to look after their straggling brothers. If education, through schools, churches, books, and all the institutions of society were neglected all over the earth, for a single generation, the whole race would fall back into a savage state. But if the culture of one single generation could be enhanced, the spiritual welfare of mankind would also be enhanced to the end of time.

It must appear plain to all who will think, that after providing for the support and comfort of the body, — which must be the basis of all spiritual operations, — the great work of the men and women now on the earth

is to educate themselves, and the next generation of men and women rising up to take their place. All things which do not tend directly or indirectly to one of these two ends, — the physical or the spiritual development of man, — are worse than worthless. We are sent into the world that we might accomplish this work of education. The world without harmonizes most beautifully with the craving spirit within. If a man start with the requisite outfit, and use diligently the means before him, all the callings of life, the vicissitudes that chequer our days; the trials we are in; the crosses we carry; our hopes and our fears; our foes and our friends; our disappointment and success; are all guides and instructors to help us on, be our condition what it may.

Now it may be laid down as a rule that will stand the test of rigid scrutiny, that all men are to be educated to the greatest possible extent; that education is to be regarded as an end, valuable for itself, and not simply as a means, valuable because conducive to some other end; and also that the whole community owes each individual in it the best education his nature and the circumstances of the public will allow. But in opposition to this rule, demanding the education of all, it may be said, as it always has been, by the educated themselves, that there must be an educated class it is true, but also, from the imperfection of man, the necessity of the case, and the very nature of things, there must be an ignorant class also; that the hard work necessary for the comfortable subsistence of man in society renders it indispensable that seven eighths of men should continue in almost hopeless ignorance. This doctrine has been taught these thousand years, and while it has sometimes been accepted by the wise and the benevolent, whom the difficulty of the case forced

to despair, — it has too generally become the creed of the strong, and the indolent, and the selfish. But at first sight it seems to belong to that same class of sayings with the remark of a distinguished "divine" of the Church, that if there were no Vice to hate, there would be no Virtue to love, and this other of a similar "divine" of the State, that without slavery in the one class there would be no freedom in the other. No doubt, under any possible circumstances there will always be a great difference in the attainments and powers of men, for this difference originates in the difference of endowments God bestows, — no education can prevent this. But is there any argument to show, that the laboring men of New England cannot attain as good an education as the mass of lawyers and clergymen now possess?

One great argument in support of the common notion, that the majority of the human family must always be ignorant, is drawn from history. Men appeal to this authority, and quote precedents, in great numbers, to show it has always been so, and so must always be. But it does not follow the future must be just like the past, for hitherto no two ages have been just alike. God does not repeat himself, so to say, nor make two ages or two men just alike. The history of past times does indeed show that the mass of men have always been ignorant, and oppressed likewise. But few men in America think this a sound argument to justify oppression. Is it stronger for ignorance? Let us look more carefully at this same history, — which shows that there always has been an ignorant class, — perhaps it has other things to say likewise. It shows a progress in man's condition, almost perpetual, from the first beginnings of history down to the present day. To look

at the progress of our own ancestors, — two thousand years gone by, no man within the bounds of Britain could read or write; three fourths of the people were no better than slaves; all were savage heathens. If a cultivated Greek had proposed to bring in civilization and the arts, no doubt Adelgither, or some other island chief, would have mocked at the introduction of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and would foretell the sinking of the firm land through the wrath of "all-powerful Hu," if such measures were attempted. Within a very few centuries there was no man in England who could read and write, except the clergy, and very few of that class. No doubt, it was then a popular maxim with bishops and prebends, that men of each other class, from the cobbler to the courtier, were so engaged in their peculiar craft they could not be taught to read and write. The maxim, no doubt, was believed. Nay more, even now there are in that same England, men of wealth, education, rank, and influence, who teach that the laboring people ought not to be taught to read and write, and therefore they hang, — perilous position, — as heavy weights on the wheels of reform. Yet agriculture and the arts came into the land; one by one, as time passed by, men came up from the nobles, the gentry, the people, learned to read and write, and that to good purpose, and laboring men are now beginning to thrive on what has been branded as poison. Now, then, these opinions, that laboring men ought not to be taught even to read the Bible; that none but the clergy need literary education; that agriculture would sink the island, are not these worth quite as much as that oft-repeated maxim, that a sound, generous, manly education is inconsistent with a life of hard work? Experience has shown that civilization

did not provoke the vengeance of Hu, the all-powerful; that men can be instructed in letters and science, though not priests; that a laboring population, one most wofully oppressed by unjust labor, can learn to read, at least radical newspapers, and the Bible, still more radical in a false state of things. Experience daily shows us men who, never relaxing their shoulders from the burden of manly toil, yet attain an education of mind better than that of the most cultivated Englishman seven centuries ago. No man needs dogmatize in this matter. Few will venture to prophesy, but reasoning from history, and the gradual progress it reveals, are we to suppose the world will stop with us? Is it too much to hope, that in our free, wealthy, Christian land, the time will come when that excellence of education, that masterly accomplishment of mind, which we think now is attainable only by four or five men out of ten thousand, shall become so common that he will be laughed at or pitied who has it not? Certainly the expectation of this result is not so visionary as that of our present state would have appeared a single century ago. To win this result we must pay its price. An old proverb represents the Deity saying to man, "What would you have? Pay for it, and take it." The rule holds good in education as in all things else. A man cannot filch it, as coin, from his neighbors, nor inherit it from his fathers, for David had never a good son, nor Solomon a wise one. It must be won, each man toiling for himself. But many are born of the ignorant and the poor; they see not how to gain this pearl for themselves; as things now are, they find no institution to aid them, and thus grow up and die bodies, and no more. The good sense, the manly energy of the natives of New England, their courage, and fortitude, and faith, — the brain

in the head, the brain in the hand, have hitherto made them successful in all they undertake. We have attained physical comfort to such a degree that the average duration of human life with us is many times greater than in Italy, the most civilized of States sixteen centuries ago; physical comfort with philanthropists then never dreamed of in their gayest visions. We have attained also a measure of political and civil freedom, to which the fairest States of antiquity, whether in Greece, Egypt, or Judea, were all strangers; civil freedom which neither the Roman nor Athenian sage deemed possible in his ideal State. Is it, then, too much to hope, — reasoning from the past, — that when the exhaustless energies of the American mind are turned to this subject, we shall go further still, and under these more favorable circumstances, rear up a noble population, where all shall be not only well fed, but well instructed also, where all classes, rich and poor, if they wish, may obtain the fairest culture of all their powers, and men be free in fact as well as in name? Certainly he must have the gift of prophecy, who shall tell us this *cannot* be. As we look back there is much in the retrospect to wound and make us bleed. But what then? what is not behind is before us. A future, to be worked for and won, is better than a past, to be only remembered.

If we look at the analogies of nature, all is full of encouragement. Each want is provided for at the table God spreads for his many children. Every sparrow in the fields of New England has "scope and verge enough," and a chance to be all its organization will allow. Can it be, then, that man, — of more value than many sparrows, — of greater worth than the whole external creation, — must of necessity have no chance

to be all his nature will allow, but that seven eighths of the human family are doomed to be "cabined, cribbed, confined;" kept on short allowance of every thing but hard work, with no chance to obtain manhood, but forced to be always dwarfs and pigmies, manikins in intellect, not men? Let us beware how we pay God in Cæsar's pence, and fasten on eternal wisdom what is the reproach of our folly, selfishness, and sin. The old maxim that any one, — class or individual, — must be subservient to the State, sacrificed to the sin and interest of the mass, — that kindred doctrine, — a fit corollary, — that he who works with the hand can do little else, is a foul libel on nature and nature's God. It came from a state of things false to its very bottom. Pity we had not left it there. We are all gifted with vast faculties, which we are sent into this world to mature; and if there is any occupation in life which precludes a man from the harmonious development of all his faculties, that occupation is false before Reason and Christianity, and the sooner it ends the better.

We all know there are certain things which society owes to each man in it. Among them are a defence from violence; justice in matters between man and man; a supply of comforts for the body, when the man is unable to acquire them for himself; remuneration for what society takes away. Our policy, equally wise and humane, attempts to provide them for the humblest child that is born amongst us, and in almost every case these four things are actually provided. But there is one more excellent gift which society owes to each; that is a chance to obtain the best education the man's nature will allow and the community afford. To what end shall we protect a man's body from war and mid-

night violence; to what end give him justice in the courthouse; repay him for what society takes to itself; to what end protect him from cold and hunger, and nakedness and want, if he is left in ignorance, with no opportunity to improve in head, or heart, or soul? If this opportunity be not given, the man might, as it were, bring an action before heaven's high chancery, and say, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not. Ignorant, — ye would not instruct me. Weak and unarmed, — ye put me in the forefront of the battle, where my utter ruin was unavoidable; I had strong passions, which ye did not give me religion to charm down. I waxed wicked, and was scarred all over with the leprosy of sin, but ye took no pity on me. I hungered and thirsted after the bread of life, — not knowing my need, — ye gave me a stone, — the walls of a jail, — and I died ignominious and unpitied, the victim of society, not its foe."

Here, in Massachusetts, it seems generally admitted, the State owes each man the opportunity to begin an education of himself. This notion has erected the fair and beautiful fabric of our free schools; the cradle of freedom; the hope of the poor; the nursery of that spirit which upholds all that is good in Church and State. But as yet only a beginning is made. We are still on short allowance of wisdom and cultivation; not a gill of water a day for each man. Our system of popular education, even where it is most perfect, is not yet in harmony with the great American idea, which has fought our battles with the elements, built up our institutions, and made us a great people. It is an old transatlantic system of education, which is too often followed, not congenial with our soil, our atmosphere, our people. From feudal times and governments which

knew little of the value of the human soul, the equality of all before God, the equal rights of strong and weak, their equal claims for a manly education, — from them we have derived the notion, that only a few need a liberal, generous education, and that these few must be the children of wealth, or the well-born sons of genius, who have many hands and dauntless courage, and faith to remove mountains, who live on difficulties, and, like gravitation itself, burst through all impediments. There will always be men whom nothing can keep uneducated; men like Franklin and Bowditch, who can break down every obstacle; men gifted with such tenacity of resolution; such vigor of thought; such power of self-control, they live on difficulties, and seem strongest when fed most abundantly with that rugged fare; men that go forth strong as the sun and as lonely, nor brook to take assistance from the world of men. For such no provision is needed. They fight their own battles, for they are born fully armed, terrible from their very beginning. To them difficulty is nothing. Poverty but makes them watchful. Shut out from books and teachers, — they have instructors in the birds and beasts, and whole Vatican libraries in the trees and stones. They fear no discouragement. They go on the errand God sent them, trusting in him to bless the gift he gave. They beat the mountain of difficulty into dust, and get the gem it could not hide from an eye piercing as Argus. But these men are rare, — exceptions to the rule; strong souls in much-enduring flesh. Others, of greater merit perhaps, but less ruggedness of spirit, less vigor of body, who cannot live with no sympathy but the silent eloquence of nature, and God's rare visitations of the inner man, require the aid of some institutions to take them up where common schools let them

fall, and bear them on till they can walk alone. Over many a village churchyard in the midst of us it may still be writ, with no expression of contingency,

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
>
> But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,
> *Chill penury repressed their noble rage,*
> *And froze the genial current of the soul.*"

To have a perfect people, said pagan Plato, we must have perfect institutions, which means, in plain English, to enable laboring men and women to obtain a good education, we must have some institutions to go further than our common schools.

But this great subject of public education as yet excites but little interest among us. The talk made about it, by a few wise and good men, proves only that we have it not. It is only lost goods that men cry in the streets. We acknowledge that we have no scholars to match the learned clerks of other lands, where old institutions and the abundant leisure of the wealthy, have trained men to accomplishment and skill we never reach. We boast, and with reason, of the superior education of the great mass of men and women with us. Certain it is that learning is more marked for its diffusion in the mass, than its accumulation in the individual. It is with it as with bread in a besieged city. Each person gets a mouthful, but not one a full meal. This, no doubt, is better than it would be for many to perish with hunger, while a few had enough and to

spare. Some other countries are worse off in this particular than ourselves. The more the pity. We may rather weep for them than rejoice for ourselves. We can only boast of building poorly on the foundation our fathers laid, — laid so nobly in their toil and want and war. An absolute monarch in Europe, recently deceased, not holding his place by the people's choice, but kept on his throne by hired bayonets, and, therefore, feeling no *judicial* accountability to them; indebted to a large amount, has yet done more for the education of all classes of his people, than all the politicians of the twenty-six States have done with the wealth of the public lands and the surplus revenue before them, and the banner of freedom over their heads. We have orators enough to declaim at the corners of the street about the War of Independence, — now the blows are all over; and the sins of George III., — now he is dead and forgotten; in favor of a "National Bank" or a "Sub-treasury," — as the popular current happens to set; but very few to take up the holy and neglected cause of education, insisting that all men, rich and poor, and low and high, shall receive this priceless boon. Alas for us! These few are received with cold hands and empty houses, while the village brawler, ranting of politics, collects the huzzaing crowd from nine towns round. The reason is plain; there are *ins* for those out, and *outs* for those in. A "National Bank" and a "Sub-treasury" have dollars in them, — at least the people are told that it is so, — men hope to get dollars out of them. While the most "promising" friend of education offers only wisdom, virtue, religion, things that never appear in the price-current, and will not weigh down an ounce in the town-scales. We know the worth of dollars, — which is something, yes, it is much. Give the dollars their

due. But alas, the worth of educated men and women we do not know!

The fact that in our country and these times men find it necessary to leave a particular calling, which they like, and for which they are fitted by nature and choice, — that of a shoemaker, a blacksmith, or a tanner, — and enter one of the three professions, for which they have no fondness, nor even capacity, solely for the sake of an education, — shows very plainly into what a false position we have been brought. We often lay the blame on Providence, and it seems generally thought to be a law of the Most High, that a man, with the faculties of an angel, should be born into the world, and live in it threescore years and ten, in the blameless pursuit of some calling, indispensable to society, and yet die out of it without possibility of developing and maturing these faculties, thus at the last rather ending a long death, than completing a life. This seems no enactment of that Lawgiver. He made man upright, and *we* have sought out many inventions, some of them very foolish. As things now are, an excellent brazier, a tolerable tinker or tailor is often spoiled to make an indifferent lawyer, a sluggish physician, — coadjutor of death, — or a parson, whose "drowsy tinkling lulls the distant fold," solely because these men, — innocent of sinister designs, — wanted an education, which, as things were, could not readily be got in the trade, but came as a requisite in the profession. Now, in all countries, the mass of men must work; in our land, they must work and rule likewise. Some method must, therefore, be found to educate this mass, or it is plain our free institutions must go to the ground, for ignorance and freedom cannot exist together more than fire and water in the same vessel.

No doubt we have done much. But how much more remains to be done! That absolute monarch, before spoken of, has done more than all the free Americans in this matter, and made his people our superiors in almost every department of intellectual, moral, and religious education. The American mind has never yet been applied in earnest to this great work, as to commerce, and clearing land, building factories and railroads. We do not yet realize the necessity of educating all men. Accordingly, men destined for the "learned" professions, as they are called, hasten through the preparatory studies thereof, and come half educated to the work. The laboring man starts with a very small capital of knowledge or mental skill, and then thinks he has no time for any thing but work; never reads a book which has thought in it; never attempts to make his trade teach him, "getting and spending, he lays waste his powers." Children are hurried from the common school just as they begin to learn, and thus half its benefits are lost. The old rule, that "what is gained in time is lost in power," is quite as true in education as in Mechanics, as our experience is teaching us at great cost. Since the advantages of the common school are not fully enjoyed, many, whose voices might be heard, do not see the necessity of a higher series of free schools, — at least one in a county, — which should do for all what the college now does for a part. Those only feel the want of such who are without voice in the Commonwealth, whose cry only Heaven hears. If such existed, or even without them, if the common schools were what all might be and some are, and their advantages properly used, then the mechanic, the farmer, the shopkeeper might start with a good capital of knowledge, good habits of study, and

his trade, if temperately pursued, would teach him as much as the professions teach men embarked therein. Were two men of the same ability, and the same intellectual discipline, to embark in life, one a clergyman and the other a farmer, each devoting eight or ten hours a day to his vocation, spending the rest of his time in the same wise way, the superiority in twenty years could scarcely be on the clergyman's side.

But besides this lack of mental capital, with which laboring men set out in life, there is another evil, and even greater, which comes of the mechanical and material tendency of our countrymen at this time. They ask a result which they can see and handle, and since wisdom and all manly excellence are not marketable nor visible commodities, they say they have no time for mental culture. A young mechanic, coming into one of our large country towns, and devoting all the spare time he could snatch from labor or sleep to hard study, — was asked by an older companion, "What do you want to be?" supposing he wished to be a constable, or a captain, or a member of the "great and general court," it may be. The answer was, "I wish to be a man." "A man!" exclaimed the questioner, thinking his friend had lost his wits. "A man! are you not twenty-one years old and six feet high?" Filled with this same foolish notion, men are willing to work so many hours of the blessed day, that the work enslaves the man. He becomes hands, — and hands only, a passive drudge, — who can eat, drink, and vote. The popular term for working men, "Hands," is not without meaning; a mournful meaning, too, if a man but thinks of it. He reads little, — that of unprofitable matter, and thinks still less than he reads. He is content to do nothing but work. So old age of body comes upon him before

the prime years of life, and imbecility of spirit long before that period. That human flesh and blood continue to bear such a state of things, whence change is easy, this is no small marvel. The fact, that wise men and Christian men do not look these matters in the face, and seek remedies for evils so wide spread, proves some sad things of the state of wisdom and Christianity with us.

Many laboring men now feel compelled to toil all of the weekdays with such severity, that no time is left for thought and meditation, — the processes of mental growth, and their discipline of mind is not perfect enough to enable them to pursue this process, while about their manual work. One man in the village, despising a manly growth of his whole nature, devotes himself exclusively to work, and so in immediate results surpasses his wiser competitor, who, feeling that he is not a body alone, but a soul in a body, would have time for reading, study, and the general exercise and culture of his best gifts. The wiser man, ashamed to be distanced by his less gifted neighbor; afraid too of public opinion, which still counts beef and brandy better than a wise mind and a beautiful soul; unwilling to wear coarse raiment and fare like a hermit, that his mind be bravely furnished within and sumptuously fed, — devotes himself also exclusively to his toil, and the evil spreads. The few men with us, who have leisure enough and to spare, rarely devote it to the Christian work of lightening the burdens of their brethren. Rather by withdrawing their necks from the common yoke, do they increase the weight for such as are left faithful. Hence the evil yearly becomes worse, — as some men fear, — and the working man finds his time for study abridged more and more. Even the use of machinery

has hitherto done little good in this respect, to the class that continues to work. Give a child a new knife, he will only cut himself. The sacramental sin of the educated and wealthy amongst us, is the notion, that work with the hands is disgraceful. While they seek to avoid the "disgrace," others must do more than their natural share. The lazy man wastes his leisure; the industrious, who does his work, has no leisure to enjoy. Affairs will never take their true shape, nor the laboring class have an opportunity to obtain the culture reason demands for them, until sounder notions of labor, and a more equitable division thereof prevail. When he works who is fit, and he thinks who can, Thought and Labor may go hand in hand. The peaceful and gradual change already apparent, will doubtless effect the object in time, and for such an issue the world can afford to wait some few years. It is common, as it is easy and wicked, to throw the whole blame of this matter on the rich and educated. But this sin belongs to the whole community; though it must be most heavily charged upon the strongest heads, who should think for the weak, and help them think for themselves.

But even now much may be done, if men gather up the fragments of time. The blessed Sabbath, — in spite of the superstitious abuse thereof, the most valuable relic the stream of time has brought us, — in half a century allows more than seven solid years redeemed from toil. There are the long nights of winter, the frequent periods when inclement weather forbids labor in the fields. All of these, taken together, afford a golden opportunity to him who, having previous instruction, has resolution to employ it well. Books, too, those "ships of thought," that sail majestic on through time and space, bear their rich treasure down to old and young,

landing them upon every shore. Their magic influence reaches all who will open their arms. The blessing they bring may quicken the laborer's mind, and place him where he did not stand before. The thought of others stirs his thought. His lamp is lit at some great thinker's urn, and glitters with perennial glow. Toil demands his hands; it leaves his thought fetterless and free. To the instructed man his trade is a study; the tools of his craft are books; his farm a gospel, eloquent, in its sublime silence; his cattle and corn his teachers; the stars his guides to virtue and to God, and every mute and every living thing, by shore or sea, a heaven-sent prophet to refine his mind and heart. He is in harmony with nature, and his education goes on with the earth and the hours. Many such there are in the lanes and villages of New England. They are the hope of the land. But these are the favored sons of genius who, under ill-starred circumstances, make a church and a college of their daily work. To all, as things now are, this is not possible. But when all men see the dignity of manual work, few will be so foolish as to refuse the privilege of labor, though many are now wicked enough to shrink from it as a burden. Then it will be a curse to none, but a blessing to all. Then there will be time enough for all to live as men; the meat will not be reckoned more than the life, nor the soul wasted to pamper the flesh. Then some institution, not yet devised, may give the mass of men a better outfit of education, and art supply what nature did not give, and no man, because he toils with his hands, be forced to live a body, and no more.

The education which our people need, apart from strength and skill in their peculiar craft, consists in culture of mind, of the moral and the religious nature. What

God has joined can never safely be put asunder. Without the aid of practised moral principle what mental education can guide the man; without the comfort and encouragement of religion what soul, however well endowed with intellectual and moral accomplishments, can stand amid the ceaseless wash of contending doubts, passions, interests, and fears? All partial education is false. Such as would cultivate the mind alone soon fail of the end. The ship spreads wide her canvas, but has neither ballast nor helm. It has been said the education of the laboring class is safe neither for the nation nor the class, and if only the understanding is cultivated, there is a shadow of truth somewhere about the remark. An educated knave or pirate is, no doubt, more dangerous than a knave or pirate not educated. It appears in some countries that crime increases with education. This fact has caused the foes of the human race to shout long and loud, and the noise of their shouting comes over the Atlantic to alarm us. The result could have been foreseen when the education was intellectual chiefly. But even then, great crimes, against the human person, become rare, and who shall say the increased crimes against property, have not come from the false system on which property is held, quite as much as from the false system of education? Still the grand rule holds good, that intellectual education alone is fearfully insufficient. Let the whole nature of man be developed. Educate only the moral nature, — men are negatively virtuous, as a dead man will neither lie nor steal. They who seek only religious education soon degenerate into bigots, and become the slaves of superstition, the tools of designing and crafty men, as both ancient and recent history assures us. Man only is manlike, and able to realize

the idea for which he was made, when he unfolds all of his powers, Mind, Heart, and Soul; thinks, feels, and worships as Reason, Conscience, and Religion demand, thus uniting in himself the three great ideas of the True, the Good, and the Holy, which make up the sum of Beauty, the altogether beautiful of mortal life.

It is to be believed the American mind will one day be turned to its greatest object, the rearing up of a manly people, worthy to tread these hills, and breathe this air, and worship in the temples our fathers built, and lie down in their much honored graves. Who shall say the dream of men, now regarded as visionary, shall not one day become a reality blessed and beautiful? If the unconquerable energies of our people were turned to this work; if the talent and industry so profusely squandered on matters of no pith or moment, or wasted in petty quarrels, during a single session of Congress; if half the enthusiasm and zeal, spent in a single presidential election, were all turned to devise better means of educating the people, we cannot help thinking matters would soon wear a very different aspect.

One of two conclusions we must accept. Either God made man with desires that cannot be gratified on earth, — and which yet are his best and most godlike desires, and then man stands in frightful contradiction with all the rest of nature; or else it is possible for all the men and women of every class to receive a complete education of the faculties God gave them, and then the present institutions and opinions of society on this matter of education are all wrong, contrary to reason and the law of God. There are some good men, and religious men, doubtless, who think that in this respect matters can never be much mended, that

the senses must always overlay the soul, the strong crush the weak, and the mass of men, who do all the work of the world, must ever be dirty and ignorant, and find little but toil and animal comfort, till they go where the servant is free from his master, and the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. These men represent the despair and the selfishness of society. If the same thing that has been must be; if the future must be just like the past; if falsehood and sin are eternal, and truth and goodness ephemeral creatures of to-day, — then these men are right, and the sooner we renounce all hope of liberty, give up all love of wisdom, and call Christianity a lie, — a hideous lie, — why the sooner the better. Let us never fear to look things in the face, and call them by their true names. But there are other men, who say the past did its work, and we will do ours. We will not bow to its idols, though they fell from the clouds; nor accept its limitations, though Lycurgus made poor provision, and Numa none at all, for the education of the people; we will not stop at its landmarks, nor construct ourselves in its image, for we also are men. While we take, gratefully, whatever past times bring us, we will get what we can grasp, and never be satisfied. These men represent the hope and the benevolence there is in man. If they are right, the truths of Reason are not a whim; aspiration after perfection is more than a dream; Christianity not a lie, but the eternal Truth the All-seeing has writ for his children's welfare. God not a tyrant, but the Father of all. The sooner these men are on their feet, and about their work, to reinstate fallen mankind, the better for themselves and the world. They may take counsel of their hopes always; of their fears never.

But there are difficulties in the way of education, as in all ways but that to destruction. There is no panacea to educate the race in a moment, and with no trouble. It is slow work, the old way of each man toiling for himself, with labor and self-denial and many prayers; the Christian way of the strong helping the weak, thinking for them, and aiding them to think for themselves. Some children can scramble up the mountain alone, but others the parents must carry in their arms. The way is for wise men to think and toil, and toil and think, remembering that "Zeno and Chrysippus did greater things," says Seneca, "in their studies, than if they had led armies, borne offices, or given laws, which indeed they did, not to one city alone, but to all mankind." There are great difficulties to be overcome, as M. Pastoret, a French judge has said, respecting improvements in the law, "We have also to encounter mediocrity, which knows nothing but its old routine; always ready to load with reproaches such as have the courage to raise their thoughts and observations above the level to which itself is condemned. 'These are innovators,' it exclaims. 'This is an innovation,' say the reproducers of old ideas, with a smile of contempt. Every project of reform is, in their eyes, the result of ignorance or insanity, and the most compassionate it is who condescends to accuse you of what they call the bewilderment of your understanding. 'They think themselves wiser than their fathers,' says one, and with that the matter seems decided." Still the chief obstacle is found in the low, material aims of our countrymen, which make them willing to toil eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, even eighteen hours of the day, for the body, and not one for the mind; in the popular notion, that he who works with the hand can do nothing else. No

doubt it is hard work to overcome these difficulties; slow work to get round them. But there are many encouragements for the work, — our freedom from war; the abundance of physical comfort in our land; the restless activity of the American mind, which requires only right direction; in the facility with which books are printed and circulated; in the free schools, which have already done so vast and beautiful a work; in the free spirit of our institutions, which have hitherto made us victorious everywhere; but above all, in that religion which was first revealed to a carpenter, earliest accepted by fishermen, most powerfully set forth by a tent-maker, — that religion which was the Bethlehem-star of our fathers, their guide and their trust, which has nothing to fear, but every thing to hope from knowledge wide spread among the people, and which only attains its growth and ripens its fruit when all are instructed, mind, heart, and soul. With such encouragement who will venture to despair?

IX.

HOW TO MOVE THE WORLD.

One day a philosopher came to Athens, from a far country, to learn the ways of the wonderful Greeks, and perhaps to teach them the great lore he treasured in his heart. The wise men heard him; sought his company in the gardens; talked with him in private. The young men loved him. He passed for a wonder with that wonder-loving people. Among those that followed him, was the son of Sophroniscus, an ill-favored young man, a mechanic of humble rank. He was one of the few that understood the dark, Oriental doctrines of the Sage, when he spoke of God, Man, Freedom, Goodness, of the Life that never dies. The young man saw these doctrines were pregnant with actions, and would one day work a Revolution in the affairs of men, disinheriting many an ancient sin now held legitimate.

So he said to himself, when he saw a man rich or famous, — Oh, that I also were rich, and famous, I would move the world so soon. Here are sins to be plucked up and truths to be planted. Oh that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon. Yet he did nothing but wait for Wealth and Fame. One day

the Sage heard him complain with himself, and said, Young man, thou speakest as silly women. This Gospel of God is writ for all. LET HIM THAT WOULD MOVE THE WORLD MOVE FIRST HIMSELF. He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him, and gets more as the world gets on. It asks neither Wealth nor Fame, to live out a noble life, at the end of thy lane in Athens. Make thy Light thy Life; thy Thought, Action; others will come round. Thou askest a place to stand on hereafter and move the world. Foolish young man, take it where thou standest, and begin now. So the work shall go forward. Reform thy little self, and thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not thy work shall die!

The youth took the hint; reformed himself of his coarseness, his sneers, of all meanness that was in him. His Idea became his Life; and that blameless and lovely. His Truth passed into the public mind as the sun into the air. His Acorn is the father of Forests. His influence passes like morning, from continent to continent, and the rich and the poor are blessed by the light and warmed by the life of Socrates, though they know not his name.

X.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.*

THERE are some ages when all seem to look for a great man to come up at God's call, and deliver them from the evils they groan under. Then Humanity seems to lie with its forehead in the dust, calling on Heaven to send a man to save it. There are times when the powers of the race, though working with their wonted activity, appear so misdirected, that little permanent good comes from the efforts of the gifted; times when governments have little regard for the welfare of the subject, when popular forms of Religion have lost their hold on the minds of the thoughtful, and the consecrated augurs, while performing the accustomed rites, dare not look one another in the face, lest they laugh in public, and disturb the reverence of the people, their own having gone long before. Times there are, when the popular Religion does not satisfy the hunger and thirst of the people themselves. Then mental energy seems of little value, save to disclose and chronicle the sadness of the times. No great works of deep and wide utility are then undertaken for existing or

* From the Dial for January, 1842.

future generations. Original works of art are not sculptured out of new thought. Men fall back on the achievements of their fathers; imitate and reproduce them, but take no steps in any direction into the untrodden infinite. Though Wealth and Selfishness pile up their marble and mortar as never before, yet the chisel, the pencil, and the pen, are prostituted to imitation. The artist does not travel beyond the actual. At such times, the rich are wealthy, only to be luxurious and dissolve the mind in the lusts of the flesh. The cultivated have skill and taste, only to mock, openly or in secret, at the forms of religion and its substance also; to devise new pleasures for themselves; pursue the study of some abortive science, some costly game, or dazzling art. When the people suffer for water and bread, the king digs fish-pools, that his parasites may fare on lampreys of unnatural size. Then the Poor are trodden down into the dust. The Weak bear the burden of the strong, and they, who do all the work of the world, who spin, and weave, and delve, and drudge, who build the palace, and supply the feast, are the only men that go hungry and bare, live uncared for, and when they die, are huddled into the dirt, with none to say GOD BLESS YOU. Such periods have occurred several times in the world's history.

At these times man stands in frightful contrast with nature. He is dissatisfied, ill-fed, and poorly clad; while all nature through, there is not an animal, from the Mite to the Mammoth, but his wants are met and his peace secured by the great Author of all. Man knows not whom to trust, while the little creature that lives its brief moment in the dew-drop, which hangs on the violet's petal, enjoys perfect tranquillity so long as its little life runs on. Man is in doubt, distress, per-

petual trouble; afraid to go forward, lest he go wrong; fearful of standing still, lest he fall; while the meanest worm, that crawls under his feet, is all and enjoys all its nature allows, and the stars overhead go smoothly as ever on their way.

At such times, men call for a great man, who can put himself at the head of their race, and lead them on, free from their troubles. There is a feeling in the heart of us all, that as Sin came by man, and Death by Sin, so by man, under Providence, must come also Salvation from that Sin, and Resurrection from that Death. We feel, all of us, that for every wrong, there is a right somewhere, had we but the skill to find it. This call for a great man is sometimes long and loud, before he comes, for he comes not of man's calling but of God's appointment.

This was the state of mankind many centuries ago, before Jesus was born at Bethlehem. Scarce ever had there been an age, when a deliverer was more needed. The world was full of riches. Wealth flowed into the cities, a Pactolian tide. Fleets swam the ocean. The fields were full of cattle and corn. The high-piled warehouse at Alexandria and Corinth groaned with the munitions of luxury, the product of skilful hands. Delicate women, the corrupted and the corrupters of the world's metropolis, scarce veiled their limbs in garments of gossamer, fine as woven wind. Metals and precious stones vied with each other to render Loveliness more lovely, and Beauty more attractive, or oftener to stimulate a jaded taste, and whip the senses to their work. Nature, with that exquisite irony men admire but cannot imitate — used the virgin lustre of the gem, to reveal more plain, the moral ugliness of such as wore the gaud. The very marble seemed animate to bud and blossom

into Palace and Temple. But alas for man in those days! The Strong have always known one part of their duty, — how to take care of themselves; and so have laid burdens on weak men's shoulders, but the more difficult part, how to take care of the weak, their natural clients, they neither knew nor practised so well even as now. If the history of the Strong is ever written, as such, it will be the record of rapine and murder, from Cain to Cush, from Nimrod to Napoleon.

In that age men cried for a great man, and wonderful to tell, the prophetic spirit of human nature, which detects events in their causes, and by its profound faith in the invisible, sees both the cloud and the star, before they come up to the horizon, — foretold the advent of such a man. "An ancient and settled opinion," says a Roman writer, "had spread over all the East, that it was fated at this time, for some one to arise out of Judea, and rule the world." We find this expectation in many shapes, psalm and song, poem and prophecy. We sometimes say this prediction was miraculous, while it appears rather as the natural forecast of hearts, which believe God has a remedy for each disease, and balm for every wound. The expectation of relief is deep and certain with such, just as the evil is imminent and dreadful. If it have lasted long and spread wide, men only look for a greater man. This fact shows how deep in the soul lies that religious element, which sees clearest in the dark, when understanding cannot see at all; which hopes most, when there is least ground, but most need of hope. But men go too far in their expectations. Their Faith stimulates their Fancy, which foretells what the deliverer shall be. In this, men are always mistaken. Heaven has endowed the race of men with but little invention. So in those times of

trouble, they look back to the last peril, and hope for a redeemer like him they had before; greater it may be, but always of the same kind. This same poverty of invention and habit of thinking the future must reproduce the past, appears in all human calculations. If some one had told the amanuensis of Julius Cæsar, that in eighteen centuries, men would be able in a few hours to make a perfect copy of a book twenty times as great as all his master's commentaries and history, he would pronounce it impossible; for he could think of none but the old method of a Scribe forming each word with a pen, letter by letter; never anticipating the modern way of printing with a rolling press driven by steam. So if some one had told Joab, that two thousand years after his day, men in war would kill one another with a missile half an ounce in weight, and would send it three or four hundred yards, driving it through a shirt of mail, or a ploughshare of iron, he would think but of a common bow and arrows, and say it cannot be. What would Zeuxis have thought of a portrait made in thirty seconds, exact as nature, pencilled by the Sun himself? Now men make mistakes in their expectation of a deliverer. The Jews were once raised to great power by David, and again rescued from distress and restored from exile by Cyrus, a great conqueror and a just man. Therefore the next time they fell into trouble, they expected another King like David, or Cyrus, who should come, perhaps in the clouds, with a great army to do much more than either David or Cyrus had done. This was the current expectation, that when the Redeemer came, he should be a great general, commander of an army, King of the Jews. He was to restore the exiles, defeat their foes, and revive the old theocracy to which other nations should be subservient.

Their deliverer comes; but instead of a noisy general, a king begirt with the pomp of oriental royalty, there appears one of the lowliest of men. His Kingdom was of Truth, and therefore not of this world. He drew no sword; uttered no word of violence; did not complain when persecuted, but took it patiently; did not exact a tooth for a tooth, nor pay a blow with a blow, but loved men who hated him. This conqueror, who was to come with great pomp, perhaps in the clouds, with an army numerous as the locusts, at whose every word, kingdoms were to shake — appears; born in a stable, of the humblest extraction; the companion of fishermen, living in a town, whose inhabitants were so wicked, men thought nothing good could come of it. The means he brought for the salvation of his race were quite as surprising as the Saviour himself; not armies on earth, or in heaven; not even new tables of laws; but a few plain directions, copied out from the primitive and eternal Scripture God wrote in the heart of man, — the true Protevangelium, — LOVE MAN; LOVE GOD; RESIST NOT EVIL; ASK AND RECEIVE. These were the weapons with which to pluck the oppressor down from his throne; to destroy the conquerors of the world; dislodge sin from high places and low places; uplift the degraded, and give weary and desperate human nature a fresh start! How disappointed men would have looked, could it have been made clear to them, that this was now the only deliverer Heaven was sending to their rescue. But this could not be; their recollection of past deliverance, and their prejudice of the future based on this recollection, blinded their eyes. They said, "This is not he; when the Christ cometh no man shall know whence he is. But we know this is the Nazarene carpenter, the Son of Joseph and Mary." Men treated

this greatest of Saviours as his humble brothers had always been treated. Even his disciples were not faithful; one betrayed him with a kiss; the rest forsook him and fled; his enemies put him to death, adding ignominy to their torture, and little thinking this was the most effectual way to bring about the end he sought, and scatter the seed, whence the whole race was to be blessed for many a thousand years.

There is scarce any thing in nature more astonishing to a reflective mind, than the influence of one man's thought and feeling over another, and on thousands of his fellows. There are few voices in the world, but many echoes, and so the history of the world is chiefly the rise and progress of the thoughts and feelings of a few great men. Let a man's outward position be what it may, that of a Slave or a King, or an apparent idler in a busy Metropolis, if he have more Wisdom, Love, and Religion, than any of his fellow-mortals, their Mind, Heart, and Soul are put in motion even against their will, and they cannot stand where they stood before, though they close their eyes never so stiffly. The general rule holds doubly strong in this particular case. This poor Galilean peasant, son of the humblest people, born in an ox's crib; who at his best estate had not where to lay his head; who passed for a fanatic with his townsmen, and even with his brothers, — children of the same parents; — who was reckoned a lunatic — a very madman, or counted as one possessed of a devil, by grave, respectable folk about Jerusalem; who was put to death as a Rebel and Blasphemer at the instance of Pharisees, the High-priest, and other sacerdotal functionaries — he stirred men's mind, heart, and soul, as none before nor since has done, and produced a revolu-

tion in human affairs, which is even now greater than all other revolutions, though it has hitherto done but a little of its work.

He looked trustfully up to the Father of all. Because he was faithful God inspired him, till his judgment, in religious matters, seems to have become certain as instinct, infallible as the law of gravitation, and his will irresistible, because it was no longer partial, but God's will flowing through him. He gave voice to the new thought which streamed on him, asking no question whether Moses or Solomon, in old time, had thought as he; nor whether Gamaliel and Herod would vouch for the doctrine now. He felt that in him was something greater than Moses or Solomon, and he did not, as many have done, dishonor the greater, to make a solemn mockery of serving the less. He spoke what he felt, fearless as Truth. He lived in blameless obedience to his sentiment and his principle. With him there was no great gulf between Thought and Action, Duty and Life. If he saw Sin in the land, — and when or where could he look and not see that last of the giants? — he gave warning to all who would listen. Before the single eye of this man, still a youth, the reverend vails fell off from antiquated falsehood; the looped and windowed livery of Abraham dropped from recreant limbs, and the child of the Devil stood there, naked but not unshamed. He saw that blind men, the leaders and the led, were hastening to the same ditch. Well might he weep for the slain of his people, and cry, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" Few heard his cries, for it seems fated, that when the Son of Man comes he shall *not* find faith on the Earth. Pity alike for the oppressed and the oppressor, — and a boundless love, even for the unthankful and the merciless, burned in his breast, and

shed their light and warmth wherever he turned his face. His thought was heavenly; his life only revealed his thought. His soul appeared in his words, on which multitudes were fed. Prejudice itself confessed — "never man spake like this." His feeling and his thought assumed a form more beauteous still, and a whole divine life was wrought out on the earth, and stands there yet, the imperishable type of human achievement, the despair of the superstitious, but the Way, the Truth, and the Life to holy souls. His word of doctrine was uttered gently as the invisible dew comes down on the rose of Engaddi, but it told as if a thunderbolt smote the globe. It brought fire and sword to the dwelling-place of hoary Sin. Truth sweeps clean off every refuge of lies, that she may do her entire work.

A few instances show how these words wrought in the world. The sons of Zebedee were so ambitious they would arrogate to themselves the first place in the new kingdom, thinking it a realm where selfishness should hold dominion, — so bloody-minded, they would call down fire from Heaven to burn up such men as would not receive the Teacher. But the Spirit of gentleness subdues the selfish passion, and the son of thunder becomes the gentle John, who says only, "Little children, love one another." This same word passes into Simon Peter also, the crafty, subtle, hasty, selfish son of Jonas; the first to declare the Christ; the first to promise fidelity, but the first likewise to deny him, and the first to return to his fishing. It carries this disciple — though perhaps never wholly regenerated — all over the Eastern world; and he, who had shrunk from the fear of persecution, now glories therein, and counts it all joy, when he falls into trouble on account of the word. With Joseph of Arimathea "an honorable coun-

sellor," and Nicodemus "a ruler of the Jews," the matter took another turn. We never hear of them in the history of trial. They slunk back into the Synagogue, it may be; wore garments long as before, and phylacteries of the broadest; were called of men "Rabbi," "sound, honorable men, who knew what they were about," "men not to be taken in." It is not of such men God makes Reformers, Apostles, Prophets. It is not for such pusillanimous characters, to plunge into the cold, hard stream of Truth, as it breaks out of the mountain and falls from the rock of ages. They wait till the stream widens to a river, the river expands its accumulated waters to a lake, quiet as a mirror. Then they confide themselves in their delicate and trim-wrought skiff to its silvery bosom, to be wafted by gentle winds into a quiet haven of repose. Such men do not take up Truth, when she has fallen by the way-side. It might grieve their friends. It would compromise their interests; would not allow them to take their ease in their inn, for such they regard their station in the world. Besides, the thing was new. How could Joseph and Nicodemus foretell it would prevail? It might lead to disturbance; its friends fall into trouble. The Kingdom of Heaven offered no safe "investment" for ease and reputation, as now. Doubtless there were in Jerusalem great questionings of heart among Pharisees, and respectable men, Scribes and Doctors of the law, when they heard of the new teacher and his doctrine so deep and plain. There must have been a severe struggle in many bosoms, between the conviction of duty and social sympathies which bound the man to what was most cherished by flesh and blood.

The beautiful Gospel found few adherents and little toleration with men learned in the law, burdened with

its minute intricacies, devoted to the mighty consideration of small particulars. But the true disciples of the inward life felt the word, which others only listened for, and they could not hush up the matter. It would not be still. So they took up the ark of truth, where Jesus set it down, and bore it on. They perilled their lives. They left all — comfort, friends, home, wife, the embraces of their children — the most precious comfort the poor man gets out of the cold, hard world; they went naked and hungry; were stoned and spit upon; scourged in the synagogues; separated from the company of the sons of Abraham; called the vilest of names; counted as the offscouring of the world. But it did them good. This was the sifting Satan gave the disciples, and the chaff went its way, as chaff always does; but the seed-wheat fell into good ground, and now nations are filled with bread which comes of the Apostles' sowing and watering, and God giving the increase.

To some men the spread of Christianity in two centuries appears wonderful. To others it is the most natural thing in the world. It could not help spreading. Things most needful to all are the easiest to comprehend, the world over. Thus every savage in Otaheite knows there is a God; while only four or five men in Christendom understand his nature, essence, personality, and "know all about Him!" Thus while the great work of a modern scholar, which explains the laws of the material heavens, has never probably been mastered by three hundred persons, and perhaps there is not now on earth half that number, who can read and understand it, without further preparation; the Gospel, the word of Jesus, which sets forth the laws of the soul, can be understood by any pious girl fourteen years old, of ordi-

nary intelligence, with no special preparation at all, and still forms the daily bread, and very life of whole millions of men.

Primitive Christianity was a very simple thing, apart from the individual errors connected with it; two great speculative maxims set forth its essential doctrines, "Love man," and "Love God." It had also two great practical maxims, which grew out of the speculative, "We that are strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak," and "We must give good for evil." These maxims lay at the bottom of the Apostles' minds, and the top of their hearts. These explain their conduct; account for their courage; give us the reason of their faith, their strength, their success. The proclaimers of these maxims set forth the life of a man in perfect conformity therewith. If their own practice fell short of their preaching, — which sometimes happens spite of their zeal, — there was the measure of a perfect man, to which they had not attained, but which lay in their future progress. Other matters which they preached, that there was one God; that the soul never dies, were known well enough before, and old heathens, in centuries gone by, had taught these doctrines quite as distinctly as the apostles, and the latter much more plainly than the Gospels. These new teachers had certain other doctrines peculiar to themselves, which hindered the course of truth more than they helped it, and which have perished with their authors.

No wonder the apostles prevailed with such doctrines, set off or recommended by a life, which — notwithstanding occasional errors — was single-hearted, lofty, full of self-denial and sincere manliness. "All men are brothers," said the Apostles; "their duty is to keep the law God wrote eternally on the heart, to keep this without

fear." The forms and rites they made use of; their love-feasts, and Lord's Suppers; their baptismal and funeral ceremonies, were things indifferent, of no value, save only as helps. Like the cloak Paul left behind at Troas, and the fishing-coat of Simon Peter, they were to serve their turn, and then be laid aside. They were no more to be perpetual, than the sheepskins and goat-skins, which likewise have apostolical authority in favor of their use. In an age of many forms, Christianity fell in with the times. It wore a Jewish dress at Jerusalem, and a Grecian costume at Thessalonica. It became all things to all men. Some rites of the early Church seem absurd as many of the latter; but all had a meaning once, or they would not have been. Men of New England would scarce be willing to worship as Barnabas and Clement did; nor could Bartholomew and Philip be satisfied with our simpler form it is possible. Each age of the world has its own way, which the next smiles at as ridiculous. Still the four maxims, mentioned above, give the spirit of primitive Christianity, the life of the Apostle's life.

It is not marvellous these men were reckoned unsafe persons. Nothing in the world is so dangerous and untractable in a false state of society, as one who loves man and God. You cannot silence him by threat or torture; nor scare him with any fear. Set in the stocks to-day, he harangues men in public to-morrow. "Herod will kill thee," says one. "Go and tell that fox, behold I cast out devils, and deceivers to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected," is the reply. Burn or behead such men, and out of their blood, and out of their ashes, there spring up others, who defy you to count them, and say, "come, kill us, if you list, we shall never be silent." Love begets love, the world over, and

martyrdom makes converts certain as steel sparks, when smitten against the flint. If a fire is to burn in the woods — let it be blown upon.

Primitive Christianity did not owe its spread to the address of its early converts. They boast of this fact. The Apostles, who held these four maxims, were plain men; very rough Galilean fishermen; rude in speech, and not over courteous in address, if we may credit the epistles of Paul and James. They had incorrect notions in many points, which both we and they deem vital. Some of them — perhaps all — expected a resurrection of the body; others, that the Jewish law, with its burdensome rites and ostentatious ceremonies, was to be perpetual, binding on all Christians and the human race. Some fancied — as it appears — that Jesus had expiated the sins of all mankind; others that he had existed before he was born into this world. These were doctrines of Jewish and Heathen parentage. All of these men — so far as the New Testament enables us to judge — looked for the visible return of Jesus to the earth, with clouds and great glory, and expected the destruction of the world, and that in very few years. These facts are very plain to all, who will read the epistles and gospels, in spite of the dust which interpreters cast in the eyes of common sense. Some apocryphal works, perhaps older than the canonical, certainly accepted as authentic in some of the early churches, relate the strangest marvels about the doings and sayings of Jesus, designing thereby to exhibit the greatness of his character, while they show how little that was understood. We all know what the canonical writings contain on this head, and from these two sources can derive much information, as to the state of

opinion among the apostles and their immediate successors. Simon Peter, notwithstanding his visions, seems always to have been in bondage to the law of sin and death, if we may trust Paul's statement in the epistle; James — if the letter be his — had irrational notions on some points, and even Paul, the largest-minded of them all, was not disposed to allow woman the rights, which Reason claims for the last creation of God. But what if these men were often mistaken, and sometimes on matters of great moment? We need not deny the fact, for the sake of an artificial theory snatched out of the air. It is not expedient to lie in behalf of truth, however common it has been. We need not fear Christianity shall fall, because Christians were mistaken in any age. Were human beings ever free from errors of opinion; imperfection in action? Has the nature of things changed, and did the earth bring forth superhuman men in the first century? It does not appear. But underneath these mistakes, errors, follies, of the Primitive Christians, there beat the noble heart of religious love, which sent life into their every limb. These maxims, they had learned from Jesus, seen exhibited in his life, found written on their heart, — these did the work, spite of the imperfection and passions of the apostles, Paul withstanding Peter to the face, and predicting events that never came to pass. The nobleness of the heart found its way up to the head, and neutralized errors of thought.

By means of these causes the doctrines spread. The expecting people felt their deliverer had come, and welcomed the glad tidings. Each year brought new converts to the work, and the zeal of the Christian burnt brighter with his success. Paul undertook many missions, and the word of God grew mightily and pre-

vailed. In him we see a striking instance of the power of real Christianity to recast the character. We cannot forbear to dwell a moment on the theme.

There are two classes of men, who come to Religion. Some seem to be born spiritual. They are aboriginal saints; natives of Heaven, whom accident has stranded on the earth; men of few passions, of no tendency to violence, anger, or excess in any thing. They do not hesitate, between right and wrong, but go the true way as naturally as the bird takes to the air, and the fish to the water, because it is their natural element, and they cannot help it. Reason and Religion seem to be coeval. Their Christianity and their consciousness are of the same date. Desire and Duty, putting in the warp and woof, weave harmoniously, like sisters, the many-colored web of life. To these men life is easy; it is not that long warfare which it is to so many. It costs them nothing to be good. Their desires are dutiful; their duties desirable. They have no virtue, which implies struggle. They are goodness all over, which is the harmony of all the powers. Their action is their repose; their religion their self-indulgence; their daily life the most perfect worship. Say what we will of the world, these men, who are angels born, are happier in their lot than such as are only angels bred, whose religion is not a matter of birth but of hard earnings. They start in their flight to Heaven from an eminence, which other souls find it arduous to attain, and roll down, like the stone of Sisyphus, many times in the perilous ascent. Paul was not born of this nobility of Heaven.

The other class are men of will; hard, iron men, who have passions and doubts and fears, and a whole legion

of appetites in their bosom, but yet come armed with a strong sense of duty, a masculine intellect, a tendency upwards towards God, a great heart of flesh, contracting and expanding between self-love, and love of man. These are the men who feel the puzzle of the world, and are taken with its fever; stout-hearted, strong-headed men, who love strongly and hate with violence, and do with their might whatever they do at all. These are the men that make the heroes of the world. They break the way in Philosophy and Science; they found colonies; lead armies; make laws; construct systems of theology; form sects in the Church; a yoke of iron will not hold them, nor that of public opinion, more difficult to break. When these men become religious, they are beautiful as angels. The fire of God falls on them; it consumes their dross; the uncorrupted gold remains in virgin purity. Once filled with religion, their zeal never cools. You shall not daunt them with the hissing of the great and learned; nor scare them with the roar of the street, or the armies of a king. To these men the axe of the headsman, yes, all the tortures malice can devise or tyranny inflict, are as nothing. The resolute soul puts down the flesh, and finds in embers a bed of roses. To this class belonged Paul, a man evidently quick to see, stern to resolve, and immovable in executing; a man of iron will, that nothing could break down; of strong moral sense, deep religious faith, and a singular greatness of heart towards his fellow men; but yet furnished with an overpowering energy of passion, which might warp his moral sense, his faith, his philanthropy aside, and make him a bigot, the slave of superstition, a fanatic, perverse as Loyola, and desperate as Saint Dominic. In him the good and the evil of the old dispensation seemed to culminate;

for he had all the piety of David, which charms us in the shepherd-Psalm; all the diabolic hatred, which appears in the curses of that king, who was so wondrous a mixture of heaven, earth, and hell. In addition to this natural character, Paul received a Jewish education, at the feet of Gamaliel, — a Pharisee of the straitest sect. His earlier life at Tarsus brought him in contact with the Greeks, intensifying his bigotry for the time, but yet facilitating his escape from the shackles of a worn-out ritual.

It is easy to see how the doctrines of Jesus would strike the young Pharisee, fresh from the study of the law. Christianity set aside all he valued most; struck down the law; held the prophets of small account; put off the ritual; declared the temple no better place to pray in than a fisher's boat; affirmed all men to be brothers, thus denying the merit of descent from Abraham, and declared, if any one loved God and man he should have treasure in Heaven, and inspiration while on earth. No wonder the old Pharisee whose soul was caught in the letter; no wonder the young Pharisee accustomed to swear by the old, felt pricked in their hearts and gnashed with their teeth. It is a hard thing, no doubt, for men, who count themselves children of Abraham, to be proved children of a very different stock, dutiful sons of the great father of lies. It is easy to fancy what Paul would think of the arrogance of the new teacher, to call himself greater than Solomon, or Jonah, and profess to see deeper down than the Law ever went; what of the presumption of the disciples, "unlearned and ignorant men," to pretend to teach doctrines wiser than Moses, when they could not read the letter of his word. It is no wonder he breathed out fire and slaughter, and "persecuted them even

unto strange cities." But it is dangerous to go too far in pursuit of heretical game. Men sometimes rouse up a lion, when they look for a linnet, and the eater is himself eaten. But Paul had a good conscience in this. He believed what came of the fathers, never applying common sense to his theology, nor asking if these things be so. He thought he did God service by debasing His image, and helping to stone Stephen. At length he becomes a Christian in thought. We know not how the change took place. Perhaps he thought it miraculous, for, in common with most of his times and country, he never drew a sharp line between the common and the supernatural. He seems often to have dwelt in that cloudy land, where all things have a strange and marvellous aspect.

A later contemporary of Paul relates some of the most remarkable events, as he deemed them, which occurred in those times. He gives occasionally minute details of the superstition, crime, and madness of the emperors of Rome. But the most remarkable event, which occurred for some centuries after Tiberius, he never speaks of. Probably he knew nothing of it. Had he heard thereof, it would have seemed inconsiderable to this chronicler of imperial follies. But the journey from Jerusalem to Damascus of a young man named Saul — if we regard its cause and its consequences, was a more wonderful event than the world saw for the next thousand years. Men thought little of its result at the time. The gossips of the day had specious reasons, no doubt, for Paul's sudden conversion, and said he was disappointed of preferment in the old state of things, and hoped for an easy living in the new; that he loved the distinction and notoriety the change would give him, and

hoped also for the loaves and fishes, then so abundant in the new church. Doubtless there were some who said, "Paul is beside himself." But King Herod Agrippa took no notice of the matter. He was too busy with his dreams of ambition and lust, to heed what befell a tent-maker from a Cilician city, in his journey from Jerusalem to Damascus. Yet from that time the history of the world turns on this point. If Paul had not been raised up by the Almighty, for this very work, so to say — who shall tell us how long Christianity would have lain concealed under the Jewish prejudice of its earlier disciples? These things are for no mortal to discover. But certain it is that Paul found the Christians an obscure Jewish sect, full of zeal and love, but narrow and bigoted, in bondage to the letter of old Hebrew institutions; but he left them a powerful band in all great cities, free men by the law of the Spirit of life. It seems doubtful, that Peter, James, or John would have given Christianity its natural form of universal faith.

There must have been a desperate struggle before Paul became a Christian. He must renounce all the prejudices of the Jew and the Pharisee, and the idols of the Tribe and the Den are the last a man gives up. He must be abandoned by his friends, the wise, the learned, the venerable. Few men know of the battle between new convictions and old social sympathies; but it is of the severest character; a war of extermination. He must condemn all his past conduct; lose the reputation of consistency; leave all the comforts of society, all chance of reputation among men; be counted as a thief and murderer; perhaps be put to death. But the truth conquered. We think it easy to decide as Paul, forgetting that many things become plain after the result, which were dim and doubtful before.

When the young man had decided in favor of Christianity, he would require some instruction in matters pertaining to the heavenly doctrine, we should suppose, — taking the popular views of Christianity, which make it an historical thing, depending on personal authority, or eye-witness, and external events, as the only possible proof of internal truths. He would go and sit down with the twelve and listen to their talk, and learn of all the miracles, how Jesus raised the young man, the maiden, called Lazarus from the tomb; how he changed the water into wine, and fed the five thousand; he would go to Martha and Mary to learn the recondite doctrine of the Saviour; to the Mother of Jesus, to inquire about his birth of the Holy Spirit. But the thing went different. He did not go to Peter, the chief apostle; nor to John, the beloved disciple; nor James, the Lord's brother. "I conferred not with flesh and blood," says the new convert, "neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia." Three years afterwards, for the first time, he had an interview with Peter and James. Fourteen years later he went up to Jerusalem, to compare notes, as it were, with those "who seemed to be somewhat." They could tell him nothing new. At last — many years after the commencement of his active ministry — James, Peter, and John, give him the right hand of their fellowship. Paul, it seems, had heard of the great doctrines of Jesus, and out of their principles developed his scheme of Christianity, — not a very difficult task, one would fancy, for a plain man, who reckoned Christianity was love of man, and love of God. In those days the Gospels were not written, nor yet the Epistles. Christianity had no history, except that Jesus lived, preached, was crucified, and appeared after his crucifixion. Therefore the gos-

pel Paul preached might well enough be different from those now in our hands. Certainly Paul never mentions a miracle of Jesus; says nothing of his superhuman birth. Had he known of these things, a man of his strong love of the marvellous would scarcely be silent.

In him primitive Christianity appears to the greatest advantage. It shone in his heart, like the rising sun chasing away the mist and clouds of night. His prejudices went first; his passions next. Soon he is on foot journeying the world over to proclaim the faith, which once he destroyed. Where are his bigotry, prejudice, hatred, his idols of the Tribe and the Den? The flame of Religion has consumed them all. Forth he goes to the work; the strong passion, the unconquerable will are now directed in the same channel with his love of man. His mighty soul wars with Heathenism, declaring an idol is nothing; with Judaism, to announce that the Law has passed away; with Folly and Sin, to declare them of the Devil, and lead men to Truth and Peace. The resolute apostle goes flaming forth in his ministry. A soul more robust, greathearted, and manly, does not appear in history, for some centuries at the least. Danger is nothing; persecution nothing. It only puts the keener edge on his well-tempered spirit. He is content and joyful at bearing all the reproaches man can lay on him. There was nothing sham in Paul. He felt what he said, which is common enough. But he lived what he felt, which is not so common. What wonder that such a man made converts, overcame violence, and helped the truth to triumph? It were wonderful if he had not. Take away the life and influence of Paul, the Christian world is a different thing; we cannot tell what it would have been. Under his hands, and those of his

coadjutors, the new faith spreads from heart to heart, till many thousands own the name, and amid all the persecution that follows, the pious of the earth celebrate such a jubilee as the sun never saw before.

However it was not among the great and refined, but the low and the rude, that the faith found its early confessors. Men came up faint and hungry, from the highways and hedges of society, to eat the bread of life at God's table. They ate and were filled. Here it is that all Religions take their rise. The sublime faith of the Hebrews began in a horde of slaves. The Christian has a carpenter for its revealer; fishermen for its first disciples; a tent-maker for its chief apostle. Yet these men could stand before kings' courts — and Felix trembled at Paul's reasoning. Yes, the world trembled at such reasoning. And when whole multitudes gave in their adhesion; when the common means of tyranny, prisons, racks, and the cross, failed to repress "this detestable superstition," as ill-natured Tacitus calls it; but when two thousand men and women, delicate maidens, and men newly married, come to the Prætor, and say, "We are Christians all; kill us if you will; we cannot change;" then for the first time official persons begin to look into the matter, and inquire for the cause, which makes women heroines, and young men martyrs. There are always enough to join any folly because it is new. But when the headsman's axe gleams under his apron, or slaves erect a score of crosses in the market-place, and men see the mangled limbs of brothers, fathers, and sons, huddled into bloody sacks, or thrown to the dogs, it requires some heart to bear up, accept a new faith, and renounce mortal life.

It is sometimes asked, what made so many converts

to Christianity, under such fearful circumstances? The answer depends on the man. Most men apply the universal solvent, and call it a miracle — an overstepping of the laws of mind. The Apostles had miraculous authority; Peter had miraculous revelations; Paul a miraculous conversion; both visions, and other miraculous assistance all their life. That they taught by miracles. But what could it be? The *authority* of the teachers? The authority of a Jewish peasant would not have passed for much at Ephesus or Alexandria, or Lycaonia or Rome. Were they infallibly inspired, so that they could not err, in doctrine, or practice? Thus it has been taught. But their opponents did not believe it; their friends knew nothing of it, or there had been no sharp dissension between Paul and Barnabas, nor any disagreement of Paul with Peter. They themselves seem never to have dreamed of such an infallibility, or they would not change their plans and doctrine as Peter did; nor need instruction as Titus, Timothy, and all the primitive teachers, to whom James sent the circular epistle of the first synod. If they had believed themselves infallibly inspired, they would not assemble a council of all to decide, what each infallible person could determine, as well as all the spirits and angels together. Still less could any discussion arise among the apostles as to the course to be pursued. Was it their learning that gave them success? They could not even interpret the Psalms, without making the most obvious mistakes, as any one may see, who reads the book of Acts. Was it their *eloquence*, their miraculous gift of tongues? What was the eloquence of Peter, or James, when Paul, their chief apostle, was weak in bodily presence, and contemptible in speech? No; it was none of these things. They had somewhat

more convincing than authority; wiser than learning; more persuasive than eloquence. Men *felt* the doctrine was true and divine. They saw its truth and divinity mirrored in the life of these rough men; they heard the voice of God in their own hearts say, it is true. They tried it by the standard God has placed in the heart, and it stood the test. They saw the effect it had on Christians themselves, and said, "Here at least is something divine, for men do not gather grapes of thorns." When men came out from hearing Peter or Paul set forth the Christian doctrine and apply it to life, they did not say, "what a moving speaker; how beautifully he 'divides the word;' how he mixes the light of the sun, and the roar of torrents, and the sublimity of the stars, as it were, in his speech; what a melting voice; what graceful gestures; what beautiful similes gathered from all the arts, sciences, poetry, and nature herself." It was not with such reflections they entertained their journey home. They said, "what shall we do to be saved?"

Primitive Christianity was a wonderful element, as it came into the world. Like a twoedged sword, it cut down through all the follies and falseness of four thousand years. It acknowledged what was good and true in all systems, and sought to show its own agreement with goodness and truth, wherever found. It told men what they were. It bade them hope, look upon the light, and aspire after the most noble end — to be complete men, to be reconciled to the will of God, and so become one with him. It gave the world assurance of a man, by showing one whose life was beautiful as his doctrine, and that combined all the excellence of all former teachers, and went before the world, thousands of years. It told men there was one God — who had

made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and was a Father to each man. It showed that all men are brothers. Believing in these doctrines; seeing the greatness of man's nature in the very ruin sin had wrought; filled with the beauty of a good life, the comforting thought, that God is always near, and ready to help, no wonder men felt moved in their heart. The life of the apostles and early Christians, the self-denial they practised, their readiness to endure persecution, their love one for the other, beautifully enforced the words of truth and love.

One of the early champions of the faith appeals in triumph to the excellence of Christians, which even Julian of a later day was forced to confess. You know the Christians soon as you see them, he says; they are not found in taverns, nor places of infamous resort; they neither game, nor lie, nor steal, attend the baths, or the theatres; they are not selfish but loving. The multitude looked on, at first to see "whereunto the thing would grow." They saw, and said, see how these Christians love one another; how the new religion takes down the selfishness of the proud, makes avarice charitable, and the voluptuary self-denying.

This new spirit of piety, of love to man, and love to God, the active application of the great Christian maxims to life, led to a manly religion; not to that pale-faced piétism which hangs its head on Sundays, and does nothing but whine out its sentimental cant on weekdays, in hopes to make this drivelling pass current for real manly excellence. No; it led to a noble, upright frame of mind, heart, and soul, and in this way it conquered the world. The first apostles of Christianity were persuasive, through the power of truth. They told what they had felt. They had been under

the Law, and knew its thraldom; they had escaped from the iron furnace, and could teach others the way. No doubt, the wisest of them was in darkness on many points. Their general ignorance, in the eyes of the scholar, must have stood in strange contrast with their clear view of religious truth. It seems, as Paul says, that God had chosen the foolish and the weak, to confound the mighty and the wise. Now we have accomplished scholars, skilled in all the lore of the world, accomplished orators; but who does the work of Paul and Timothy? Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings praise was perfected; out of the mouth of clerks and orators what do we get? — Well said Jeremiah, "The prophets shall become wind, and the word not be in them."

If we come from the days of the apostles to their successors, and still later, we find the errors of the first teachers have become magnified; the truth of Christianity is dim; men had wandered further from that great light God sent into the world. The errors of the Pagans, the Jews, the errors of obstinate men, who loved to rule God's heritage better than to be ensamples unto the flock, had worked their way. The same freedom did not prevail as before. The word of God had become a letter; men looked back, not forward. Superstition came into the church. The rites of Christianity — its accidents, not its substance — held an undue place; asceticism was esteemed more than hitherto. The body began to be reckoned unholy; Christ regarded as a God, not a man living as God commands. Then the Priest was separated from the people, and a flood of evils came upon the church, and accomplished what persecution, with her headsmen, and her armies,

never could effect. Christianity was grossly corrupted long before it ascended the throne of the world. But for this corruption it would have found no place in the court of Rome or Byzantium. Still in the writings of early Christians, of Tertullian and Cyprian, for example, we find a real living spirit, spite of the superstition, bigotry, and falseness too obvious in the men. They spake because they had somewhat to say, and were earnest in their speech. You come down from the writings of Seneca to Cyprian, you miss the elegant speech, the wonderful mastery over language, and the stores of beautiful imagery, with which that hard, bombastic Roman sets off his thought. But in the Christian — you find an earnestness and a love of man, which the Roman had not, and a fervent piety, to which he made no pretension. But alas, for the superstition of the Bishop, his austerity and unchristian doctrines! It remains doubtful, whether an enlightened man, who had attained a considerable growth in religious excellence, would not justly have preferred the Religion of Seneca to that of Cyprian; but there is no doubt such an one would have accepted with joyful faith the religion of Jesus — the primitive Christianity undefiled by men. To come down from the Christianity of Christ, to the Religion popularly taught in the churches of New England, and we ask, can it be this for which men suffered martyrdom — this which changed the face of the world? Is this matter, for which sect contends with sect, to save the Heathen world? Christianity was a simple thing in Paul's time; in Christ's it was simpler still. But what is it now? A modern writer somewhat quaintly says, the early writers of the Christian church knew what Christianity was; they were

the *fathers;* the scholastics and philosophers of the dark ages knew what Reason was; they were the *doctors;* the religionists of modern times know neither what is Christianity, nor what is Reason; they are the *scrutators.*

XI.

STRAUSS'S LIFE OF JESUS.*

THE work above named is one of profound theological significance. It marks the age we live in, and to judge from its character and the interest it has already excited, will make an epoch in theological affairs. It is a book whose influence, for good and for evil, will not soon pass away. Taken by itself, it is the most remarkable work that has appeared in theology, for the last hundred and fifty years, or since Richard Simon published his Critical History of the Old Testament; viewed in reference to its present effect, it may well be compared to Tindal's celebrated work, "Christianity as old as the Creation," to which, we are told, more than six score replies have been made. We do not propose to give any answer to the work of Mr. Strauss, or to draw a line between what we consider false, and what is true; but only to give a description and brief analysis of the

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* *Das Leben Jesu, Kritisch bearbeitet von Dr.* DAVID FRIEDERICH STRAUSS. Tübingen: 1837. 2 vols. 8vo. *The Life of Jesus, critically treated, etc.* Second improved edition. (1st edition, 1835, 3d, 1839, 4th, 1842.) — [From the Christian Examiner for April, 1840.]

work itself, that the good and evil to be expected therefrom may be made evident. But before we address ourselves to this work, we must say a brief word respecting the comparative position of Germany and England in regard to Theology.

On the fourth day of July, in the year of Grace one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven, died at Halle, in Germany, Sigismund Jacob Baumgarten; a man who was deemed a great light in his time. Some thought that Theology died with him. A few, perhaps more than a few, at one time doubted his soundness in the faith, for he studied Philosophy, the Philosophy of Wolf, and there are always men, in Pulpits and Parlors, who think Philosophy is curious in unnecessary matters, meddling with things that are too high for the human arm to reach. Such was the case in Baumgarten's time in Halle of Saxony. Such is it now, not in Halle of Saxony, but in a great many places nearer home. But Dr. Baumgarten outlived this suspicion, we are told, and avenged himself, in the most natural way, by visiting with thunders all such as differed from himself; a secret satisfaction which some young men, we are told, hope one day to enjoy. Baumgarten may be taken, perhaps, as representing the advanced post in German theology in the middle of the last century. A few words, from one of the greatest critical scholars Europe has produced, will serve to show what that post was a hundred years ago. "He attempted, by means of history and philosophy, to throw light upon theological subjects, but wholly neglecting philology and criticism, and unacquainted with the best sources of knowledge, he was unable to free religion from its corruptions. Every thing that the church taught passed with him for infallible truth. He did not take pains to inquire whether it agreed with Scripture

or common sense. Devoted to the church, he assumed its doctrines, and fortified its traditions with the show of demonstrations, as with insurmountable walls of defence. His scholars were no less prompt and positive in their decisions than their master. Every dogma of their teacher was received by them, as it were, a mathematical certainty, and his polemics exhibited to them the Lutheran church, in exclusive possession of the truth, and resigned all other sects covered with shame and contempt to their respective errors. Every thing appeared to be so clearly exhibited and proved by him, that there seemed to be nothing left for future scholars to investigate and explain; but only to repeat and enforce in an intelligible manner the truths already acquired. Baumgarten, indeed, accounted it nothing less than high-treason against his discipline, for his scholars to presume to think and examine for themselves; and acknowledged him only for his genuine discipline, who left his school confident, that with the weapons of his instructor in his hands, he could resist the whole theological world, and overcome it without a violent struggle." * Philosophy was considered as a pest and its precincts forbidden to all pious souls. Ecclesiastical history was in the service of a mystical Pietism; its real province and genuine sources were unknown. Exegetical learning was thought unnecessary, and even a foe to genuine piety; the chimeras of Buxtorf, half Jewish, half Christian, ruled with despotic sway. Langen's method of salvation was esteemed an oracle in dogmatic theology, and pietistic and fanatical notions prevailed in morals. If a

* Eichhorn, Allgemeine Bibliothek, etc.; Leip., 1793, vol. V. pp. 16, 17. We have followed the beautiful translation in "The General Repository and Review." Cambridge, 1812. vol. I. p. 65, seq.

man was not satisfied with this, or showed a desire for more fundamental theological learning, it was said, "He has forsaken his first love, and wants to study his Saviour out of the world."* Such was Germany a hundred years ago. The fate of Lawrence Schmid, the "Wertheim Translator" of part of the Pentateuch, is a well-known sign of the times. A young man was accused of Socinianism and Arianism, because he doubted the genuineness of the celebrated passage, 1 John v. 7, now abandoned by all respectable critics; he was reckoned unsound because he openly, or in secret, studied Richard Simon, Grotius, Leclerc, and Wetstein.†

Let us now turn to England. Before this time the Deists had opened their voice; Hobbs, Morgan, Collins, Chubb, Tindal, Bolingbroke, had said their say. The civil wars of England, in the century before, had awakened the soul of the nation. Great men had risen up, and given a progress to the Protestant Reformation, such as it found in no other country of the world perhaps, unless it were in Transylvania and Holland. There had been a Taylor, Cudworth, Secker, Tillotson, Hoadly, Hare, Lardner, Foster, Whitby, Sykes, Butler, Benson, Watts, — yes, a Newton and a Locke, helping to liberalize theology. The works of Montaigne, Malebranché, Bayle, even of Spinoza, had readers in England, as well as opponents. The English theologians stood far in advance of the Germans, among whom few great names were to be reckoned after the Reformation. Take the century that ended in the year of Baumgarten's death, and you have the period of England's greatest glory in

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* Eichhorn, lc. vol. III. p. 833, seq.

† See Semler's Lebenbeschreibung; Halle, 1781, vol. I. p. 250, seq. et passim.

science, literature, and theology. The works which give character to the nation were written then. Most of the English theology, which pays for the reading, was written before the middle of the last century; while in Germany, few books had been written on that general theme since the sixteenth century, which are now reprinted or even read. Such was England a century ago.

What have the two countries done since? Compare Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying, the writings of Cudworth, Locke, Butler, and Tillotson, or Foster, with the writings of the men who occupy a similar relative position at this day, — with the general tone of the more liberal writers of England, — and what is the result? Need it be told? Theology, in the main body of English theologians, has not been stationary. It has gone back. The works of Priestley, and others like him, bear little fruit.

Now in Germany, since the death of Baumgarten, there has been a great advance. Compare the works of Neander, Bretschneider, De Wette, and F. C. Bauer, with Baumgarten, and "the great theologians" of his time, and what a change. New land has been won; old errors driven away. It is not in vain, that Michaelis, Semler, Eichhorn, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher, have lived. Men study theology as the English once studied it, — as if they were in earnest. New questions are raised; old doubts removed; some principles are fixed; and theology studied as a science, in the light of reason. But as another has said, "In the English theology there is somewhat dead, and immovable, catholic, external, mechanical; while the industrial power of England is active, and goes ahead with giant strides, from invention to invention; while the

commercial and warlike spirit of the nation goes storming forth, with manly and almost frantic courage, into the remotest distance, embracing the globe with its gigantic arms, and in the midst of its material concerns, pursues without wearying the interests of science, too haughty to disturb itself about the truth of religions foreign to its concerns; Theology remains, as it were, to represent the female element in the mind of the nation, sitting at home, domestic as a snail, in the old-fashioned narrow building she has inherited from her fathers, which has been patched up a little, here and there, as necessity compelled. There she sits, anxiously fearing, in her old womanly way, lest she shall be driven out of doors by the spirit of enlightened Europe, which sports with heathen religions. In English theology a peace has been established between the Understanding and Christianity, as between two deadly foes. Theology preserves unhurt the objective contents of the Christian Religion; but in the dull understanding, it lies like a stone in the stomach." But let us now turn to the work of Mr. Strauss.

It is not our aim to write a polemic against the author of the "Life of Jesus," but to describe his book, or "define his position," as the politicians are wont to say. The work in question comprises, *first*, an Introduction, relating to the formation of "the Mythical stand-point," from which the Evangelical history is to be contemplated; *second*, the main work itself, which is divided into three books, relating respectively to the History of the Birth and Childhood of Jesus; his Public Life; his Sufferings, Death, and Resurrection; *third*, a conclusion of the whole book, or the doctrinal significance of the life of Jesus. The work forms two closely printed volumes, and comprises about sixteen hundred pages, thus

making a work nearly as large as Mr. Hallam's History of Literature. It is not properly called a *Life of Jesus;* but a better, a more descriptive title would be, A Fundamental Criticism on the Four Gospels. In regard to learning, acuteness, and sagacious conjectures, the work resembles Niebuhr's History of Rome. Like that, it is not a history, but a criticism and collection of materials, out of which a conjectural history may be constructed. Mr. Strauss, however, is not so original as Niebuhr, (who yet had numerous predecessors, though they are rarely noticed,) but is much more orderly and methodical. The general manner of treating the subject, and arranging the chapters, sections, and parts of the argument, indicates consummate dialectical skill; while the style is clear, the expression direct, and the author's openness in referring to his sources of information, and stating his conclusions in all their simplicity, is candid and exemplary.*

The Introduction to the work is valuable to every student of the Scriptures, who has sufficient sagacity to discern between the true and the false; to any other it is dangerous, as are all strong books to weak heads, very dangerous, from its "specious appearances." It is quite indispensable to a comprehension of the main work. We will give a brief abstract of some of its most important matters. If a form of religion rest on written documents, sooner or later, there comes a difference between the old document and the modern discoveries and culture shown in works written to explain it. So long as the difference is not total, attempts will be made to reconcile the two. A great part of religious docu-

* He professes very honestly, that he has no presuppositions. We shall touch upon this point.

ments relate to sacred history, to events and instances of the Deity stepping into the circle of human affairs. Subsequently, doubts arise as to the fact, and it is said "the divinity could not have done as it is alleged," or, "the deed could not be divine." Then attempts are made to show either that these deeds *were never done*, and, therefore, the documentary record is not entitled to historical credibility, or that they *were not done by God*, and, therefore, to explain away the real contents of the book. In each of these cases, the critic may go fearlessly to work; look facts clearly in the face; acknowledge the statements of the old record, with the inconsistency between them and the truths of science; or, he may go to work under constraint; may blind himself to this inconsistency, and seek merely to unfold the original meaning of the text. This took place in Greece, where religion did not rest on religious documents, but had yet a sort of connection with the mythological stories of Homer and Hesiod, and with others, which circulated from mouth to mouth. The serious philosophers soon saw that these stories could not be true. Hence arose Plato's quarrel with Homer; hence Anaxagoras gave an *allegorical* explanation of Homer, and the Stoics *naturalized* Hesiod's Theogony, supposing it related to the operations of Nature. Others, like Evhemerus, *humanized* and applied these stories to men, who by great deeds had won divine honors.

Now with the Hebrews, their stability, and their adherence to the supernatural stand-point would, on the one hand, prevent such views being taken of their religious records; and on the other, would render this treatment the more necessary. Accordingly, after the exile, and still more after the time of the Maccabees, the Hebrew teachers found means to remove what was offen-

sive; to fill up chasms, and introduce modern ideas into their religious books. This was first done at Alexandria. Philo, — following numerous predecessors, — maintained there was a *common* and a *deeper* sense in the Scriptures, and in some cases, the literal meaning was altogether set aside; especially when it comprised any thing excessively anthropomorphitic, or unworthy of God. Thus he gave up the historical character, to save the credit of the narrative, but never followed the method of Evhemerus. The Christians applied the same treatment to the Old Testament, and Origen found a *literal*, *moral*, and *mystical* sense in all parts of the Scriptures, and sometimes applied the saying, "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive," to the former. Some passages, he said, had no literal sense; in others a *literal lie* lay at the bottom of a *mystical truth*. Many deeds, he says, are mentioned in Scripture, which were never performed; fiction is woven up with fact to lead us to virtue. He rejected the literal sense of those passages which *humanize* the Deity. But Origen went further, and applied these same principles to the New Testament, where he found much that was distasteful to his philosophical palate. Here also he finds fictions mingled with fact, and compares the Homeric stories of the Trojan war, in respect to their credibility, with the Christian narratives. In both Homer and the Gospels, he would consider what portions can be believed; what considered as figurative; what rejected as incredible, and the result of human frailty. He, therefore, does not demand a blind faith in the Gospels, but would have all Christians understand, that good-sense and diligent examination are necessary in this study, to ascertain the meaning of a particular passage. But this heretical Father was too cautious to extend these remarks, and apply

them extensively to particular passages. The Scriptures fell into the hands of men, who acknowledged something divine in them; but denied that God had made therein particular manifestations of himself. This was done by Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian, who assented to much that is related of Moses and Jesus; while they found "lying legends" in other parts of the Bible.

Among the Greeks and Hebrews, whose religious literature was contemporary with the growth of the nation, the prevalence of allegorical interpretation of the sacred books, proved that the old forms of religion had died out, for the modern culture had outgrown the faith of the fathers of the nation. But in Christianity, the allegorical explanation adopted by Origen, and the peculiar opposition of Celsus taking place so near the birth of Christianity, prove that the world had not yet properly lived in the new form of religion. But, from the age after this time, when the rude Germanic nations, — too rude to find any difficulty in admitting the most objectionable parts of the Old and New Testament, — were conquering the Roman Empire, and becoming Christians at the same time, all proofs have disappeared, which would indicate the prevalence of a manner of interpreting the Scriptures, that arose from a radical discrepancy between the culture of mankind and the statements in these records. The Reformation made the first breach upon the solid walls of Ecclesiastical faith in the letter of the Bible. This was the first sign, that in Christianity as formerly in Judaism and Heathenism, there was a culture sufficiently powerful to react upon the prevalent form of religion.

So far as the Reformation was directed against the Romish Church, it soon accomplished its sublime mission. But in relation to the Scriptures, it took the di-

rection of Deism. Toland and Bolingbroke called the Bible a collection of fabulous books. Others robbed the Scriptural heroes of all divine light. The law of Moses was considered a superstition; the apostles were called selfish; the character of Jesus was assailed; and his resurrection denied by a "moral philosopher." Here belong Chubb, Woolston, Morgan, and the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist. These scholars were ably opposed by a host of apologetical writers in England and Germany, who defended the supernatural character of the Bible. But in Germany there arose a different class of men, who designed to strip the Bible of its supernatural character, and direct divinity; but to leave its human character unharmed. They would not call the alleged miracles, *miracles*, nor consider them as *juggling*. Thus Eichhorn opposed the Deists, — who ascribed bad motives to the writers of Scripture, — but denied that there was any thing supernatural in the stories of the Old Testament. He saw that he must deny this of the Bible, or admit it likewise of all ancient religious documents; for they all claimed it. We are not to be astonished, he says, at finding miracles in these writings, for they were produced in the infancy of the world; we must interpret them in the same spirit that composed them. Thus he can explain the history of Noah, Abraham, and Moses, by natural events.

Others treated the New Testament in the same manner. But the first Christian Evhemerus, was Dr. Paulus. He makes a distinction between the fact *related* and the *judgment* or *opinion respecting the fact*; for example, between the fact and the writer's opinion respecting its *cause* or *purpose*. The two, he supposes, are confounded in the New Testament; for its writers, like others in that age, took a supernatural view, and referred

human actions to the direct agency of God. The office of an interpreter is to separate the *fact* from the *opinion* about the fact. Paulus, accordingly, believes the Gospels, but denies the supernatural causality of the events related. Jesus is not the Son of God, in the ecclesiastical sense, but a good man; he works no miracles, but does kind deeds, sometimes by chirurgical skill, and sometimes by good luck. Both Paulus and Eichhorn, in order to maintain the truth of the narrative, must refer it to a date as early as possible; thus the former admits that Moses wrote the Pentateuch on the march through the wilderness, and the latter believes the genuineness of the Gospels. Both of these sacrifice the literal history for the sake of the great truths contained in the book.

Kant took a different position. He did not concern himself with the history, but only with the *idea* the history unfolded; this idea he considered not as theoretical and practical, but only the latter. He did not refer it to the divine mind, but to that of the writer, or his interpreter. Christian writers, he says, have so long interpreted these books, that they seem to harmonize with universal moral laws. But the Greeks and Romans did the same, and made Polytheism only a symbol of the various attributes of the One God, thus giving a mystical sense to the basest actions of the gods, and the wildest dreams of the poets. In the same way the Christian writings must be explained, so as to make them harmonize with the universal laws of a pure moral Religion. This, even if it does violence to the text, must be preferred to the literal interpretation, which, in many instances, would afford no support to morality, and would sometimes counteract the moral sense. Thus he makes David's denunciation of his foes signify the de-

sire to overcome obstacles; but thinks it is not necessary these ideas should have been present to the mind of the writer of the books.

Here, Mr. Strauss continues, was, on the one hand, an *unhistorical*, and on the other, an *unphilosophical* method of treating the Bible. The progressive study of mythology shed light upon this subject. Eichhorn had made the reasonable demand, that the Bible should be treated like other ancient books; but Paulus, attempting to treat others as he treated the Bible, could not naturalize the Greek legends and myths. Such scholars as Schelling and Gabler began to find myths in the Bible, and apply to them the maxim of Heyne, "a mythis omnis priscorum hominum cum historia, tum philosophia procedit." Bauer ventured to write a Hebrew mythology of the Old and New Testament. A myth was defined to be a narration proceeding from an age, when there was no written, authentic history, but when facts were preserved and related by oral tradition. It is a myth, if it contains an account of things, — related in an historical way, — which *absolutely* could not be the objects of experience, such as events that took place in the supersensual world, or, which could not *relatively* be objects of experience, such, for example, as, from the nature of the case, no man could witness. Or, finally, it is a myth, if the narrative is elaborated into the wonderful, and is related in symbolic language.

Now the *naturalistic* method of interpreting the Bible could only be resorted to on the supposition of its historical accuracy, and that it was written contemporary with the events it relates. Accordingly, men who denied this, carried out the mythical theory. The Pentateuch, says Vater, can be understood only on the supposition it was not written by eye-witnesses. De Wette

declared still more strongly against the naturalistic, and in favor of the mythical hypothesis. To test the credibility of an account, he says, we must examine the writer's tendency. He may write history, and yet have a poetic tendency, and such is the case with the writers of the Old Testament. Fact and fiction are blended together therein, and we cannot separate them, because we have no criterion or touchstone, by which to examine them. The only source of our knowledge of events is the narrative relating the historical facts. We cannot go beyond this. In regard to the Old Testament, we must admit or reject these narratives; in the latter case, we relinquish all claim to any knowledge of the affairs related, for we have no other evidence respecting them. We have no right to impose a *natural* explanation on what is related as a *miracle*. It is entirely arbitrary to say the *fact* is genuine history, and the *drapery* alone is poetical; for example, we have no right to say Abraham thought he would make a covenant with God, and that this fact lies at the bottom of the poetic narrative. Nor do we know what Abraham thought. If we follow the narrative, we must take the fact as it is; if we reject it, we have no knowledge of the fact itself. It is not reasonable that Abraham should have such thoughts of his descendants possessing Palestine centuries afterwards, but quite natural, that they should write this poetic fiction to glorify their ancestor.

Thus the *naturalistic* explanation destroys itself, and the mythical takes its place. Even Eichhorn confessed the former could not be applied to the New Testament, and Gabler, long ago, maintained, that there are in the New Testament, not only erroneous *judgments upon facts*, which an eye-witness might make; but also *false facts* and improbable results mentioned, which an eye-

witness could not relate, but which were gradually formed by tradition, and are, therefore, to be considered myths. The circumstance of writings and books being well known at the time of Christ, does not preclude the mythical view; for the facts must have been preserved orally long before they were written down. Besides, says Bauer, we have not in the New Testament a whole series of myths, but only single mythical stories. Anecdotes are told of a great man, which assume a more extraordinary character, the further they spread. In a miracle-loving age, the obscure youth of Jesus would, after his name became illustrious, be embellished with miraculous stories of celestial beings visiting his parents, predicting his birth and character. Where the records or authentic tradition failed, men gave loose to fancy, to historical conjectures, and reasonings in the style of the Jewish Christians, and thus created the philosophic myths of primitive Christian history. But men did not sit down with fancy aforethought, saying, "Go to, now, let us make myths;" but they were gradually formed; a little was added here, and a little there. They would relate chiefly to the obscurest part of Christ's history. In obedience to this principle, Eichhorn, seeing that only a slender thread of apostolical tradition runs through the three first Gospels, rejects several stories from the life of Jesus, which offended his critical taste; for example, the gospel of the infancy, the temptation, some of his miracles, the resurrection of the saints at his death.

Now, Mr. Strauss objects to his predecessors, that for the most part, their idea of a myth is not just and definite; for in the case of a historical myth, they permit the interpreter to separate a natural, historical fact from the miraculous embellishments, which they refer to *tra-*

dition; not, as the naturalist had done, to the *original author*. Thus the naturalist and the supernaturalist could admit historical but not philosophical myths, for then the entire historical basis seemed to fall away. Again, these views were not applied extensively — as far as they would go. Eichhorn admitted there was a myth on the threshold of the Old Testament. When the mythical hypothesis reached the New Testament, it was not permitted to go beyond the very entrance. It was admitted there could be no certain accounts of the early life of Jesus, and therefore that many false stories, suited to the taste of the times and the oracles of the Old Testament, have taken the place which there was no history to fill. But this does not in the slightest degree impair the credibility of the subsequent narrative. The evangelists give an account of the three last years of his life; and here they were themselves eye-witnesses, or took the word of eye-witnesses. Then objections were brought against the end of the history, and the Ascension was considered spurious or mythical. Thus critical doubts began to nibble at both ends of the narrative, while the middle remained untouched, or as some one has said, "Theologians entered the domain of Evangelical history through the gorgeous portals of the myth, and passed out at a similar gate; but in all that lay between these limits, they were content to take the crooked and toilsome paths of naturalistic explanation."

Mr. Strauss next inquires, whether it is possible there should be myths in the New Testament, and, judging from outward arguments, he thinks it possible. Most Christians, he says, believe that is false which the Heathen relate of their gods, and the Mahometans of

their prophet, while the Scriptures relate only what is true respecting the acts of God, Christ, and the holy men. But this is a prejudice founded on the assumption that Christianity differs from heathen religions in the fact, that it alone is an historical, while they are mythical religions. But this is the result of a partial and confined view; for each of the other religions brings this charge against its rivals, and all derive their own origin from the direct agency of God. It is supposed that the Gospels were written by eye-witnesses, who were not deceived themselves, and were not deceivers, and, therefore, no room is left for the formation, or insertion of myths. But it is only a prejudice, that the Gospels were written by eye-witnesses. The names of Matthew and John, for example, prefixed to these writings, prove nothing; for the Pentateuch bears the name of Moses, though it must have been written long after him; some of the Psalms bear the name of David, though they were written during the exile, and the book of Daniel ascribes itself to that prophet, though it was not written before the times of Antiochus Epiphanes. He finds little reason for believing the genuineness or the authenticity of the Gospels. Indeed, he regards them all as spurious productions of well-meaning men, who collected the traditions that were current in the part of the world, where they respectively lived. This is the weakest part of his book, important as the question is; yet weak as it is, his chief argument rests upon it. The proofs of the spuriousness of these books are quite too feeble and uncertain for his purpose, and accordingly we are pleased to see, from the preface and many passages of the third edition, that his doubts upon the genuineness of John's Gospel have become doubtful, even to himself, after a further study of it,

with the aid of the recent works of Neander and De Wette.*

Again, judging from the character of the books themselves, myths, according to Strauss, might be expected in the New Testament. It is sometimes said, the mythical stories of the Bible differ from the Greek myths, in their superior moral character; but the alleged immorality of the Greek myths arises from mistaking their sense, and some of the myths in the Old Testament are immoral; and if they could be formed, much easier could moral myths be made and accepted. It is sometimes said in opposition to the mythical hypothesis, that all these stories in the Bible appear natural, if you admit the direct agency of God. But the same remark applies equally to the Greek and Indian myths. Still further, it is said, the Heathen myths represent God as a changing being, and thus contain the natural history of God, and the birth, infancy, youth, and manhood of Apollo, or Jupiter, for example; while those of the Bible represent Jehovah as eternally the same. But Jesus, the Son of God, the divine Logos incarnated, is the subject of history. Others say there can be no myths, because the time of Jesus was an historical and not a mythical age; but all parts of the world were not filled with the historical spirit, and fictions might easily grow up among the people, who had no design to deceive, and thus myths be formed. This is the more probable, for in ancient times, among the Hebrews, and in particular in the religious circles of that people, history and fiction, like poetry and prose, were never carefully separated, and the most respectable writers, among the

* Neander's Leben Jesu; De Wette's Exegetische Handbuch der N. T. Commentar in Johan.

Jews and early Christians, wrote works, and ascribed them to distinguished men of an earlier age.

His definition and criteria of a myth are as follows: a myth has two sides; first, it is not a history; and second, it is a fiction, which has been produced by the state of mind of a certain community.

I. It is not an historical statement: (1) if it contradict the well-known laws of causality, (and here belong the direct actions and supernatural appearances of God and the angels, miracles, prophecies, and voices from Heaven, violations of the order of succession, and well-known psychological laws;) and (2) when the writers or witnesses contradict each other, in respect to *time*, (for example of the purification of the temple,) *place*, (the residence of Joseph and Mary,) *number*, (the Gadarenes and angels at the grave,) or in respect to *names* and other circumstances.

II. A narrative is shown to be legendary or fictitious, (1) if it is poetical in *form*, and the discourses of the characters are longer and more inspired than we need expect, (for example, the discourses of Jesus,) and (2) if the *substance* of the narrative agrees remarkably with the preconceived opinions of the community where it originated, it is more or less probable the narrative grew out of the opinion. He adds several qualifications and modifications of these tests.

Having thus drawn lines of circumvallation and contravallation about the Gospels, Mr. Strauss thus opens the attack upon the outworks. The narrative in Luke relating to John the Baptist, he says, is not authentic; it is not probable the angelic state is constituted as it is here supposed. This idea was borrowed by the later Jews from the Zend religion, and the name of the angel Ga-

briel, and his office to stand before God, are Babylonian. The angel's discourse and conduct are objectionable; he commands that the child shall be trained up as a Nazarite, and smites Zacharias with dumbness, which is not consistent with "theocratic decorum." Admitting the existence of angels, they could not reveal themselves to men, since they belong to different spheres. The naturalists and supernaturalists fail to render this story credible, and we are, therefore, forced to double its literal accuracy. Some writers suppose there are historical facts at the bottom of this tale, for example, the sterility of Elizabeth, the sudden dumbness of Zacharias, and his subsequent restoration. But there is no better reason for admitting these facts, than for admitting the whole story. It must be regarded as a myth, and is evidently wought out in imitation of others in the Old Testament. It resembles the story of Sarah, in the age of the parties; Elizabeth is a daughter of Aaron, whose wife bore this same name. The appearance of the angel, who foretells the birth of John, his character, and destiny, is evidently an imitation of the prophecy respecting Samson, and there is a very strong resemblance between the language of Luke in this part of the story, and that of the Septuagint in the account of Samson's birth. The conclusion of the story (Luke i. 80) resembles the end of the story of Ishmael, (Gen. xxi. 20). The name of John, [God's Gift,] which was not a family name, renders the narrative still more suspicious. Thus the whole is a myth. We think Mr. Strauss, for the sake of consistency, ought to deny that John the Baptist was an historical person, and doubtless he would have done so, were it not for an unfortunate passage in Josephus, which mentions that prophet.

A rigorous application of his tests would deprive John of historical existence. But Josephus saves him.

He next examines the *genealogies of Jesus.*

Matthew enumerates three series, each of fourteen generations, or forty-two persons in the whole, between Abraham and Jesus, and gives the names of the individuals; but the number actually given does not agree with his enumeration, and no hypothesis relieves us of the difficulty. If we compare this list with the Old Testament, it is still more objectionable, for it omits several well-known names, and contains some mistakes. Luke's genealogy differs still more widely from the Old Testament; from Nathan, the son of David, downward, he mentions only *two* persons, who occur in the Old Testament, namely Salathiel and Zorobabel, and even here it contradicts the narratives in 1 Chronicles, iii. 17, 19, 20. If we compare these two genealogies together, there is a striking difference between them. Luke reckons *forty-one* generations from David to Joseph, the father of Jesus, where Matthew makes but *twenty-six*, and, with the two exceptions above mentioned, the names are all different in the two narrations. According to Luke, the father of Joseph is *Heli*, a descendant of *Nathan*, son of David; according to Matthew, Joseph's father is *Jacob*, a descendant of *Solomon.* Various attempts have been made to reconcile these conflicting genealogies, but they all rest on arbitrary suppositions. It is sometimes said one contains the genealogy of Joseph, the other of Mary; but this also is an arbitrary supposition, at variance with the text, and is not supported by any passage in the Bible. We must, then, conclude these genealogies are arbitrary compositions, which do not prove the Davidic descent of Jesus, who

was called *son of David*, because he was considered as the Messiah. It is easily conceivable that a Galilean, whose descent was unknown, after he had acquired the title of Messiah, should be represented by tradition as a son of David. On the strength of these traditions genealogies were composed, which, for want of authentic documents, were as various and conflicting as these two of Luke and Matthew.

He then treats of the *miraculous birth of Jesus.*

Here he makes use of two apocryphal Gospels, quoted by several of the early fathers. He shows the striking difference between the accounts of Matthew and Luke, concerning the birth of Jesus. But since the same view has been taken amongst us by Mr. Norton, and this remarkable discrepancy has been pointed out by him in a work well known and justly valued,* it is unnecessary to enter further into the subject. Mr. Norton rejects Matthew's account as spurious and unauthentic; while Mr. Strauss, with more perfect logical consistency, rejects likewise Luke's narrative, on the ground that Gabriel talks like a Jew; that the supernatural birth is impossible; that if an human birth implies the sinfulness of the child, then a celestial mother is needed also, that the child may be free from sin. Again, there are exegetical difficulties, for Mark and John omit this part of the history, and the latter had the best possible means of information, and it is always supposed in the New Testament that Jesus was Joseph's son. Beside, if Jesus were the Son of God, how could he be the son of David, and why are the two genealogies given to prove that descent, one of which is con-

* Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels, by Andrews Norton. Vol. I.; Boston, 1837.

fessed, on all hands, to be the genealogy of Joseph, who, by the supernatural hypothesis, was nowise related to Jesus? In this case the genealogies would prove nothing. It is not possible, they proceeded from the same hand as the story of the supernatural birth, and Mr. Strauss conjectures they are the work of the Ebionites, who denied that article of faith. The attempts of the rationalists and the supernaturalists are alike insufficient, he thinks, to explain away the difficulties of this narrative; but if we regard it as a myth, the difficulty vanishes, and its origin is easily explained. The story itself, in Matthew, refers to Isaiah, (vii. 14,) and that prophecy seems to have been the groundwork of this myth. In the old world, it was erroneously supposed, or pretended, that great men were the descendants of the gods; for example, Hercules, the Dioscuri, Romulus, Pythagoras, and Plato, of whose remarkable birth Jerome speaks. This myth, therefore, grew naturally out of the common Jewish notions at the time, and was at last written down.

He next examines *the account of the census, and the early life of Jesus.*

Luke informs us that Augustus Cæsar issued a decree "that all the world should be taxed," or numbered; but no other writer mentions a *general census* in the time of Augustus, though a census was made in some provinces. If we limit the term "all the world" to Judea, still it is improbable such a census was made at that time, for the Romans did not make a census of conquered countries, until they were reduced to the form of a province, and Judea did not become a Roman province, until after the disgrace and banishment of Archelaus, which event took place after he had reigned ten years as an allied sovereign. Luke says this census was made

when Quirinus was governor of Syria. Now it was not Quirinus, but Sentius Saturninus, and after him, Quint. Varus, who were proconsuls of Syria in the latter years of Herod I., and it was some years after his death that Quirinus became proconsul of Syria, and actually made a census, as Josephus relates. Luke also refers to this latter census, (Acts v. 37,) and speaks of Judas the Galilean, who rebelled on this occasion, as Josephus informs us. Now it cannot be true, that Jesus was born at so late a period as the time of this census, under Quirinus, for, — not to mention the chronological difficulties this hypothesis would create in the latter years of Jesus, — this census could not have extended to Galilee, the residence of Joseph and Mary, for that state was governed by Herod Antipas, in the capacity of allied Prince, and accordingly was not a province; therefore, Joseph would not be summoned to Judea when the census of that province was taken. Still further, it is not probable the Romans would assemble the citizens together by families in the birthplace of the founder of the family, to enroll them.

One evangelist makes Joseph live at Bethlehem, the other at Nazareth. Now the design of the author, in placing the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, is obvious. He wished the prophecy in Micah, (v. 2,) to be fulfilled in Jesus, for the Jews applied it to the Messiah. The author, setting out from the opinion that Joseph and Mary dwelt at Nazareth, sought for some natural errand to bring them to Bethlehem. He found a suitable occasion in the well-known census of Quirinus; but not understanding accurately the circumstances of the time and place, he has brought hopeless confusion into the narrative, if it is taken for genuine history. We have, therefore, no reason, concludes Mr. Strauss, for be-

lieving Jesus was born at Bethlehem, for the story is a myth.

Other circumstances in this narrative present difficulties. What purpose, asks Mr. Strauss, is served by the angels, who appear at the birth of Jesus?* It could not be to publish the fact; nor to reward the believing shepherds, who, like Simeon, were waiting for the consolation, nor yet to glorify the unconscious infant. They seem sent to the shepherds, because they were supposed to be more simple and religious than the artificial Pharisees. Similar objections may be made to the story of the magi, who, it is presupposed, knew beforehand, as astrologers, that a king of the Jews was to be born. A miraculous star guides them; but a *star* does not change its position relatively to earthly places, and a *meteor* does not appear so long as this guide seems to have done. The conduct of Herod is not consistent with his shrewdness, for he sends no officer with the magi to seize the new-born Messiah. The

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* Mr. Norton, (p. lxi. of the additional notes to his "Genuineness of the Gospels,") thus disposes of these difficulties in Luke's narrative; "With its real miracles, the fictions of oral tradition had probably become blended; and the individual, by whom it was committed to writing, probably added what he regarded as poetical embellishments. It is not necessary to believe, for example, that Mary and Zachariah actually expressed themselves in the mythical language of the hymns ascribed to them; or to receive as literal history the whole of the account respecting the birth of John the Baptist, or of the different appearances of an angel, announcing himself as Gabriel. With our present means of judging, however, we cannot draw a precise line between the truth, and what has been added to the truth. But in regard to the main event, the miraculous conception of Jesus, it seems to me not difficult to discern in it purposes worthy of God." But see, on the other hand, the opposite opinion of Mr. Stuart, American Bible Repository for October, 1838.

story of the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem is not mentioned by any ancient author, except Macrobius, a writer of the fourth century, and he confounds it with Herod's murder of his son Antipater. The Rabbins, who never spare this tyrant, do not mention it. True it was but a drop in Herod's sea of guilt, but it is so peculiarly horrible and revolting, that they would not pass over it. In this short passage there are four miraculous dreams and a miraculous star, not to mention the misinterpretation of the Old Testament. (Matt. ii. 23.)

But the whole story is mythical, and is derived from ideas and opinions commonly held at the time. The ancients believed a heavenly body sometimes appeared on great occasions; for example, a comet, at the birth of Mithridates, and at the death of Julius Cæsar. The Rabbins assert a star appeared at the birth of Abraham. It was their opinion that a star would appear in the East, and remain visible for a long time, at the period of the Messiah's birth. Balaam also had predicted that a star should come out of Jacob. In ancient times, it was supposed stars guided men, for example, Æneas, Thrasybulus, and Timoleon; and the Jews fancied that a star conducted Abraham to Mount Moriah. Isaiah had foretold, that in the days of the Messiah, men should come from distant lands to worship, bringing gold and incense. Again, many great characters of antiquity had escaped from imminent peril; for example, Cyrus, Romulus, Augustus, and Moses, in early life. Abraham, Jacob, and Moses had saved their lives at a later age, by flight. All these ideas and reminiscences, therefore, appear in the two narratives, which are different variations of the same theme, though they have no direct influence, one upon the other.

Matthew passes in silence over the entire period,

from the return from Egypt to the baptism of Jesus, and Luke mentions but a single circumstance of his early life, namely, his conversation, when twelve years old, with the Doctors. But this event cannot be historical; for it is not probable he would, at that age, be admitted to a seat in the council of the Rabbis. His reply to his parents would not have been misunderstood, if the previous events had taken place as they are related. The whole story, Mr. Strauss contends, is a myth, conceived to suit the opinion, that great men are remarkable in their childhood. Thus, in the Old Testament, Samuel is consecrated in his childhood; the latter traditions, which Philo and Josephus follow, ascribe wonderful things to Moses at an early age, though the Bible knows nothing of them. Tradition says, that Samuel prophesied from his *twelfth* year, and that Solomon and Daniel uttered wise oracles at the *same age;* 1 Kings, iii. 23, seq.; Susannah, vs. 45, seq.

The next chapter treats of the *public ministry* of Jesus. We pass over the chronological difficulties relating to the ministry of John the Baptist, which have been carefully collected by Mr. Strauss, and come to his connection with Jesus. The baptism of John seems based chiefly on some figurative expressions of the Old Testament, according to which God would wash away the sins of his unregenerate people, before the Messiah came. These passages could easily be combined so as to make it appear that baptism, as the symbol of repentance, must precede the Messiah's coming.

Luke informs us that John was a kinsman of Jesus, and that their respective mothers were acquainted with the sublime destiny of their children, even before the latter were born. Matthew knows nothing of this, but

ascribes to John, at the baptism of Jesus, expressions, which imply a previous acquaintance with him; for otherwise he would not refuse to baptize Jesus, on the ground of his own unworthiness to baptize a being so far above him. These two gospels, then, agree in presupposing the acquaintance of John and Jesus. But the fourth Gospel makes John distinctly deny the fact. (i. 31–33.) The appearance of the sign first assures him of the appearance of Jesus.

All the Gospels agree that John calls himself a forerunner of the Messiah, and that he was convinced Jesus was that Messiah. But Matthew and Luke relate, that after his imprisonment, John sent two of his disciples to James, to ascertain the fact. Now if he was convinced by the sign at the baptism, he ought still more to have been convinced by the miracles of Jesus, that he was the Messiah. He could not have sent his disciples to Jesus, in order to strengthen *their* faith, for he did not know Jesus would work wonders in their presence, nor would he compromise his own assertion, that Jesus was the Messiah; and yet if he himself believed it, he would not urge his superior to declare himself immediately, but would leave him to decide for himself.

The fourth Gospel contains the most definite expressions respecting the Messiahship of Jesus, and puts them in John's mouth. But did the Baptist consider him an expiatory sufferer? Did he ascribe to him an antemundane, celestial existence, as the Evangelist has done? We find no proofs of it, except in this fourth Gospel. Now it is not probable the Baptist had this conception of the office and nature of Jesus; nor is it probable, that he made the reply to his disciples, which this evangelist ascribes to him, (iii. 27–36,) where he confesses that he, (John,) is From beneath,

but Jesus, From above, the One Sent by God, the Son of God, Speaking God's words, and Born of God. He must increase, and I decrease. It is probable that the evangelist put these words into John's mouth, but not that the Baptist ever uttered them; for if he had so deep an insight into the nature of the kingdom of God, and the character and office of the Messiah, and believed Jesus to be that Messiah, the latter would never have said that men so rude in their conceptions, as the humblest of his disciples, were superior to John the Baptist; for Peter, the very greatest of these disciples, never attained the lofty conception that Jesus was the Son of God, the "Lamb, who taketh away the sin of the world." Besides, the character of John renders it incredible he would place himself at the feet of Jesus, the very opposite of himself in all respects. This man of the desert, rough and austere, could not become a pattern of the profoundest Christian resignation. A man on a humbler stand-point, (like that of John,) cannot comprehend the man on a superior stand-point, (like that of Jesus). If this, which is related of John were true, "It would be the only instance on record of a man belonging to the history of the whole world, voluntarily, and in such good-humor, giving up the reins of the affairs he had so long directed to a man who succeeded him, only to cast him into the shade, and render his mission unnecessary." The fourth Gospel, then, would make the Baptist unlike the Baptist of the Synoptics and Josephus. The statement, in John i. 29–35, is derived in part from fancy, and partly from an embellishment of the narrative in the Synoptics.

Now the origin of the narratives relating to the Baptist, Mr. Strauss contends, is very easily explained. Paul related the historical fact, that John spoke in the

name of one to come, and added, Jesus was that one. Afterwards, men spoke as if John had a *personal* acquaintance with Jesus. This view, though not supported by facts, pleased the early Christians, who were glad to have the Baptist's authority on their side. But there seems no reason for believing there ever was such a recognition of Jesus on the part of John; nor is it probable that, while in prison on the charge of sedition, (as Josephus says,) he would be permitted to hold free intercourse with his disciples. The historical facts are, perhaps, the following: Jesus was baptized by John; perhaps continued for some time one of his followers; was intrusted by John with the idea of the approaching Messiah. After John was cast into prison, he continued to preach the doctrines of his master in a modified form, and afterwards, when he rose far above John, never ceased to feel and express a deep reverence for him. Now we can trace the gradual formation of these stories. John spoke indefinitely of the coming Messiah; tradition added, that he proclaimed *Jesus* as that Messiah. It was thought the rumor of the works of Jesus might have led him to this conclusion, and, therefore, Matthew's story of the mission of two disciples from the prison was formed. But since Jesus had been a disciple of John, it was necessary the relation should be changed, and this purpose is served by Luke's stories of events before his birth, which prove Jesus is the superior. But these accounts were not sufficiently definite, and, therefore, the fourth Gospel leaves no doubt in John's mind that Jesus was the Messiah, but makes him give the strongest assurance of this, the first time he sees him, and ascribes to him the most distinct expressions touching his eternal nature, divinity, and character, as a suffering and atoning Messiah.

Now the accounts of John's imprisonment and execution are easily reconciled with one another and with Josephus; and hence we see that his life, as portrayed in the Gospels, is surrounded by mythical shadows only on the side turned towards Jesus, while on the other, the historical features are clearly seen.

The miraculous events at the baptism of Jesus, Mr. Strauss maintains, also present difficulties. The Synoptics mention both the dove and the voice; the fourth Gospel says nothing of the voice, and does not say, — though, perhaps, it implies, — that the spirit descended on him at the baptism. The lost gospels of Justyn and the Ebionites, connected with this a celestial light, or fire burning in the Jordan. According to the fourth Gospel, John was the only witness of the spirit descending upon Jesus like a dove; but Luke would make it appear there were many spectators. Taking all the accounts, there must have been some objective phenomena visible and audible. But here the cultivated man finds difficulties and objections. Must the heavens open for the divine spirit to pass through? Is it consistent with just notions of the infinite spirit, to suppose it must move like a finite being from place to place, and can incorporate itself in the form of a dove? Does God speak with a human voice? The various theories, naturalistic and supernaturalistic, fail of removing these difficulties. It cannot have been an aggregation of natural events, nor a subjective vision of John, Jesus, or the multitude.

In some of the old gospels now lost, the words, "*Thou art my beloved son*," &c., were followed by these, "*This day have I begotten thee.*" Clement of Alexandria and Augustine seem to have found them in their copies, and some manuscripts of Luke still contain the

words. These words, (from Psalm ii. 7,) were supposed by Jewish and Christian interpreters, to relate to the Messiah, in their original application. Now to make them more effective, and their application to Jesus, as the Messiah, the more certain, this story naturally grew up, that a celestial voice applied them to Jesus. It was perfectly in the spirit of Judaism, and primitive Christianity, to believe such voices were addressed to men. Some of the Rabbis, it is said, received them not rarely. Still farther, Joel and Isaiah had predicted the outpouring of the divine spirit in the days of the Messiah. This spirit he also was to receive. If Jesus were the Messiah, he must receive this spirit; and the occasion of his baptism afforded a very favorable opportunity. But how should it be known that it came upon him? It must descend in a visible form. The dove is a sacred bird in Syria, and, perhaps, in Judea. The Jews supposed the spirit of God "moved on the face of the deep" in this form. The dove, therefore, was a proper symbol and representative of the divine spirit. These features were all successively united in a mythus, which gradually grew up. There is, then, no reason for doubting that Jesus was baptized by John; but the other circumstances are mythical, and have been added at a later date. Here Mr. Strauss is false to his principles, and separates the fact from the drapery, which surrounds the fact.

But the whole story of the descent of the spirit on Jesus, continues the author, seems at variance with the previous account of his conception by that spirit. If the divine spirit was the proper parent of Jesus, why should that spirit descend and abide upon him? It could not thereby produce a more intimate union between them. We must suppose this story originated in a community which did not believe the supernatural

conception of Jesus; and in fact we find that Christians, who did not admit the supernatural conception, believed the divine spirit was first imparted to Jesus at his baptism, and the Orthodox fathers persecuted the old Ebionites for nothing more rigorously, than for maintaining that the holy spirit, or the celestial spirit, *first* united himself with the man Jesus at his baptism. According to Justin, it was the Jewish notion, that a higher power would be first imparted to the Messiah, when he was anointed by Elias. This seems to have been the primitive belief; but afterwards, when reverence for Jesus rose higher, a myth grew up to prove that his Messiahship, and divine sonship, did not commence with his baptism, but with his conception; and then the words, "*this day have I begotten thee*," were left out, because they could not be reconciled with the Orthodox view.

The story of the Temptation also, Mr. Strauss contends, has its difficulties. John does not mention it, but makes Jesus appear in Galilee three days after his baptism, while the Synoptics say, he went immediately after this event into the wilderness, and fasted forty days. The Synoptics also differ slightly among themselves. There are other difficulties. Why did the Divine Spirit subject Jesus to this temptation by a visible Satan? Not to ascertain what manner of spirit he was of; nor to try him, for his subsequent trials were sufficient. Again, a man could not abstain from food for forty days. Therefore some say, this is only a round number, and the fasting was not total abstinence from food; but this theory does not agree with the text. Still farther, wherein consisted the utility of this fast? But the personal devil is the chief stone of stumbling. His visible appearance has its difficulties. How could the devil hope to seduce Jesus, knowing his superior nature?

and if ignorant of this, he would not have taken the pains to appear visibly before him. The second temptation could offer no attraction to Jesus, and therefore is not consistent with the alleged character of the devil. How could he transfer Jesus from place to place? Their appearance on the pinnacle of the temple would create a sensation. Where is the mountain, whence he could show Jesus all the kingdoms of the world? To say the *world* is Palestine, with its four provinces, is no less absurd than to maintain with Fritzsche, that the devil showed Christ all the countries on the map of the world. Attempts have been made to explain this story as an account of what passed in the mind of Jesus, either in an ecstatic vision, occasioned directly by God, or the devil, or by his own natural thoughts arising in a dreamy state, when he spontaneously transformed the thoughts into persons speaking and acting. But why should the Deity, or how could the Devil effect this? To suppose it was the result of his own natural thoughts, implies that Jewish notions of the Messiah had a strong influence on him even after his baptism. The merely natural view is absurd. Some call it a parable, designed to show, that no miracle is to be wrought for the man's self; hope of extraordinary divine aid should not lead to rash undertakings; and an alliance with the wicked must never be made even to obtain the greatest good. But if this is so, why does it not wear the form of a parable? It is easy to explain it as a myth. The Messiah was regarded as the concentration of all that is good, and the devil of all evil. He opposes Jesus, but can at farthest only produce momentary bad thoughts, not bad resolutions. Many passages in Jewish writings indicate a common belief, that the Messiah would be tempted by the devil, as they say Abraham had been

before. If Jesus was the Messiah, he must encounter this temptation, which, like that of Hercules, was very suitably placed just at his entrance upon active life. The scene of the temptation is well chosen, for the wilderness was not only the dwelling-place of Azazel, (Levit. xvi. 9, 10,) Asmodeus, (Tobit, viii. 3,) and the expelled demons; but it was the place where the whole nation, the *collective son of God*, was tempted forty years; and there is a strong analogy between their temptations and that of Jesus. The story was gradually formed out of these Jewish notions, without the slightest intention to deceive.

There is a striking discrepancy, Mr. Strauss affirms, between the Synoptics and John in respect to many parts of Christ's ministry. The former represent him to have spent the greater part of his life in Galilee; while the latter places him in Jerusalem and Judea. From them we should suppose he spent all his life in Galilee and the Peræa, before his last visit to Jerusalem, while John relates four previous journeys to that place, and a visit to Bethany. If John is in the right, the Synoptics were ignorant of an essential part of Christ's ministry; but if the latter are in the right, then he has invented a great part of the history, or at least transferred it to a wrong place.

We pass over the chronological and many other difficulties. The Synoptics and John disagree in respect to the assumption of the office and title of the Messiah. According to John, Jesus confessed early, that he was the Messiah, and the disciples remained faithful to the conviction, that he spoke the truth, (i. 42, 46, 50.) To follow the Synoptics, he did not take this title until a late period of his life; he supposes a special revelation had announced the fact to Peter, (Matthew xvi. 17,)

and charges the apostle to tell no man of it. Two views may be taken of the case. Jesus was a follower of John the Baptist, and after his teacher was cast into prison he preached repentance, and the approach of the Messiah, and concluded he was himself that Messiah. This view would account for the fact, that he was disturbed when called by this name, and therefore forbid his disciples to speak of him in that relation. But since these prohibitions are doubtful, and if real, they may be accounted for, without supposing Jesus was not thoroughly convinced of his Messiahship, for it cannot be supposed that he, who made such a revolution in the world, as no other man has ever done, ever faltered in the midst of his course, in his conviction that he was the Messiah. Since, then, he must have had a clear consciousness of his calling, we conclude that he was convinced of his Messiahship, from the time of his first appearance in that relation, but was somewhat reserved in expressions of this conviction, because he preferred his disciples should gradually learn the truth from the silent testimony of his life and works.

The Synoptics, says Mr. Strauss, never speak of the preëxistence of Jesus, while John often mentions it. Now the preëxistence of the Messiah was an article of faith with the Jews, soon after Christ, and it is probable they believed it before his time. But it must remain doubtful whether Jesus entertained this idea, or whether John has ascribed it to him without any authority.

Mr. Strauss considers the story of the woman of Samaria an unhistorical myth. The whole scene has a legendary and poetic coloring. The position at the well is the "idyllic locality of the old Hebrew stories." The scene is the same as in the stories of Eliezer, Jacob, and Moses, all of whom meet women at a well. In this

case, the woman, weak and good-humored, who had had five husbands, but then had none, is a symbol of the Samaritan people, who had forsaken Jehovah, etc., etc. This story, then, is only a poetic account of the ministry of Jesus among the Samaritans, which itself is not a matter of history, but is only a "legendary prelude of the extension of Christianity" among that people after Christ's death.

But we must press on with more rapid wheels. The calling of the apostles presents numerous difficulties, for there are great discrepancies between the accounts of John and the Synoptics. It is not probable Jesus understood the character of men at first glance of their persons, (John i. 46, seq., though the Jews expected the Messiah, *odorando judicare*, as Schottgen has it;) nor is it probable the disciples would immediately forsake all and follow him. These stories are mythical, and evident imitations of the legendary history of Elijah and his followers. As Elisha left his oxen and ran after Elijah, (1 Kings xix. 19, seq.) so the disciples presently left their nets and followed Jesus. Elisha received permission to go and take leave of his parents, but now the call of the Messiah is so urgent, that he rejects a young man who made the same request, (Luke ix. 60, seq.) and will not suffer a convert even to go and bury his father. The historical fact may be, that some of his disciples were fishermen, but they must have come gradually into their connection with Jesus.

John does not mention that the twelve disciples were sent on a mission; and the Synoptics relate nothing of their baptizing converts during their teacher's life. It is probable Jesus had a body of *twelve* disciples; but Luke's statement, that he had also a larger circle of *seventy* disciples, is not confirmed by any other evange-

list, by the book of Acts, nor by any Epistle. It is evidently formed in imitation of the story of *seventy* elders in the Pentateuch. The accounts of Peter's fishing expeditions, and Christ's miraculous draught of fishes, like that of Pythagoras, are self-contradictory, and all mythical.

There is a great difference between Christ's discourses in John, and the Synoptics; they have but few expressions in common; even their internal character is entirely different. The latter differ among themselves in this respect; Matthew gives large masses of discourse, Luke short discourses on different occasions, and Mark offers but a meagre report of his sayings. Matthew's report of the sermon on the mount differs very widely from that of Luke; many of the expressions in Matthew's report are obviously misplaced; for example, Jesus could not, at the commencement of his ministry, have declared that he came to fulfil the law and the prophets, for he had not declared himself the Messiah, of whom alone this was expected. By comparing all the accounts together, we see, says Mr. Strauss, that "the granulary discourses of Jesus have not been dissolved and lost in the stream of oral tradition, but they have, not rarely, been loosened from their natural connection, washed away from their original position, and like bowlders rolled to places where they do not properly belong. By this comparison, we find that Matthew has not always restored the fragments to their original connection; but yet, like a skilful collector, for the most part, has made an intelligible arrangement, joining like with like; while in the two other Gospels, some small pieces are suffered to lie, where chance has thrown them, in the chasms between large masses of discourse, and Luke has sometimes given

himself the pains to arrange them artificially, but has not been able to restore the natural connection." Vol. I. p. 63.

We pass over the alleged instructions of the twelve, and the parables, where the only difficulty lies in the discrepancy of the several narratives. Mr. Strauss thinks the controversial discourses of Jesus are genuine, because they correspond so closely to the spirit and tone of rabbinical explanations of Scripture at that time. The discourses which John ascribes to Jesus present greater difficulties. Let us take the conversation with Nicodemus. He is not mentioned by the other evangelists. It is difficult to believe that, if John's account is true, so distinguished a follower of Jesus as Nicodemus, would be omitted by Matthew, an immediate disciple of Christ, — to follow the tradition. Still more difficult is it to believe, he would be forgotten by the oral tradition, which was the source of the Synoptical Gospels, which remember Joseph of Arimathea, and the two pious Marys. This difficulty is so great, that we are tempted to ask if it is not more natural that John has followed a traditional legend, and that there never was such a man as Nicodemus? The Synoptics relate that the mysteries of the Messiah were understood by babes and sucklings, but were concealed from the wise and prudent. They mention Joseph of Arimathea as the only disciple from "the better sort" of people. John says the Pharisees attempted to "put Jesus down," by saying, none of the rulers or Pharisees, but only the ignorant and infamous populace believed on him. Celsus subsequently made this objection, which was, no doubt, often brought in the early times of Christianity. So long as only the poor and unlearned embraced this religion, they comforted themselves by Christ's blessings

pronounced upon the poor and simple; but when men of "character and standing" became Christians, they wished to find others of their own class among the direct disciples of Jesus. Not finding any such, they could say, "they were his secret followers, who came to him by night, for fear of the Jews," (John xii. 42, seq., xix. 39). Joseph of Arimathea was one of this class; but more than one such was needed. Therefore this story was formed to remove the difficulty. The Greek name of Nicodemus clearly indicates his connection with "higher classes" of society in Judea. He is mentioned only in John's Gospel, because this is the most modern, and was composed in a community where the above objection was most keenly felt.

But this is only a conjecture; and even if it is well-grounded, it should excite no prejudice against the conversation itself. This may, in all its essential features, be a genuine discourse Jesus held with one of the common people. It is incredible that a Jewish teacher should not have understood the new birth; but it was for the interest of the story to show how far Jesus rose above other Jewish teachers. They were but fools compared to the Great Teacher. Nicodemus applies to earthly things what Jesus asserts of heavenly things. It is not probable, that Jesus really spoke in the manner John relates, for this manner differs from that of the Synoptics. There he dwells on particular points, "with genuine pedagogical assiduity," until he has completely explained them, and then passes on, step by step, to other instructions, as a true teacher must do. But in the fourth Gospel, he speaks in a desultory and exaggerated manner, which can be explained only by supposing it was the narrator's design to set the Teacher's wisdom and the pupil's ignorance in the most striking contrast.

John makes Jesus speak very differently from the Synoptics; for example, in Matthew, Jesus defends his violation of the Sabbath by three practical arguments, the example of David eating the holy bread, of the priests sacrificing on the Sabbath, and of a man saving the life of a beast on that day. But in John he uses the metaphysical argument, drawn from the uninterrupted activity of God; "My Father worketh hitherto." Besides, there is the closest analogy between the language of Jesus in the fourth Gospel and that of John's first Epistle, and those passages of the Gospel, in which either this evangelist himself, or John the Baptist speaks; and since this language differs from that of the other Gospels, we must conclude, the words belong to John, and not to Jesus. Perhaps he invents suitable occasions, (as Plato has done,) and writes down his own reflections in the form of his master's discourses. His frequent repetition of the same thought, or form of expression, is quite striking. We must conclude that this evangelist treated the authentic tradition in the freest manner, and in the tone and spirit of the Alexandrians, or Hellenists.*

We pass over a long statement of discrepancies between the several Gospels, and other matters, of greater or less importance, which Mr. Strauss has treated with his usual freedom, learning, and dialectical clearness of vision. His explanation of the several stories of the sinful women, who anointed the feet of Jesus, is quite ingenious, to say nothing more. He supposes they all grew out of one simple story. "We have, then, a

* In the third edition, p. 741, he adds; "I cannot maintain that John's discourses contain any thing, which cannot, decidedly, be explained from John's character, or the composition of the gospel in the latter part of his life."

group of five histories, the centre of which is the narrative of a woman anointing Jesus, (Matt. xxvi. 6, seq.; Mark xiv. 3, seq). John's account of the sinful woman, (viii. 1, seq.,) and Luke's of Mary and Martha, (x. 38, seq.,) occupy the extreme right and left; while Luke's picture of his anointing by a sinful woman, (vii. 36, seq.,) and John's, by Mary, (xii. 1, seq.,) complete the piece. All may be but different delineations of the same event.

We come next to the miracles of Jesus. Miracles of various kinds were commonly expected of the Messiah, who was to surpass all the former prophets and deliverers. Now Moses had furnished food and water in a miraculous manner; Elisha had opened the blind eyes, healed the sick, and raised the dead. The prophets had predicted nearly the same things in general, and some of them in special, of the Messiah, (Isaiah xxxv. 5; xlii. 7,) and according to the Gospels Jesus did more than realize these expectations. The fact, that men demanded "a sign" from him proves nothing against his miracles, for these demands seem to have been made after a display of miraculous power. He censures the love of miracles; but this does not prove he would never perform one on a suitable occasion. But when he says no sign shall be given unto that generation, etc., Mr. Strauss concludes *he refuses to perform any miracles whatever* before any of his contemporaries. This statement is quite inconsistent with the miraculous narratives in the Gospels, but it agrees perfectly well with the preaching and letters of the Apostles; for there, (excepting a general statement in Acts ii. 22, and x. 38,) the miracles are passed over in silence, and all rests on his resurrection; and this would not be so unexpected,

nor would it make an epoch in the world, if Jesus had previously raised more than one from the dead, and wrought miracles of all sorts. Here, then, the question is, whether we are to explain away the Gospel accounts of miracles, for the sake of the above refusal of Jesus to perform them; or doubt the genuineness and authenticity of this refusal; or in consideration of that refusal, and the silence of the apostolical writings to mistrust the numerous miracles of the Gospels. The author devotes above two hundred and fifty pages to miracles in general and particular. We shall notice only some of his most striking remarks.

It was a common opinion of the Jews, that certain diseases were caused by demons; Jesus himself seems to have shared this opinion. The belief, of course, is not well founded. Some of the accounts, in which Jesus is said to expel these demons, are self-contradictory; for example, it cannot be true that there were *two* Gadarene madmen, so fierce as they are represented, who yet lived together. They would destroy one another. Mark and Luke, with greater probability, mention but one demoniac, in this place. These several accounts, which conflict with one another, present numerous difficulties. The demoniac knows Jesus is the Messiah; in Matthew, *he calls out*, "Hast thou come to torment me?" etc.; in Luke, *he falls down and worships* Jesus, and in Mark, *he knows him at a distance*, runs to him, and does homage. Here is a regular climax in the Christian tradition. But the greatest difficulty consists in the demon entering the swine; for, as Olshausen has said, the Gadarene swine in the New Testament, like Balaam's ass in the old, are a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence. If we trust the account, the demon, at his own request, was transferred from the body of the

man to the swine, and *possessed* the latter as he had done the former. Then the possessed animals rushed into the sea and were drowned. Here the conduct of the demon is inexplicable; he entreated not to be cast out into the deep, but casts himself into it. The character of Jesus is impaired by this story; for he must have known the result of suffering the demons to enter this large herd of two thousand swine, and the consequent loss their owners would sustain. He, therefore, is thus made "accessory before the fact," and the naturalistic and supernaturalistic theories can give no satisfactory explanation of the difficulties. But considered as a mythical story, which grew naturally out of the common opinions of the people, it is easily explained. It was commonly supposed that demons must possess some body, and that they preferred impure places; therefore the unclean bodies of the swine were the most suitable recipients of the demons, when driven from the man. Josephus mentions a conjuror, who, to convince spectators that he really expelled demons, ordered them to overturn a vessel of water, set near the possessed men, as they came out of him, which they did to the satisfaction of all present. Jesus meant to give a similar proof, and to render the proof doubly strong, the test is not an inanimate body, placed near at hand, but a whole herd of swine, "a good way off," which the demons force to rush upon certain destruction, contrary to the instinct of self-preservation natural to all animals. This, then, was a proof of the expulsion of the demons, and of their perfect subjection to Jesus. Besides, to magnify the powers of Christ, he must not only cure simple, but difficult cases. Accordingly, that is represented as a desperate case; the man was fierce and malignant; he dwelt naked in the tombs, and broke asunder all

chains that could be forced upon him; and not only this, but he was possessed by a whole legion of devils, thus presenting a case of the greatest possible difficulty. Matthew gives us the most simple form of the legend, thus constructed; Luke renders it more artificial, and Mark adds still further embellishments to it.

John mentions nothing concerning the demoniacs or their cure. Yet he must have shared the common Jewish notions on this point, and especially if they were the views of Jesus. It cannot be said, he omitted these cases, which form a great part of Christ's miracles in the Synoptics, because it was unnecessary to repeat what they had recorded, for he more than once allows himself such repetitions; nor can it be true, that he accommodated himself to the delicate ears of his Greek converts, to whom demoniacal possessions would be offensive. It seems, therefore, that the fourth Gospel was written not by John, but by some one who drew from the Christian tradition as received by the more refined Hellenists.

Another case of expelling a demon is evidently an imitation and improvement of a similar case in the Old Testament. The disciples had failed in their attempt; but Jesus cures him at a word. So Elisha restores a dead child after Gehazi, his servant, had tried in vain, (2 Kings, iv. 29, seq.). Moses and Elisha had cured the leprosy; the Messiah must do the same. He also must literally fulfil figurative predictions of the prophets, and give sight to the blind. John enlarges upon the statements of the Synoptics, and makes him cure a man *born* blind. They relate that he cured paralytics, and increased bread, and restored a dead person; but John enlarges these wonders, and according to him, Jesus cures a man who had been diseased for *thirty-eight* years,

changes water into wine, and recalls to life a man *four days after his death*, when the body was on the verge of dissolution.

Mr. Strauss supposes the accounts of Jesus involuntarily curing such as touched him, — as it were by a species of magnetic influence, — and even persons at a distance, whom he had never seen, are mythical stories which have grown out of the popular reverence for Jesus. He places them on a level with similar stories in the Acts, of miraculous cures wrought by Peter's shadow, and Paul's handkerchiefs and aprons, (Acts v. 15; xix. 11, 12). "It is not difficult to see what causes have produced this branch of the gospel legends of miracles, in distinction from the others. The weak faith of the people, unable to grasp the Divine Spirit with the thoughts, strives to bring it down more and more to the level of material existence. Therefore, according to the later opinion, the reliques and bones of a saint must work miracles after his death; Christ's body must be actually present in the transubstantiated bread and wine, and for the same reason, according to the earlier opinion, the sanatory power of the New-Testament-men adhered to their bodies, and even their garments. The less men understand and adhere to the words of Jesus, the more anxious will they be to seize upon his mantle, and the further one is removed from sharing Paul's unconfined spiritual power, the more confidently will he carry home Paul's gift of healing in his pocket-handkerchief."

Mr. Strauss examines the several accounts where Jesus is said to raise the dead, and finds a climax in the three instances mentioned; first, he restores a *girl, on the bed* where she had died; next, a *young man in his coffin*, before burial; and finally, Lazarus, who had *been dead four days, and was in the tomb.* He enumer-

ates all the difficulties that beset a literal or mystical, natural or supernatural interpretation of the passages, and concludes that all the stories grew out of popular notions of the Messiah, or are copied from the similar stories of Elisha's wonderful works (1 Kings xvii. 7; 2 Kings iv. 18), or from the predictions of the prophets.

He collects and dwells upon the difficulties of the alleged transfiguration of Jesus. What was the use of this scene? Not to glorify Jesus, for his physical glorification is unnecessary and childish. Why or how could Moses and Elijah appear to him, and for what purposes? not to inform Jesus of his death; he had himself foretold it; not to strengthen him for future troubles, for it did not effect this object; and we do not know that he needed aid at that time; not to confirm his disciples, for only *three* were present, and they were asleep, and were not permitted to relate the events until after the resurrection. Does God speak in an audible voice, and quote from the Old Testament? The theories of interpreters of the various schools are in part absurd, and all inadequate to remove the difficulties. But the whole story has grown out of the Messianic expectations of the Jews, and an imitation of scenes in the Old Testament. The Jews expected the Messiah would appear with a face far more resplendent than that of Moses, — "a mere man;" his splendor would extend "from one hinge of the world to the other," was the poetic expression. Moses had been glorified on a mountain; God had appeared to him in a cloud. The same scene is repeated, and Jesus is glorified on a mountain, in presence of the two representatives of the Jewish system, who were expected to appear. Moses and Elijah, the founders of the theo-

cratical law, and of theocratical prophecy, appear as the supporters of the Messiah, who fulfils the law and the prophets, and completes the kingdom of God. God appears in the clouds; and acknowledges him as his son, by a quotation from the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. (Ps. ii. 7; Isa. xlii. 1; and Deut. xviii. 15).

We will now mention only the death, and final scenes of the life of Jesus. Mr. Strauss thinks he could not have had so accurate a foreknowledge of the manner of his suffering and death, as the evangelists would lead us to suppose. The prediction was written after the event. Jesus could not definitely have foretold his resurrection from the dead, for then the disciples would have expected the event. But after the crucifixion they anoint the body, as if it was to become the "prey of dissolution." When they repair to the grave, they think not of a resurrection; their only concern is, who shall roll away the stone from the mouth of the tomb? Not finding the body, they think it has been stolen. When the women mention the angels they had seen, it is idle talk to the disciples; when Mary Magdalene, and two others, assured the disciples they had seen the "risen Jesus," their words produced no belief. It is only when Jesus appears in person, and upbraids them for their unbelief, that they assert as a fact, what they would have foreknown if he had predicted it. A foreknowledge or prediction of this event was ascribed to Jesus after the result, not from any intention to deceive, but by a natural mistake. He thinks, however, that Jesus actually predicted his own second coming, in the clouds of Heaven, the destruction of the Jewish state, and the end of the world; all of which were to take place before his contemporaries should pass away.

Here, following the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist, he says there is no prophecy in the whole Bible so distinct and definite as this, and yet it is found obviously and entirely false. We attempt to fill up the great gulf between this prediction and the fact, and our hope of success shows how easy it must have been for the author of these predictions to suppose, that soon after the destruction of the Jewish state, — supposed to be the central point of the world, — the whole earth should come to an end, and the Messiah appear to judge mankind.

John, who is supposed to have written later than the others, does not mention so distinctly these predictions, because they had not come to fulfilment as it was expected. Mr. Strauss thinks Jesus at last saw that his death was inevitable, and designated the next passover as the probable end of his life, and while at table with his disciples gave them the bread and wine, either as the symbols of his body, soon to be broken by death, and of his blood, soon to be shed; or as a memorial of himself. He considers as mythical the account of his going *three* times to pray, and repeating the same words at Gethsemane, as well as that of the angel's visit, and the bloody sweat.

Many of the circumstances which, it is related, accompanied the trial and crucifixion, he sets aside as mythical additions, borrowed in part from the Old Testament. He maintains that the supernatural appearances at the death of Jesus; the sudden and miraculous darkness; the resurrection of the bodies of the saints; the earthquake; and the rending of the veil, have all grown up in the mythical fashion. The latter is symbolical of removing the wall of separation between the Gentiles and Jews. He thinks it quite

improbable the Jews would set a guard over the tomb, as it is not probable they had heard of the promise of Jesus to rise from the dead; a promise which the disciples themselves did not remember, until after it was fulfilled. The Jews, he thinks, in later times, pretended that Jesus did not rise from the dead, but that his disciples stole the body by night, secreted it, and then pretended he was risen; and the Christians, to counteract this statement, gradually formed the evangelical narrative, that the door of the tomb was sealed, and a guard set over it; but Jesus was raised, and to throw dust in the eyes of the people, the great national council bribed the soldiers to assent to a very improbable falsehood, that the disciples stole the body, while they slept. But it is not probable a body of seventy men would condescend to such open wickedness, with the almost certain chance of detection.

He enlarges at great length, and with acuteness, and some "special pleading," which is not altogether rare in the book, on the confusion of the statements in the four Gospels concerning the time, place, and circumstances of the resurrection, and the several appearances of Jesus, after that event, passing through closed doors; appearing under various forms, and, like a spirit, remaining with them but a short time, and then vanishing out of sight. But the fact of the resurrection itself, Mr. Strauss says, involves difficulties, and cannot be admitted. We must, then, suppose, with the rationalists, either that he was not dead; or that the resurrection did not take place. He accepts the latter part of the dilemma, and thinks the disciples were mistaken, led astray by the figurative passages in the Psalms and Prophets, which they erroneously referred to the Messiah. The testimony of the Gospels and the book of Acts, he

says, is so inconsistent, contradictory, and imperfect, that we can place no dependence upon it, and that of Paul, which is consistent with itself, and of great weight, only assures us of his own conviction, that Christ rose and appeared to men, and even to himself. But Christ's appearance to Paul was entirely subjective, and there is no reason to believe he supposed Jesus had appeared to others in an objective manner, visible to the senses. Mr. Strauss fancies the narratives originated in the following manner. The disciples, thinking the Messiah must remain forever, thought he must have arisen; next, they had subjective visions; then, in a high state of enthusiasm, they mistook some unknown person for him. Afterwards, as these disciples related their convictions, the story was enlarged, embellished, and varied, until it assumed the form of the present canonical and apocryphal gospels. The ascension to heaven, which many have hitherto rejected as not trustworthy, is regarded by Mr. Strauss as a myth, which derives its ideas from the histories and predictions of the Old Testament, and Jewish tradition, and with a particular reference to the alleged translations of Enoch and Elijah.

The author adds a "Concluding Treatise" to his critical work, "For the inward germ of Christian faith is entirely independent of critical investigations; the supernatural birth of Christ, his miracles, his resurrection and ascension to Heaven, remain eternal truths, however much their reality, as historical facts, may be doubted."* All these he supposes are realized not in an historical personage, but in the human race. Mankind have unconsciously projected out of themselves the ideal of a perfect man, an incarnation of God, a

* Vol. I. p. xii.

personification of morality and religion. This Ideal has been placed upon Jesus, a man distinguished for great virtue and piety. But neither he nor any man ever did, or can realize the Idea; it must be realized in the race. The history of the miraculous conception, says one of the profoundest of the Germans, represents the divine origin of Religion; the stories of his miracles, the independent power of the human soul, and the sublime doctrine of spiritual self-confidence. His resurrection is the symbol of the victory of Truth; the omen of the triumph of the good over the evil, hereafter to be completed. His ascension is the symbol of the eternal excellence of religion; Christ on the cross is the image of mankind purified by self-sacrifice. We must all be crucified with him, to ascend with him to a new life. The idea of devotion is the ground-tone in the history of Jesus; for every act of his life was consecrated to the thought of his Heavenly Father.

We can only glance at the contents of this concluding treatise. It gives a fundamental criticism of the Christology of the Orthodox, the Rationalists, of the Eclectics, of Schleiermacher, Kant, and De Wette, and the speculative theology of Hegel and his followers. He points out the merits and defects of these various systems, and concludes his work with an attempt to reconcile, in some measure, his own views of Christ with the wants of religious souls, and the opinions of others. He thus concludes: "Setting aside, therefore, the notions of the sinlessness and absolute perfection of Jesus, as notions that could not be realized perfectly by a human being in the flesh, we understand Christ as that person, in whose self-consciousness the unity of the Divine and Human first came forth, and with an energy, that, in the whole course of his life and character, di-

minished to the very lowest possible degree* all limitations of this unity. In this respect he stands alone and unequalled in the world's history. And yet, we do not affirm, that the religious consciousness, which he first attained and proclaimed, can, in its separate parts, dispense with purification and further improvement, through the progressive development of the human mind." †

Having thus given a patient, and, we hope, faithful account of the principles, method, and most striking results of this celebrated work, it may not be amiss to point out some of the false principles, which have conducted the author to his extreme conclusions, though we think their extravagance answers itself. We see no reason to doubt that he is a religious man *in his own way;* nay, he calls himself a Christian, and so far as his *life* abides the test, we know not why the *name* should be withheld. His *religion* and *life* may have the Christian savor, though his *theology* be what it is. We know there are fascinations which a paradox presents to daring souls, and we are told there is a charm, to a revolutionary spirit, in attempting to pull down the work, which has sheltered the piety, defended the weakness, and relieved the wants of mankind for a score of centuries, when it is supposed to rest on a false foundation. Yet we doubt not that Mr. Strauss is honest in his convictions, and has throughout aimed to be faithful and true. We cannot, therefore, as some have done, call him "the Iscariot of the nineteenth century;" we cannot declare him "inspired by the devil," nor accuse him of the "sin against the Holy Ghost;" nor say that he

* Bis zum verschwindenden Minimum zurückdrängte.

† Vol. II. p. 771–779, 3d edit.

has "the heart of leviathan, hard as a piece of the nether mill-stone." We judge no man's heart but our own. However, the erroneous principles which lead to his mistaken conclusions may be briefly glanced at.

1. He sets out, as he says, without any "presuppositions." Now this is not possible, if it were desirable, and not desirable, if it were possible. But he has set out with presuppositions, namely, that the Idea precedes the man, who is supposed to realize that idea; that many men, having a certain doctrine, gradually and in a natural manner, refer this doctrine to some historical person, and thus make a mythical web of history. He presupposes that a miracle is utterly impossible. Again he presupposes, — and this is an important feature of his system, — that the Ideal of Holiness and Love, for example, like the Ideal of beauty, eloquence, philosophy, or music, cannot be concentrated in an individual. In a word, there can be no incarnation of God; not even of what, in a human manner, we call his Love, or Holiness. We could enumerate many other presuppositions, but forbear.* He explains his meaning in the controversial replies to his opponents, but does not satisfy us.

2. He passes quite lightly to the conclusion, that the four Gospels are neither genuine nor authentic. Perhaps it is not fair to enumerate this among his *presuppositions*, though we know not where else to place it; certainly not in the catalogue of *proofs*, for he adduces no new arguments against them; decides entirely from

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* See Ullmann, Historisch oder der Mythisch. Beiträge zur Beantwortung der gegenwärtigen Lebensfrage der Theologie; Hamburg: 1838, p. 62, seq. De Wette l. c. Tholuck, Glaubwürdigkeit der evangelischen Geschichte zugleich eine Kritik des Lebens Jesu von Strauss. 1838, p. 26, seq.

internal arguments, that they are not true, and were not written by eye-witnesses, and pays no regard to the evidence of Christian, Heretical, and even Heathen Antiquity on some points, in their favor. The genuineness of Paul's most important epistles has ever been contested, and the fact of the Christian Church stands out before the sun; but the convictions of the one and the faith of the other remain perfectly inexplicable, by his theory.*

3. The book is not written in a religious spirit. It will be said a critical work needs not be written in a religious spirit, and certainly those works,—and we could name many such,—which aim at two marks, edification and criticism, usually fail of both. They are neither wind nor water; are too high for this world, and too low for the next; too critical to edify; too hortatory to instruct. That anicular criticism, so common on this side of the waters, deserves only contempt. But a philosophical work should be criticized philosophically; a poetical work, in the spirit of a poet, and a religious history in a religious spirit. The criticism of Schleiermacher and De Wette is often as bold, unsparing, and remorseless, and sometimes quite as destructive, as that of Strauss; but they always leave an impression of their profound piety. We will not question the religious character of Mr. Strauss; a Christian like Dr. Ullman, his own countryman, does not doubt it; others of his countrymen, in letters and conversation, inform us that his religious character is above reproach, and puts some of his opponents to shame.

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* See the necessary "presuppositions," laid down by De Wette, Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch zum N. T. Vol. I. Th. 3, concluding treatise on the historical criticism of the Evangelical History; Leip., 1837. p. 214, seq.

4. His mythical hypothesis has carried him away. Fondness for theory is "the old Adam of theology," and Strauss has inherited a large portion of "original sin" from this great patriarch of theological error, — this father of lies. To turn one of his own war-elephants against himself, he has looked so long at mythical stories, that, dazzled thereby, like men who have gazed earnestly upon the sun, he can see nothing but myths wherever he turns his eye, — myths of all colors. This tendency to see myths is the *Proton Pseudos*, the first fib of his system. It has been maintained by many, that the Bible, in both divisions, contained myths. Some of his own adversaries admit their existence, to a large extent, even in the New Testament. But with them the myth itself not only embodies an *Idea*, as Strauss affirms, but also covers a *fact*, which preceded it. Men do not make myths out of the air, but out of historical materials. Besides, where did they obtain the *Idea?* This question he answers poorly. Shaftesbury long ago said, with much truth, that if a Hebrew sage was asked a deep question, he answered it by telling a story; but the story, for the most part, had some truth in it. Strauss is peculiar in carrying his theory further than any one before him; yet he is not always perfectly true to his principles; his humanity sometimes leaves a little historical earth clinging to the roots of the tree, which he transplants into the cold thin atmosphere of the "Absolute." Taking the Bible as it is, says good Dr. Ullmann, there are three ways of treating it. We may believe every word is historically true, from Genesis to Revelation; that there is neither myth nor fable — and this is the theory of some supernaturalists, like Hengstenberg and his school; or with Strauss, that there is no historical ground, which is firm and undeniably cer-

tain, but only a little historical matter, around which tradition has wrapped legends and myths; or, finally, that the Bible, and in particular the New Testament, always rests on historical ground, though it is not common historical ground, *nor is it so rigidly historical that no legendary or mythical elements have entered it.* The two former theories recommend themselves, for their simplicity; but neither can be maintained, while the *third is natural, easy, and offends neither the cultivated understanding nor the pious heart.*

It is wonderful, we think, that some of the absurdities of the theory Mr. Strauss supports have not struck the author himself. He reverses the order of things; makes the effect precede the cause; the idea appear in the mass, before it was seen in an individual, "As Plato's God formed the world by looking on the eternal ideas, so has the community, taking occasion from the person and fate of Jesus, projected the image of its Christ, and unconsciously the idea of mankind, in its relations to God, has been waving before its eyes." He makes a belief in the resurrection and divinity of Christ spring up out of the community, take hold on the world, and produce a revolution in all human affairs perfectly unexampled; and all this without any adequate historical cause. No doubt, theologians in his country, as well as our own, have attempted to prove too much, and so failed to prove any thing. Divines, like kings, lose their just inheritance, when they aspire at universal empire. But this justifies no man in the court of logic, for rejecting all historical faith. If there was not an historical Christ to idealize, there could be no ideal Christ to seek in history. We doubt if there was genius enough in the world in the first two, or the first twenty centuries since Christ, to devise such a character as his, with so

small an historical capital, as Strauss leaves us. No doubt, we commit great errors in seeking for too much of historical matter. Christian critics, says De Wette, will not be satisfied with knowing as much respecting Christ as Paul and the apostles knew. No one of *them*, though they were eye-witnesses, had such a complete, consistent, and thoroughly historical picture of the life of Christ, as we seek after. Many of the primitive Christians could scarcely know of Christ's history a tenth part of what our catechumens learn, and yet they were more inspired and better believers than we. It is much learning, which makes *us* so mad; not the Apostle Paul.* But if we cannot *prove* all things, we can hold fast to enough that is good.

Mr. Strauss takes the idea, which forms the subject, as he thinks, of a Christian myth, out of the air, and then tells us how the myth itself grew out of that idea. But he does not always prove from history or the nature of things, that the idea existed before the story or the fact was invented. He finds certain opinions, prophecies, and expectations in the Old Testament, and affirms at once these were both the occasion and cause of the later stories, in which they reappear. This method of treatment requires very little ingenuity on the part of the critic; we could resolve half of Luther's life into a series of myths, which are formed after the model of Paul's history; indeed, this has already been done. Nay, we could dissolve any given historical event in a mythical solution, and then precipitate the "seminal ideas" in their primitive form. We also can change an historical character into a symbol of "universal humanity."

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* L. c. p. 221.

The whole history of the United States of America, for example, we might call a tissue of mythical stories, borrowed in part from the Old Testament, in part from the Apocalypse, and in part from fancy. The British government oppressing the Puritans is the "great red dragon" of the Revelation, as it is shown, by the national arms, and by the British legend of Saint George and the Dragon. The splendid career of the new people is borrowed from the persecuted woman's poetical history, her dress — "clothed with the sun." The stars said to be in the national banner, are only the crown of twelve stars on the poetic being's head; the perils of the pilgrims in the Mayflower are only the woman's flight on the wings of a great eagle. The war between the two countries is only "the practical application" of the flood which the dragon cast out against the woman, etc.* The story of the Declaration of Independence is liable to many objections, if we examine it *a la mode* Strauss. The congress was held at a mythical town, whose very name is suspicious, — Philadelphia, — Brotherly Love. The date is suspicious; it was the *fourth* day of the *fourth* month, (reckoning from *April*, as it is probable the Heraclidæ, and Scandinavians; possible that the aboriginal Americans, and certain that the Hebrews did). Now *four* was a sacred number with the Americans; the president was chosen for *four* years there were *four* departments of affairs; *four* divisions of the political powers, namely, — the people, the congress, the executive, and the judiciary, etc. Besides, which is still more incredible, three of the presidents, two of whom,

* We borrowed this hint from a sermon heard in childhood, "opening this Scripture," and explaining this prophecy, as relating to America.

it is alleged signed the declaration, died on the *fourth* of July, and the two latter exactly *fifty* years after they had signed it, and about the *same hour* of the day. The *year* also is suspicious; 1776 is but an ingenious combination of the sacred number, *four*, which is repeated *three* times, and then multiplied by itself to produce the date; thus, $444 \times 4 = 1776$, Q. E. D. Now dividing the first (444) by the second (4), we have *Unity* thrice repeated (111). This is a manifest symbol of the national *oneness*, (likewise represented in the motto, *e pluribus unum*) and of the national *religion*, of which the Triniform Monad, or "Trinity in Unity" and "Unity in Trinity," is the well-known sign!! Still further, the Declaration is metaphysical, and presupposes an acquaintance with the transcendental philosophy, on the part of the American people. Now the Kritik of Pure Reason was not published till after the Declaration was made. Still further, the Americans were never, to use the nebulous expressions of certain philosophers, an "idealo-transcendental-and-subjective," but an "objective-and-concretivo-practical" people, to the last degree; therefore a metaphysical document, and most of all a "legal-congressional-metaphysical" document is highly suspicious if found among them. Besides, Hualteperah, the great historian of Mexico, a neighboring state, never mentions this document; and further still, if this Declaration had been made, and accepted by the whole nation, as it is pretended, then we cannot account for the fact, that the fundamental maxim of that paper, namely, the soul's equality to itself, — "all men are born free and equal," — was perpetually lost sight of, and a large portion of the people kept in slavery; still later, petitions, — supported by this fundamental article, — for the abo-

lition of slavery, were rejected by Congress with unexampled contempt, when, if the history is not mythical, slavery never had a legal existence after 1776, etc. etc. But we could go on in this way for ever. "I 'll" prate "you so eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; *it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.*" We are forcibly reminded of the ridiculous prediction of Lichtenberg, mentioned by Jacobi; "Our world will by and by become so fine, that it will be as ridiculous to believe in a God, as now it is to believe in ghosts; and then again the world will become still finer, and it will rush hastily up to the very tip-top of refinement. Having reached the summit, the judgment of our sages will once more turn about; knowledge will undergo its last metamorphosis. Then — this will be the end — we shall believe in nothing but ghosts; we shall be as God; we shall know that Being and Essence is, and can be only, — Ghost. At that time the salt sweat of seriousness will be wiped dry from every brow; the tears of anxiety will be washed from every eye; loud laughter will peal out among men, for Reason will then have completed her work; humanity will have reached its goal, and a crown will adorn the head of each transfigured man."*

The work of Strauss has produced a great sensation in Germany, and especially in Berlin. It has called forth replies from all quarters, and of all characters, from the scurrilous invective to the heavy theological

* This quotation seems to be a classic commonplace against all new schools. Jacobi applied to it Idealism and Nature-Philosophy, and both Tholuck and Hengstenberg cast it upon Strauss. A writer in the Princeton Repertory "sips the thrice-drawn infusion," and gives the passage a new application.

treatise. It has been met by learning and sagacity, perhaps greater than his own, and he has yielded on some points. He has retorted upon some of his antagonists, using the same weapons with which they assailed him.* He has even turned upon them, and carried the war into their borders, and laid waste their country, with the old Teutonic war-spirit. We have never read a controversy more awful than his reply to Eschenmeyer and Menzel. Porson's criticism of poor Mr. Travis was a lullaby in comparison. But he has replied to Ullmann, — a Christian in heart, apparently, as well as in theology, — as a child to a father. His letters to this gentleman are models for theological controversy. He has modified many of his opinions, as his enemies or his friends have pointed out his errors, and seems most indebted to Neander, Tholuck, Weisse, Ullmann, and De Wette, not to mention numerous humbler and more hostile names.

His work is not to be ranked with any previous attacks upon Christianity. It not only surpasses all its predecessors in learning, acuteness, and thorough investigation, but it is marked by a serious and earnest spirit. He denounces with vehemence the opinion that the Gospels were written to deceive. There is none of the persiflage of the English deists; none of the haughty scorn and bitter mockery of the far-famed Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist. He is much more Christian in expressing his unbelief than Hengstenberg and many others in their faith. We could wish the language a little more studied in some places. Two or three times he is

* Streitschriften zur Vertheidigung meiner Kritik, 1837–8; 3. Hefte, 8vo.

frivolous; but in general, the style is elevated, and manly, and always pretty clear. We do not remember to have met with a sneer in the whole book. In this respect it deserves a great praise, which can rarely be bestowed on the defenders of Christianity, to their shame be it spoken.

The work derives its importance not more from the novelty of its views, than from the fact that it is a concentration of objections to historical Christianity. Viewed in this light, its importance has by no means been exaggerated. It is sometimes said, had the work been published in England, it would have been forgotten in two months; but no man who has read the book, and is familiar with the history of theology, ever believes such a statement. We should be glad to see the English scholars, who are to measure swords with a Strauss, as the Cudworths, Warburtons, Sherlocks, Lardners, and Clarkes encountered their antagonists in other days, when there were giants among the English clergy.

> "'Tis no war as everybody knows,
> Where only one side deals the blows,
> And t' other bears 'em."

We have no doubt which side would "bear the blows" for the next five-and-twenty years, should any one be provoked to translate Strauss to a London public.*

We cannot regard this book as the work of a single man; it is rather the production of the age. An individual raised up by God discovers a great truth, which

* See Observations on the Attempted Application of Pantheistic Principles to the Theory and Historic Criticism of the Gospel, etc., by W. H. Mill, D. D., F. R. A. S., and Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Part I. London, 1840.

makes an epoch, and by its seminal character marks the coming ages. But a book like this, which denotes merely a crisis, a revolution, is the aggregate of many works. Like Kant's Kritik, it is the necessary result of the great German movement, as much so as Spinoza's theological treatises were of the Cartesian principles; and, indeed, the position of Strauss is in many respects not unlike that of Spinoza. Both mark a crisis; both struck at the most deeply cherished theological doctrines of their times. Before mankind could pass over the great chasm between the frozen realm of stiff supernaturalism, and lifeless rationalism, on the one side, and the fair domain of *free religious thought*, where the only *essential* creed is the Christian motto, "Be perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect," and the only *essential* form of Religion is Love to your neighbor as to yourself, and to God with the whole heart, mind, and soul, on the other,—some one must plunge in, devoting himself unconsciously, or even against his will, for the welfare of the race. This hard lot Strauss has chosen for himself, and done what many wished to have done, but none dared to do. His book, therefore, must needs be negative, destructive, and unsatisfactory. Mr. Strauss must not be taken as the representative of the German theologians. Men of all parties condemn his work; and men of all parties accept it. You see its influence in the writings of Tholuck, De Wette, and Neander; men that have grown old in being taught and teaching. The liberal party has fallen back, afraid of its principles; the stationary party has come forward, though reluctantly. The wonderful ability with which it is written, the learning, so various and exact, wherewith it is stored, are surprising in any one, but truly extraordinary in so juvenile an author; born 1808. For

our own part, we rejoice that the book has been written, though it contains much that we cannot accept. May the evil it produces soon end! But the good it does must last forever. To estimate it aright, we must see more than a negative work in its negations. Mr. Strauss has plainly asked the question, "What are the historical facts that lie at the basis of the Christian movement?" Had he written with half this ability, and with no manner of fairness, in defence of some popular dogma of his sect, and against freedom of thought and reason, no praise would have been too great to bestow upon him. What if he is sometimes in error; was a theologian never mistaken before? What if he does push his mythical hypothesis too far; did Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, make no mistakes? Did they commit no sins? Yet Strauss, we think, has never cursed, and are certain that he never burned an opponent! We honor the manly openness which has said so plainly what was so strongly felt. We cannot say, as a late highly distinguished divine used to say, that we "should not be sorry to see the work republished here," because there is no general theological scholarship to appreciate its merits and defects. With many of his doctrines, as we understand them, especially his dogmas relative to God and Immortality, we have no sympathy; but as little fear that they will do a permanent injury anywhere. We still believe our real enemies are "the Flesh and the Devil," and that neither the philosophy of Hegel, nor the Biblical Criticism of the Germans will ever weaken the popular faith in God or man, or the pure religion that mediates between the two. Strauss has thrown a huge stone into the muddy pool of theology, and it will be long before its splashing waters find their former repose and level. Let it not be supposed

Strauss is an exponent of the German school of theology or religion as it is sometimes unwisely urged. He is a single element in a vast mass. His work finds opponents in the leaders of the three great Protestant theological parties in Germany. The main body of theologians there is represented by Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, De Wette, and men of a similar spirit. Strauss is the representative of a small party. He is by no means the representative of the followers of Hegel, many of whom are opposed to him.*

The whole book has the savor of Pantheism pervading it, as we think, using Pantheism in its best sense, if our readers can find a good sense for it. He does not admit a personal God, we are told, and, therefore, would not admit of a personal Christ, or incarnation of God. This, we suspect, is the sole cause of his aversion to personalities. But he nowhere avows this openly and plainly; we, therefore, only give it as our conjecture, though Tholuck openly calls him a Pantheist of the school of Hegel, defining that school "Atheistic;" while Ullmann brings the same charge, but with much more modesty, asking men to translate it more mildly if they can.

We are not surprised at the sensation Mr. Strauss has excited in Germany, nor at the number of replies, which have been showered down upon him. Destruction always makes a great noise, and attracts the crowd, but nobody knows when the Gospels were published, and the world, doubtless, was in no great haste to receive them. It is fortunate the book has been written

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* See, for example, an article on the second volume of the "Leben Jesu," in the Berlin "Jahrbücher für Wissenschaftliche Kritik," for 1836. Band I. p. 681, seq., by *Bruno Bauer*.

in the only country where it can be readily answered. We have no fears for the final result. Doubtless, some will be shaken in their weakly rooted faith; and the immediate effect will probably be bad; worse than former religious revolutions with them. The Rationalists took possession of the pulpit, but unlike Strauss, says Mr. Tholuck, they pulled down no churches. But we have no fear that any church will be destroyed by him. If a church can be destroyed by criticism, or a book, however pungent, the sooner it falls the better. A church, we think, was never written down, except by itself. To write down the true Christian Church seems to us as absurd as to write down the solar system, or put an end to tears, joys, and prayers. Still less have we any fear, that Christianity itself should come to an end, as some appear to fancy; a form of Religion, which has been the parent and the guardian of all modern civilization; which has sent its voice to the ends of the world; and now addresses equally the heart of the beggar and the monarch; which is the only bond between societies; an institution, cherished and clung to by the choicest hopes, the deepest desires of the human race, is not in a moment to be displaced by a book. "There has long been a fable among men," says an illustrious German writer, "and even in these days is it often heard; unbelief invented it, and little-belief has taken it up. It runs thus; there will come a time, and, perhaps, it has already come, when it will be all over with this Jesus of Nazareth; and this is right. The memory of a single man is fruitful only for a time. The human race must thank him for much; God has brought much to pass through him. But he is only one of us, and his hour to be forgotten will soon strike. It has been his earnest desire to render the world

entirely free; it must, therefore, be his wish to make it free also from himself, that God may be all in all. Then men will not only know that they have power enough in themselves to obey perfectly the will of God; but in the perfect knowledge of this, they can go beyond its requisitions, if they only will! Yea, when the Christian name is forgotten, then for the first time shall a universal kingdom of Love and Truth arise, in which there shall lie no more any seed of enmity, that from the beginning has been continually sown between such as believe in Jesus, and the children of men. But this fable can never be true. Ever since the day that he was in the flesh, the Redeemer's image has been stamped ineffaceably on the hearts of men. Even if the letter should perish, — which is holy, only because it preserves to us this image, — the image itself would remain forever. It is stamped so deep in the heart of man, that it never can be effaced, and the word of the Apostle will ever be true, 'Lord, whither shall we go? thou only hast the words of eternal life.'" *

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* While we have been preparing these pages, we have sometimes glanced at another book, attacking Christianity. Its title is Jesus Christ et sa doctrine, Histoire de la Naissance de l'Eglise, de son organization et de ses progrès, pendant le premier siècle, par *J. Salvador*. Paris: 1838. 2 vols. 8vo.; a work of great pretensions and very little merit.

XII.

THOUGHTS ON THEOLOGY.*

At the present day Germany seems to be the only country, where the various disciplines of Theology are pursued in the liberal and scientific spirit, which some men fancy is peculiar to the nineteenth century. It is the only country where they seem to be studied for their own sake, as Poetry, Eloquence, and the Mathematics have long been. In other quarters of the world, they are left too much to men of subordinate intellect, of little elevation or range of thought, who pursue their course, which is "roundly smooth, and languishingly slow," and after a life of strenuous assiduity find they have not got beyond the "Standards," set up ages before them. Many theologians seem to set out with their faces turned to some popular prejudice of their times, their church, or their school, and walk backwards,

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* *Entwicklungsgeschichte der Lehre von der Person Christi von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die neuesten, dargestellt.* Von J. A. Dorner, a. o. Professor der Theologie an der Universitat Tübigen. Stutgart: 1839. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. xxiv. and 556. [Historical development of the doctrine of the person of Christ, from the earliest to the latest times, etc.] — [From the Dial for April, 1842.]

as it were, or at best in a circle where the movement is retrograde as often as direct. Somebody relates a story, that once upon a time a scholar after visiting the place of his Academic education, and finding the old Professors then just where they were ten years before, discussing the same questions, and blowing similar bubbles, and splitting hairs anew, was asked by a friend, "what they were doing at the old place." He answered, "One was milking the barren Heifer, and the others holding the sieve."

To this rule, for such we hold it to be, in France, England, and America, at this day, there are some brilliant exceptions; men who look with a single eye towards truth, and are willing to follow wherever she shall lead; men, too, whose mind and heart elevate them to the high places of human attainment, whence they can speak to bless mankind. These men are the creatures of no sect or school, and are found where God has placed them, in all the various denominations of our common faith. It is given to no party, nor coterie, no old school, or new school, to monopolize truth, freedom, and love. We are sick of that narrowness which sees no excellence, except what wears the livery of its own guild. But the favored sons of the free spirit are so rare in the world at large; their attention so seldom turned to theological pursuits, that the above rule will be found to hold good in chief, and Theology to be left, as by general consent, to men of humble talents, and confined methods of thought, who walk mainly under the cloud of prejudice, and but rarely escape from the trammels of Bigotry and Superstition. Brilliant and profound minds turn away to Politics, Trade, Law, the fascinating study of nature so beautiful and composing; men, who love freedom and are gifted

with power to soar through the empyrean of thought, seek a freer air, and space more ample wherein to spread their wings. Meanwhile, the dim cloisters of theology, once filled with the great and the wise of the earth, are rarely trod by the children of Genius and Liberty. We have wise, and pious, and learned, and eloquent preachers, the hope of the church, the ornaments and defence of society; men who contend for public virtue, and fight the battle for all souls with earnest endeavor, but who yet care little for the science of divine things. We have sometimes feared our young men forsook in this their fathers' wiser ways, for surely there was a time when theology was *studied* in our land.

From the neglect of serious, disinterested, and manly thought, applied in this direction, there comes the obvious result; while each other science goes forward, passing through all the three stages requisite for its growth and perfection; while it makes new observations, or combines facts more judiciously, or from these infers and induces general laws hitherto unnoticed, and so develops itself, becoming yearly wider, deeper, and more certain, its numerous phenomena being referred back to elementary principles and universal laws, — Theology remains in its old position. Its form has changed; but the change is not scientific, the result of an elementary principle. In the country of Bossuet and Hooker, we doubt that any new observation, any new combination of facts has been made, or a general law discovered in these matters, by any theologian of the present century, or a single step taken by theological science. In the former country, an eminent philosopher, of a brilliant mind, with rare faculties of combination and lucid ex-

pression, though often wordy, has done much for psychology, chiefly however by uniting into one focus the several truths which emanate from various anterior systems; by popularizing the discoveries of deeper spirits than his own, and by turning the ingenuous youth to this noble science. In spite of the defects arising from his presumption, and love of making all facts square with his formula, rather than the formula express the spirit of the facts, he has yet furnished a magazine, whence theological supplies may be drawn, and so has indirectly done much for a department of inquiry which he has himself never entered. We would not accept his errors, his hasty generalizations, and presumptuous flights, — so they seem to us, — and still less would we pass over the vast service he has done to this age by his vigorous attacks on the sensual philosophy, and his bold defence of spiritual thought. Mr. Coleridge also, in England, a spirit analogous but not similar to Mr. Cousin, — has done great service to this science, but mainly by directing men to the old literature of his countrymen and the Greeks, or the new productions of his philosophical contemporaries on the continent of Europe. He seems to have caught a Pisgah view of that land of stream and meadow, which he was forbid to enter. These writers have done great service to men whose date begins with this century. Others are now applying their methods and writing their books, sometimes with only the enthusiasm of imitators, it may be.

We would speak tenderly of existing reputations in our own country, and honor the achievements of those men who, with hearts animated only by love of God and man, devote themselves to the pursuit of truth in this path, and outwatch the Bear in their severe studies. To them all honor. But we ask for the theologians of

America, who shall take rank as such with our historians, our men of science and politics. Where are they? We have only the echo for answer, Are they?

We state only a common and notorious fact, in saying, that there is no *science* of theology with us. There is enough cultivation and laborious thought in the clerical profession, perhaps, as some one says, more serious and hard thinking than in both the sister professions. The nature of the case demands it. So there was thinking enough about natural philosophy among the Greeks, after Aristotle; but little good came of it in the way of science. We hazard little in saying, that no treatise has been printed in England in the present century, of so great theological merit as that of pagan Cicero on the Nature of the Gods, or the preface to his treatise of Laws. The work of Aristotle, we are told, is still the text-book of morals at the first university in Christian England.

In all science this seems everywhere the rule: The more Light, the freer, the more profound and searching the investigation, why the better; the sooner a false theory is exploded and a new one induced from the observed facts, the better also. In theology the opposite rule seems often to prevail. Hence, while other sciences go smoothly on in regular advance, theology moves only by leaps and violence. The theology of Protestantism and Unitarianism are not regular developments, which have grown harmoniously out of a systematic study of divine things, as the theory of gravitation and acoustics in the progress of philosophy. They are rather the result of a spasmodic action, to use that term. It was no difficult thing in philosophy to separate astronomy from the magicians and their works of astrology and divination. It required only years and

the gradual advance of mankind. But to separate religion from the existing forms, churches, or records, is a work almost desperate, which causes strife and perhaps bloodshed. A theological reformation throws kingdoms into anarchy for the time. Doctrines in philosophy are neglected as soon as proved false, and buried as soon as dead. But the art of the embalmer preserves, in the church, the hulls of effete dogmas in theology, to cumber the ground for centuries, and disgust the pious worshipper who would offer a reasonable service. It is only the living that *bury* the dead. The history of these matters is curious and full of warning. What was once condemned by authority, becomes itself an authority to condemn. What was once at the summit of the sublime, falls in its turn to the depth of the ridiculous. We remember a passage of Julius Firmicus, which we will translate freely, as it illustrates this point: "Since all these things," namely, certain false notions, "were ill concocted, they were at first a terror unto mortals; then, when their novelty passed away, and mankind recovered, as it were, from a long disease, a certain degree of contempt arises for that former admiration. Thus gradually the human mind has ventured to scrutinize sharply, where it only admired with stupid amazement at the first. Very soon some sagacious observer penetrates to the secret places of these artificial and empty superstitions. Then by assiduous efforts, understanding the mystery of what was formerly a secret, he comes to a real knowledge of the causes of things. Thus the human race first learns the pitiful deceits of the profane systems of religion; it next despises, and at last rejects them with disdain." Thus, as another has said, "Men quickly hated this blear-eyed religion, (the Catholic superstitions,) when a little light had come among

them, which they hugged in the night of their ignorance.

For the successful prosecution of theology, as of every science, certain conditions must be observed. We must abandon prejudice. The maxim of the Saint, CONFIDO, ERGO SUM, is doubtless as true as that of the Philosopher, COGITO, ERGO SUM. But it is pernicious when it means, as it often does, I BELIEVE, AND THEREFORE IT IS SO. The theologian of our day, like the astronomer of Galileo's time, must cast his idols of the Tribe, the Den, the Market-place, and the School, to the moles and the bats; must have a disinterested love of truth; be willing to follow wherever she leads. He must have a willingness to search for all the facts relative to divine things, which can be gathered from the deeps of the human soul, or from each nation and every age. He must have diligence and candor to examine this mass of spiritual facts; philosophical skill to combine them; power to generalize and get the universal expression of each particular fact, thus discovering the one principle which lies under the numerous and conflicting phenomena. Need we say that he must have a good, pious, loving heart? An undevout theologian is the most desperate of madmen. A whole Anticyra would not cure him.

This empire of prejudice is still wide enough a domain for the Prince of lies; but formerly it was wider, and included many departments of philosophy, which have since, through the rebellion of their tenants, been set off to the empire of Reason, which extends every century. Theology, though now and then rebellious against its tyrant, has never shaken off his yoke, and seems part of his old ancestral domain, where he and his children shall long reign. An old writer unconsciously describes

times later than his own, and says, "No two things do so usurp upon and waste the faculty of Reason, as Enthusiasm and Superstition; the one binding a faith, the other a fear upon the soul, which they vainly entitle some divine discovery; both train a man up to believe beyond possibility of proof; both instruct the mind to conceive merely by the wind, the vain words of some passionate men, that can but pretend a revelation, or tell a strange story; both teach a man to deliver over himself to the confident dictate of the sons of imagination; to determine of things by measures phantastical, rules which cannot maintain themselves in credit by any sober and severe discourses; both inure the mind to divine rather than to judge; to dispute for maxims rather vehement than solid; both make a man afraid to believe himself, to acknowledge the truth that overpowers his mind, and that would reward its cordial entertainment with assurance and true freedom of spirit. Both place a man beyond possibility of conviction, it being in vain to present an argument against him that thinks he can confront a revelation, a miracle, or some strange judgment from heaven, upon his adversary to your confusion. It seems, there is not a greater evil in the State, than wickedness established by Law; nor a greater in the Church than error [established] by Religion, and an ignorant devotion towards God. And therefore no pains and care are too much to remove these two beams from the eye of human understanding, which render it insufficient for a just and faithful discovery of objects in religion and common science, 'Pessima res est errorum apotheosis, et pro peste intellectus habenda est, si vanis accedat veneratio.'" *

* Spencer's Discourse concerning Prodigies; London, 1665. Preface, p. xv.

Theology is not yet studied in a philosophical spirit, and the method of a science. Writers seem resolved to set up some standard of their fathers or their own; so they explore but a small part of the field, and that only with a certain end in view. They take a small part of the human race as the representative of the whole, and neglect all the rest. As the old geographers drew a chart of the world, so far as they knew it, but crowded the margin, where the land was unknown, "with shrieks, and shapes, and sights unholy," with figures of dragons, chimeras, winged elephants, and four-footed whales, anthropophagi, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," so "divines" have given us the notions of a few sects of religious men, and telling us they never examined the others, have concluded to rest in this comprehensive generalization, that all besides were filled with falsehood and devilish devices. What is to be expected of such methods? Surely it were as well to give such inquirers at starting the result they must reach at the end of their course. It appears legitimate to leave both students and teachers of geology, mathematics, and science in general, to soar on the loftiest thoughts toward absolute truth, only stopping when the wing was weary or the goal reached; but to direct the students and teachers of things divine, to accept certain conclusions arrived at centuries ago! If Faraday and Herschel pursued the *theological* method in their sciences, no harm would be done to them or the world, if they were required to accept the "standard" of Thales or Paracelsus, and subscribe the old creed every lustrum. The method could lead to nothing better, and the conclusion, the inquirer must reach, might as well be forced upon him at the beginning as the end of his circular course. The ridiculous part of the matter is this, —

that the man professes to search for whatever truth is to be found, but has sworn a solemn oath never to accept as truth, what does not conform to the idols he worships at home. We have sometimes thought what a strange spectacle, — ridiculous to the merry, but sad to the serious, — would appear if the Almighty should have sent down the brilliant image of pure, absolute Religion, into the assembly of divines at Westminster, or any similar assembly. Who would acknowledge the image?

The empire of Prejudice is perhaps the last stronghold of the Father of lies, that will surrender to Reason. At present, a great part of the domain of theology is under the rule of that most ancient czar. There common sense rarely shows his honest face; Reason seldom comes. It is a land shadowy with the wings of Ignorance, Superstition, Bigotry, Fanaticism, the brood of clawed, and beaked, and hungry Chaos and most ancient Night. There Darkness, as an Eagle, stirreth up her nest; fluttereth over her young; spreadeth abroad her wings; taketh her children; beareth them on her wings over the high places of the earth, that they may eat, and trample down, and defile the increase of the fields. There stands the great arsenal of Folly, and the old war-cry of the pagan, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," is blazoned on the banner that floats above its walls. There the spectres of Judaism, and Heathenism, and Pope, and Pagan, pace forth their nightly round; the ghost of Moloch, Saturn, Baal, Odin, fight their battles over again, and feast upon the dead. There the eye is terrified, and the mind made mad with the picture of a world that has scarce a redeeming feature, with a picture of heaven such as a good free man would

scorn to enter, and a picture of hell such as a fury would delight to paint.

If we look a little at the history of theology, it appears that errors find easiest entrance there, and are most difficult to dislodge. It required centuries to drive out of the Christian Church a belief in ghosts and witches. The Devil is still a classical personage of theology; his existence maintained by certain churches in their articles of faith; and while we are writing these pages, a friend tells us of hearing a preacher of the popular doctrine declare in his public teaching from the pulpit, that to deny the existence of the Devil, is to destroy the character of Christ. In science, we ask first, What are the facts of observation whence we shall start? Next, What is the true and natural order, explanation, and meaning of these facts? The first work is to find the facts, then their law and meaning. Now here are two things to be considered, namely, FACTS and NO-FACTS. For every false theory there are a thousand false facts. In theology, the data, in many celebrated cases, are facts of assumption, not observation; in a word, are NO-FACTS. When Charles the Second asked the Royal Society, "Why a living fish put into a vessel of water added nothing to the weight of the water?" there were enough, no doubt, to devise a theory, and explain the fact, "by the upward pressure of the water," "the buoyancy of air in the living fish," "its motion and the reaction of the water." But when some one ventured to verify the fact, it was found to be no-fact. Had the Royal Academy been composed of "Divines," and not of Naturalists and Philosophers, the theological method would have been pursued, and we should have had theories as numerous as the attempts to reconcile the story of

Jonah with human experience, and science would be where it was at first. Theology generally passes dry-shod over the first question,—*What are the facts?*—"with its garlands and singing-robes about it." Its answer to the next query is therefore of no value.

We speak historically of things that have happened, when we say, that many, if not most of those theological questions, which have been matters of dispute and railing, belong to the class of explanations of no-facts. Such, we take it, are the speculations, for the most part, that have grown out of the myths of the Old and New Testament; about Angels, Devils, personal appearances of the Deity, miraculous judgments, supernatural prophecies, the trinity, and the whole class of miracles from Genesis to Revelation. Easy faith and hard logic have done enough in theology. Let us answer the first question, and verify the facts before we attempt to explain them.

As we look back on the history of the world, the retrospect is painful. The history of science is that of many wanderings before reaching the truth. But the history of theology is the darkest chapter of all, for neither the true end nor the true path seems yet to be discovered and pursued. In the history of every department of thought there seem to be three periods pretty distinctly marked. First, the period of *hypothesis*, when observation is not accurate, and the solution of the problem, when stated, is a matter of conjecture, mere guesswork. Next comes the period of *observation and induction*, when men ask for the facts, and their law. Finally, there is the period when science is developed still further *by its own laws*, without the need of new observations. Such is the present state of mathematics, speculative astronomy, and some other departments, as we

think. Thus science may be in advance of observation. Some of the profound remarks of Newton belong to this last epoch of science. An ancient was in the first when he answered the question, "Why does a man draw his feet under him, when he wishes to rise from his seat?" by saying it was "on account of the occult properties of the circle."

Now theology with us is certainly in the period of hypothesis. The facts are assumed; the explanation is guesswork. To take an example from a section of theology much insisted on at the present day, — the use and meaning of miracles. The general thesis is, that miracles confirm the authority of him who works them, and authenticate his teachings to be divine. We will state it in a syllogistic and more concrete form. Every miracle-worker is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Jonah is a miracle-worker. Therefore Jonah is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Now we should begin by denying the *major* in full, and go on to ask proofs of the *minor*. But the theological method is to assume both. When both premises are assumptions, the conclusion will be, — what we see it is. Men build neither castles nor temples of moonshine. Yet, in spite of this defect, limitation, and weakness, it is a common thing to subject other sciences to this pretended science of Theology. Psychology, Ethics, Geology, and Astronomy are successively arraigned, examined, and censured or condemned, because their conclusions, — though legitimately deduced from notorious facts, — do not square with the assumptions of theology, which still aspires to be head of all. But to present this claim for theology in its present state, is like making the bramble king over the trees of the forest. The result would be as in Jotham's parable. Theology would say, Come

and put your trust in my shadow. But if you will not, a fire shall go out from the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

Now as it seems to us, there are two legitimate methods of attempting to improve and advance theology. One is for the theologian to begin anew, trusting entirely to meditation, contemplation, and thought, and ask WHAT can be known of divine things, and HOW can it be known and legitimated? This work of course demands, that he should criticize the faculty of knowing, and determine its laws, and see, *à priori*, what are our instruments of knowing, and what the law and method of their use, and thus discover the NOVUM ORGANUM of theology. This determined, he must direct his eye *inward* on what passes there, studying the stars of that inner firmament, as the astronomer reads the phenomena of the heavens. He must also look *outward* on the face of nature and of man, and thus read the primitive Gospel, God wrote on the heart of his child, and illustrated in the Earth and the Sky and the events of life. Thus from observations made in the external world, made also in the internal world, comprising both the *reflective* and the *intuitive* faculties of man, he is to frame the theory of God, of man, of the relation between God and man, and of the duties that grow out of this relation, for with these four questions we suppose theology is exclusively concerned. This is the *philosophical* method, and it is strictly legitimate. It is pursued in the other sciences, and to good purpose. Thus science becomes the interpreter of nature, not its lawgiver. The other method is to get the sum of the theological thinking of the human race, and out of this mass construct a system, without attempting a fresh observation

of facts. This is the *historical* method, and it is useful to show what has been done. The opinion of mankind deserves respect, no doubt; but this method can lead to a perfect theology no more than historical Eclecticism can lead to a perfect philosophy. The former researches in theology, as in magnetism and geology, offer but a narrow and inadequate basis to rest on.

This historical scheme has often been attempted, but never systematically, thoroughly, and critically, so far as we know. In England and America, however, it seems almost entirely to have dispossessed the philosophical method of its rights. But it has been conducted in a narrow, exclusive manner, after the fashion of antiquarians searching to prove a preconceived opinion, rather than in the spirit of philosophical investigation. From such measures we must expect melancholy results. From the common abhorrence of the philosohpical method, and the narrow and uncritical spirit in which the historical method is commonly pursued, comes this result. Our philosophy of divine things is the poorest of all our poor philosophies. It is not a theology, but a despair of all theology. The theologian, — as Lord Bacon says of a method of philosophizing that was common in his time, — "hurries on rapidly from particulars to the most general axioms, and from them as principles, and their supposed indisputable truth, derives and discovers the intermediate axioms." Of course what is built on conjecture, and only by guess, can never satisfy men, who ask for the facts and their law and explanation.

Still more, deference for authority is carried to the greatest extreme in theology. The sectarian must not dispute against the "Standards" set up by the Synod of Dort, the Westminster divines, or the Council of

Trent. These settle all controversies. If the theologian is no sectarian, in the usual sense of that word, then his "Standard" is the Bible. He settles questions of philosophy, morals, and religion by citing texts, which prove only the opinion of the writer, and perhaps not even that. The chain of his argument is made of Scripture sentences well twisted. As things are now managed by theologians in general, there is little chance of improvement. As Bacon says of universities in his day, "They learn nothing but to believe; first, that others know this which they know not, and often, [that] themselves know that which they know not. They are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal." And again. "All things are found opposite to advancement; for the readings and exercises are so managed, that it cannot easily come into any one's mind to think of things out of the common road; or if here and there, one should venture to ask a liberty of judging, he can only impose the task upon himself without obtaining assistance from his fellows; and if he could dispense with this, he will still find his industry and resolution a great hinderance to his fortune. For the studies of men in such places are confined and penned down to the writings of certain authors; from which if any man happens to differ, he is presently reprehended as a disturber and innovator." And still further. "Their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors, did, out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

There are two methods of philosophizing in general,

that of the Materialists and the Spiritualists, to use these terms. The one is perhaps most ably represented in the Novum Organum of Lord Bacon, and the other in Descartes' Book of Method and of Principles. The latter was early introduced to England by a few Platonizing philosophers, — now better known abroad than at home, we fancy, — whose pious lives, severe study, and volumes full of the ripest thought have not yet redeemed them, in the judgment of their countrymen, from the charge of being mystics, dreamers of dreams, too high for this world, too low for the next, so of no use in either. But this method, inasmuch as it laid great stress on the *inward* and the *idea*, — in the Platonic sense, — and, at least in its onesidedness and misapplication, led sometimes to the visionary and absurd, has been abandoned by our brethren in England. Few British scholars, since the seventeenth century, have studied theology in the spirit of the Cartesian method. The other method, that of Bacon, begins by neglecting that half of man's nature which is primarily concerned with divine things. This has been found more congenial with the taste and character of the English and American nations. They have applied it, with eminent success, to experimental science, for which it was designed, and from which it was almost exclusively derived by its illustrious author. We would speak with becoming diffidence respecting the defects of a mind so vast as Bacon's, which burst the trammels of Aristotle and the School-men, emancipated philosophy in great measure from the theological method which would cripple the intellectual energies of the race. But it must be confessed that Bacon's Philosophy recognizes scarcely the possibility of a theology, certainly of none but a historical theology, — gathering up the limbs of

Osiris dispersed throughout the world. It lives in the senses, not the soul. Accordingly, this method is applied chiefly in the departments of natural and mechanical philosophy, and even here Englishmen begin to find it inadequate to the ultimate purposes of science, by reason of its exceeding outwardness, and so look for a better instrument than the Novum Organum, wherewith to arm the hand of science.* One of the most thorough Baconians of the present day, as we understand it, is Mr. Comte, the author of the course of positive Philosophy just published at Paris; and it is curious to see the results he has reached, namely, Materialism in Psychology, Selfishness in Ethics, and Atheism in Theology. It is not for us to say he is logically false to his principles.

Some of the countrymen of Bacon, however, have attempted to apply his method in other departments of human inquiry. Locke has done this in metaphysics. It was with Bacon's new instrument in his hand, that he struck at the root of innate ideas; at our idea of Infinity, Eternity, and the like. But here his good-sense sometimes, his excellent heart and character, truly humane and Christian, much oftener, as we think, saved him from the conclusions, to which this method has legitimately led others who have followed it. The method defective, so was the work. A Damascus mechanic, with a very rude instrument, may form exquisite blades, and delicate filagree; but no skill of the artist, no excellence of heart, can counteract the defects of the Novum Organum, when applied to morals, metaphysics, or theology. Hume furnishes another instance

* See Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, etc. London, 1840. 2 vols. 8vo. Preface to Vol. I.

of the same kind. His treatise of Natural Religion we take to be a rigid application of Bacon's method in theological inquiries, and his inductions to be legitimate, admitting his premises and accepting his method. A third instance of the same kind is afforded by the excellent Dr. Paley. Here this method is applied in morals; the result is too well known to need mention.

Never did a new broom sweep so clean as this new instrument, in the various departments of metaphysics, theology, and ethics. Love, God, and the Soul are swept clean out of doors.* We are not surprised that no one, following Bacon's scheme, has ever succeeded in argument with these illustrious men, or driven Materialism, Selfishness, and Skepticism from the field of Philosophy, Morals, and Religion. The answer to these systems must come from men who adopt a different method. Weapons tempered in another spring were needed to cleave asunder the seven-orbed Baconian shield, and rout the Skepticism sheltered thereby. No Baconian philosopher, so it seems to us, has ever ruffled its terrible crest, though the merest stripling of the Gospel could bring it to the ground. The replies to Locke, Hume, and Paley come into England from countries where a more spiritual philosophy has fortunately got footing.

The consequences of this exclusive Baconianism of the English have been disastrous to theological pursuits. The "Divines" in England, at the present day, her Bishops, Professors, and Prebendaries, are not theologians. They are logicians, chemists, skilled in the math-

* We would not have it supposed we charge these results upon the *men*, but on their systems, if legitimately carried out.

ematics; historians, poor commentators upon Greek poets. Theology is out of their line. They have taken the ironical advice of Bishop Hare. Hence it comes to pass, either that theology is not *studied* at all; only an outside and preparatory department is entered; or it is studied with little success, even when a man like Lord Brougham girds himself for the task. The most significant theological productions of the last five-and-twenty years in England are the Bridgewater Treatises, some of which are valuable contributions to natural science. Of Lord Brougham's theological writings little needs be said, and of the Oxford Tracts we shall only say, that while we admire the piety displayed in them, we do not wonder that their authors despair of theology, and so fall back on dark ages; take authority for truth, and not truth for authority. The impotence of the English in this department is surely no marvel. It would take even a giant a long time to hew down an oak with a paver's maul, useful as that instrument may be in another place. Few attempt theology, and fewer still succeed. Men despair of the whole matter. While truth is before them in all other departments, and research gives not merely historical results to the antiquary, but positive conclusions to the diligent seeker, here, in the most important of all the fields of human speculation, she is supposed to be only behind us, and to have no future blessing to bestow. Thus theology, though both Queen and Mother of all science, is left alone, unapproached, unseen, unhonored, though worshipped by a few weak idolaters with vain oblation, and incense kindled afar off, while strong men and the whole people have gone up on every hill-top, and under every green tree, to sacrifice and do homage to the Useful and the Agreeable. Any one, who reads the English

theological journals, or other recent works on those subjects, will see the truth of what we have said, and how their scholars retreat to the time of the Reformation and Revolution, and bring up the mighty dead, the Hookers, the Taylors, the Cudworths, with their illustrious predecessors and contemporaries, who, with all their faults, had a spark of manly fire in their bosoms, which shone out in all their works. It must be confessed, that theology in England and America is in about the same state with astronomy in the time of Scotus Erigena.

Now theological problems change from age to age; the reflective character of our age, the philosophical spirit that marks our time, is raising questions in theology never put before. If the "Divines" will not think of theological subjects, nor meet the question, why others will. The matter cannot be winked out of sight. Accordingly, unless we are much deceived, the educated laymen have applied good-sense to theology, as the "Divines" have not dared to do, at least in public, and reached conclusions far in advance of the theology of the pulpit. It is a natural consequence of the theological method, that the men wedded to it should be further from truth in divine things, than men free from its shackles. It is not strange, then, for the pulpit to be behind the pews. Yet it would be very surprising if the professors of medicine, chemistry, and mathematics understood those mysteries more imperfectly than laymen, who but thought of the matter incidentally, as it were.

The history of theology shows an advance, at least, a change in its great questions. They rise in one age and are settled in the next, after some fierce disputing;

for it is a noticeable fact, that as religious wars, — so they are called, — are of all others the most bloody, so theological controversies are most distinguished for misunderstanding, perversity, and abuse. We know not why, but such is the fact. Now there are some great questions in theology that come up in our time to be settled, which have not been asked in the same spirit before. Among them are the following.

What relation does Christianity bear to the Absolute? What relation does Jesus of Nazareth bear to the human race? What relation do the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament bear to Christianity?

The first is the vital question, and will perhaps be scarce settled favorably to the Christianity of the church. The second also is a serious question, but one which the recent discussions of the Trinity will help to answer. The third is a practical and historical question of great interest. In the time of Paul the problem was to separate Religion from the forms of the Mosaic ritual; in Luther's day to separate it from the forms of the Church; in our age to separate it from the letter of Scripture, and all personal authority, pretended or real, and leave it to stand or fall by itself. There is nothing to fear from Truth, or for Truth. But if these questions be answered, as we think they must be, then a change will come over the spirit of our theology, to which all former changes therein were as nothing. But what is true will stand; yes, will stand, though all present theologies perish.

We have complained of the position of theology in England and America. Let us look a little into a single department of it, and one most congenial to the English mind, that of Ecclesiastical History; here our literature is most miserably deficient. Most English writers

quote the Fathers, as if any writer of the first six centuries was as good authority for whatever relates to the primitive practice or opinion, as Clement of Alexandria, or Justin Martyr. Apart from the honorable and ancient name of Cave we have scarce an original historian of the Church in the English tongue, unless we mention Mr. Campbell, whose little work is candid and clear, and shows an acquaintance with the sources, though sometimes it betrays too much of a polemical spirit. England has produced three great historians within less than a century. Their works, though unequal, are classics; and their name and influence will not soon pass away. To rank with them in Ecclesiastical history, we have Echhard, Milner, Waddington, Milman! The French have at least, Du-Pin, Tillemont, and Fleury; the Germans, Mosheim, Walch, Arnold, Semler, Schroeckh, Gieseler, and Neander, not to mention others scarcely inferior to any of these. In America little is to be expected of our labors in this department. We have no libraries that would enable us to verify the quotations in Gieseler; none perhaps that contains all the important sources of ecclesiastical history. Still all other departments of this field are open to us, where a large library is fortunately not needed.

Now in Germany theology is still studied by minds of a superior order, and that with all the aid which Science can offer in the nineteenth century. The mantle of the prophet, ascending from France and England, and with it a double portion of his spirit has fallen there. Theology has but shifted her ground, not forsaken the earth; so, it is said, there is always one phenix, and one alone, in the world, although it is sometimes in the Arabian, sometimes in the Persian Sky. In that country, we say it with thanksgiving, theology is still pur-

sued. Leibnitz used to boast that his countrymen came late to philosophy. It seems they found their account in entering the field after the mists of morning had left the sky, and the barriers could be seen, when the dew had vanished from the grass. They have come through Philosophy to Theology still later; for the theology of the Germans before Semler's time, valuable as it is in some respects, is only related to the modern, as our Scandinavian fathers, who worshipped Odin and Thor, two thousand years ago, are related to us. Germany is said to be the land of books. It is *par eminence* the land of theological books. To look over the Literatur Anzeiger, one is filled with amazement and horror at the thought, that somebody is to read each of the books, and many will attempt inward digestion thereof. Some thousands of years ago it was said, "of writing books there is no end." What would the same man say could he look over the catalogue of the last Leipsic fair?

We do not wonder that the eyes of theologians are turned attentively to Germany at this time, regarding it as the new East out of which the star of Hope is to rise. Still it is but a mixed result which we can expect; something will no doubt be effected both of good and ill. It is the part of men to welcome the former and ward off the latter. But we will here close our somewhat desultory remarks, and address ourselves to the work named at the head of this article.

In any country but Germany, we think, this would be reckoned a wonderful book; capable not only of making the author's literary reputation, but of making an epoch in the study of Ecclesiastical history, and of theology itself. The work is remarkable in respect to

both of these departments of thought. Since copies of it are rare in this country, we have been induced to transfer to our pages some of the author's most instructive thoughts and conclusions, and give the general scope of the book itself, widely as it differs, in many respects, from our own view. Its author is a Professor of Theology at one of the more Orthodox Seminaries in Germany; and, so far as we know, this is the only work he has given to the public in an independent form.

In one of the prefaces, — for the work has two, and an introduction to boot, — the author says, that as Christianity goes on developing itself, and as men get clearer notions of what they contend about, all theological controversies come to turn more and more upon the person of Christ, as the point where all must be decided. With this discovery much is gained, for the right decision depends, in some measure, on putting the question in a right way. It is easy to see that all turns on this question, whether it is necessary that there should be, and whether there actually has been, such a Christ as is represented in the meaning, though not always in the words of the Church. That is, whether there must be and has been a being, in whom the perfect union of the Divine and the Human has been made manifest in history. Now if Philosophy can demonstrate incontestably, that a Christ, in the above sense, is a notion self-contradictory and therefore impossible, there can no longer be any controversy between Philosophy and Theology. Then the Christ and the Christian Church, — as such, — have ceased to exist; or rather Philosophy has conquered the whole department of Christian Theology, as it were, from the enemy; for when the citadel is taken, the outworks must surrender at discretion. On the other hand, if it is shown that

the notion of an *historical*, as well as an *ideal* Christ, is a necessary notion, "and the speculative construction of the person of Christ" is admitted, then Philosophy and Theology, essentially and most intimately set at one with each other, may continue their common work in peace. Philosophy has not lost her independence, but gained new strength. Now one party says, this is done already, "the person of Christ is constructed speculatively;" while the other says, the lists are now to be closed, inasmuch as it has been demonstrated that there can be no Christ, who is alike historical and ideal.

Professor Dorner thinks both parties are wrong; that "the speculative construction of the Christ" is not yet completed. Or in other words, that it has not yet been shown by speculative logic, that an entire and perfect incarnation of the Infinite, in the form of a perfect man, is an eternal and absolute idea, and therefore necessary to the salvation and completion of the human race; nor, on the other hand, has the opposite been demonstrated. Faith has been developed on one side, and Reason on the other, but not united. Philosophy and Religion are only enamoured of one another, not wed; and the course of their true love is any thing but smooth. His object is to show what has already passed between the two parties. Or, to speak without a figure, to give the net result of all attempts to explain by Reason or Faith, the idea of the Christ; to show what has been done, and what still remains to be done in this matter. He thinks there is no great gulf fixed between Faith and Reason; that if Christianity be rational, that Reason itself has been unfolded and strengthened by Christianity, and may go on with no limit to her course.

He adds, moreover, that if Christ be, as theologians

affirm, the key to open the history of the world, as well as to unloose all riddles, then it is not modesty, but arrogant inactivity which will not learn to use this key, and disclose all mysteries. He assumes two things in this inquiry, with no attempt at proof, namely, first, that the idea of a God-man, — a being who is at the same time perfect God and perfect Man, — is the great feature of Christianity; that this idea was made actual in Jesus of Nazareth; and again that this idea of a God-man exists, though unconsciously, in all religions; that it has been and must be the ideal of life to be both human and divine; a man filled and influenced by the power of God. Soon as man turns to this subject, it is seen that a holy and blessed life in God can only be conceived of as the unity of the divine and human life. Still further, the ideal of a revelation of God consists in this, that God reveals himself not merely in signs and the phenomena of outward nature, which is blind and dumb, and knows not him who knows it, but that He should reveal Himself in the form of a being who is self-conscious, and knows him as he is known by him. In the infancy of thought, it was concluded no adequate representation of God could be made in the form of a God-man; for the Divine and Human were reckoned incompatible elements, or incommensurable quantities. God was considered an abstract essence, of whom even BEING was to be predicated only with modesty. In its theoretic result, this differed little from Atheism; for it was not the Infinite, but an indefinite being, who revealed himself in the finite.

Now Christianity makes a different claim to the God-man. It has been the constant faith of the Christian Church, that in Jesus the union of the Divine and Human was effected in a personal and peculiar manner.

But the objection was made early, and is still repeated, that this idea is not original in Christianity, since there were parallel historical manifestations of God in the flesh, before Jesus. But if this objection were real, it is of no value. Its time has gone by, since Christianity is regarded as a *doctrine*, and not merely *an historical fact;* as the organization of truth, which unites the scattered portions into one whole, that they may lie more level to the comprehension of men. But to settle this question, whether the idea is original with Christianity, it becomes necessary to examine the previous religions, and notice their essential agreement or disagreement with this.

"In this posture of affairs, all contributions will be welcome which serve to give a clearer notion of the ante-christian religions. So far as these contributions contain only the truth, it is a matter of indifference, whether they are made with a design hostile or favorable to Christianity. For the more perfectly we survey the field of ante-christian religions in its whole compass, the more clearly, on the one hand, do we perceive the preparation made for Christianity by previous religions, and its historical necessity; and, on the other hand, as we look back over all the phenomena in this field, we see not less clearly the same newness and originality of the Christian religion, which has long been admitted by every sound, historical mind, as it looks forward and sees its world-traversing and inexhaustible power. Yes; we must say, that it is for the sake of proving the truth of Christianity, and in particular of its all-supporting, fundamental idea, — the absolute incarnation of God in Christ, — that we have abandoned the more limited stand-point which was supported by single peculiarities, such as inspiration, prophecy, and the like; that taking our position in the more comprehensive stand-point supported by the whole course of religious history before Christ, we may thoroughly understand how the whole ante-christian world strives towards Christ; how in him the common riddle of all previous religions is solved, and how in him, or still more particularly, in his fundamental idea, lies the solution by which we can understand all these religions

better than they understood themselves. So long as all religions are not understood in their essential relation to Christianity, as negative or positive preparations for it, so long the historical side thereof will swing in the air."—pp. 3, 4.

He then goes on to inquire if it were possible this idea of the God-man could proceed from any religion before Christ, or was extant in his time. The Jews were hostile to it, as appears from the various forms of Ebionitism embraced by the Jewish Christians. Besides, the doctrine, or the fact, finds no adequate expression in Peter, or James, in Matthew, Mark, or Luke. Hence some have conjectured it came from heathenism, and the conjecture seems at first corroborated by the fact, that it was not developed in the Church until the Gentiles had come in, and the apostles who lived in the midst of the heathens were the men who taught this doctrine.* But this natural suspicion is without foundation. Heathenism may be divided into Eastern and Western. The Indian religion may be taken as the type of one, the Greek of the other. But neither separates God distinctly enough from the world. Both deserve to be called the worship of nature.† One proceeds from the Divine in the objective world, the other

* The influence of heathenism on the opinions of the primitive Christians has never yet, it would seem, had justice done it by writers of ecclesiastical history. We see traces of it in the apocryphal Gospels and Epistles, some of which are perhaps as ancient as the canonical writings. In our view, the Divinity of Christ, and its numerous correlative doctrines come from this source.

† This we think true of neither, except while the religion was in its weak and incipient stages. In the Greek Religion there are three stages, the Saturnian, Olympian, and Dionysian. Only the first is a worship of nature.

from the finite, and both seek the common end, the unity of the Divine and Human. Hence in the East, the various incarnations of Krishna, in one of which he assumes the human form as the highest of all. Here the God descends to earth and becomes a man. Again Vishu actually becomes a man. The idea of the God-man appears, as in Christianity, in the condescension of God to the human form. There is no doubt these notions were well known in Alexandria in the time of Jesus. But the Christian idea cannot be explained from this source, for the *true unity* of the divine and human natures nowhere appears, therefore the redemption of men by the Eastern religion is but momentary. The incarnate Deity does not draw men to him. Besides, the Dualism of this system destroys its value and influence. It ends at last in a sort of Quietism and Pantheism, which denies the existence of the world.

The Greek religion is the opposite of this. It deifies man, instead of humanizing God. It admitted Polytheism, though a belief in Fate still lingered there, as the last relic of primitive Pantheism. It does not develop the ethical idea, but confounds it with physical causes. It begins in part the opposite way from the Indian, but comes to the same conclusion at last, a denial of all but God, "the one divine substance before which all the finite is an illusion."* Besides, our author finds the moral element is wanting in the Greek religion. In this conclusion, however, we think him too

* This wholesale way of disposing of centuries of philosophical inquiry is quite as unsafe, as it were to take the middle-age philosophers, the Mystics, the Sensualists of England and France, with the Transcendentalists of Germany, as the natural results and legitimate issue of the Christian Religion.

hasty; certainly the moral element has its proper place in such writers as Æschylus, Pindar, and Plato. It would be difficult to find an author in ancient or modern times, in whom justice is more amply done to the moral sense, than in the latter.

However, Dr. Dorner thinks Parsism is an exception to the general rule of ancient religions. Here the moral element occurs in so perfect a form, that some will not reckon it with the heathen religions. But this has not got above the adoration of Nature, which defiles all the other heathen forms of religion. Besides, the Dualism, which runs through all the oriental systems, allows no true union of the Divine and Human. Accordingly, the Parsee Christians always had a strong tendency to Manichæism, and ran it out into the notions of the Docetæ, and then found that in Jesus there was no union of the two natures. According to Parsism the Divine can never coalesce with the Human; for the Infinite Being, who is the cause of both Ormusd and Ahriman, remains always immovable and at perfect rest. It, however, admits a sort of Arian notion of a mediator between him and us, and has a poor sort of a God-man in the person of Sosioch, though some conjecture this is a more modern notion they have taken from the Jews. Thus it appears the central idea of Christianity could have proceeded from no heathen religion.

Could it come from the Hebrew system? Quite as little.* Of all the ancient religions, the Hebrew alone separates God from the world, says our mistaken author,

* See the attempt of Mr. Hennell, (Inquiry into the Divine Origin of Christianity. London, 1839, 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 8–23,) to derive some of the Christian ideas from the Essenes.

and recognizes the distinct personality of both God and man. This solves the difficulty of heathenism. It dwells on the moral union of man and God, and would have it go on and become perfect, and in the end, God write the law in the heart, as in the beginning He wrote it on tables of stone.* But in avoiding the adoration of Nature, the Jews took such a view of the Deity, that it seemed impossible to them that he should incarnate himself in man. All the revelations of God in the Old Testament are not the remotest approach to an incarnation like that in Jesus. They made a great chasm between God and man, which they attempted to fill up with angels, and the like.† The descriptions of Wisdom in Proverbs, the Apocrypha, and Philo, are not at all like the Christian incarnation. The Alexandrian Jews assimilated to the Greek system, and adopted the Platonic view of the Logos, while the Palestine Jews, instead of making their idea of the Messiah more lofty and pure, and rendering it more intense, only gave it a more extensive range, and thought of a political deliverer. Thus it appears the idea of a God-man could not come from any of these sources, nor yet from any contemporary philosophy or religion. It must therefore be original with Christianity itself. It was impossible for a heathen or Hebrew to say in the Christian sense,

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* If we understand the Hebrew Scriptures and St. Paul, they both teach that He *did* write the *law in the heart* in the *beginning*, else the law of stone were worthless.

† Here also the author fails to notice the striking fact of the regular progress of the theophanies of the Old Testament. 1. *God appears himself*, in human form, and speaks and eats with man. 2. It is an *angel of God* who appears. 3. He *speaks only in visions, thoughts*, and the like, and his appearance is entirely subjective. We see the same progress in all primitive religious nations.

that a man was God, or the son of God. But all former religions were only a *præparatio evangelica* in the highest sense. This fact shows that Christianity expresses what all religions sought to utter, and combines in itself the truths of heathenism and Judaism.

"Judaism was great through the idea of the absolute, personal God; the greatest excellence of heathenism is the idea of the most intimate nearness and residence of a divine life in a free human form. But the idea of the personal existence of God in Christ was both of them united together into a higher unity. According to the heathen way of considering the matter, the divine, alone absolute and impersonal Being, who soars above the gods, — if it is possible for him to reveal himself, — must have first in Christ come to a personal consciousness of himself, which he had not before; but this would be the generation of a personal God, through the form of human life, and therefore a human act. Judaism had for its foundation not an obscure, impersonal being, a merely empty substance, but a subject, a personality. But to such as admitted its form of Monotheism, the incarnation of God seemed blasphemy. But Christianity is the truth of both systems. In the personality of Christ, it sees as well a man who is God, as a God who is man. With the one it sees in Jesus, as well the truth of the Hellenic Apotheosis of human nature, as with the other it sees the complete condescension of God, which is the fundamental idea in the East. But it required long and various warfare, before the Christian principle went through the Greek and Jewish principle, and presented to the understanding its true form. We shall see that even now its work is not completed."* — pp. 33, 34.

He next turns to consider the historical development of this central idea, which Jesus brought to light in word and life. This remained always *enveloped* in the Church, but it was not *developed*, except gradually, and part by part. Then he proceeds on the clever hypothe-

* We have given a pretty free version of portions of this extract, and are not quite certain that in all cases we have taken the author's meaning.

sis, that all moral and religious truth was *potentially involved* in the early teachers, though not professed consciously, and *actually evolved* by them; a maxim which may be applied equally to all philosophers, of all schools, for every man *involves* all truth, though only here and there a wise man *evolves* a little thereof. Now the Church did not state all this doctrine in good set speech, yet it knew intuitively how to separate false from true doctrine, not as an individual good man separates wrong from right, by means of conscience. This is rather more true of the Church, than it is of particular teachers, who have not been inventors of truth, but only mouths which uttered the truth possessed by the Church.* However, amid conflicting opinions, where he gets but intimations of the idea of a God-man, and amid many doctrines taught consciously, he finds this tendency to glorify Christ, even to deify him, which he regards as a proof that the great central idea lay there. This also we take to be a very great mistake, and think the tendency to deify persons arose from several causes; such as the popular despair of man. The outward aspect of the world allows us to form but a low opinion of man; the retrospect is still worse. Besides some distrusted the inspiration which God gives man on condition of holiness and purity. Therefore, when any one rose up and far transcended the achievements and expectations of mere vulgar souls, they said he is not a man, but a god, at least the son of a god; human nature is not capable of so much. Hence all the heroes of times pretty ancient are either gods or

* But these mouths of the Church seem smitten with the old spirit of Babel, for their "language was confounded, and they did not understand one another's speech," nor always *their own*, we fancy.

the descendants of gods, or at least *miraculously* inspired to do their particular works. Then the polytheistic notions of the new converts to Christianity favored this popular despair, by referring the most shining examples of goodness and wisdom to the gods. Hence, for those who had believed that Hercules, Bacchus, and Devanisi were men, and became gods by the special grace of the Supreme, it was easy to elevate Jesus, and give him power over their former divinities, or even expel them, if this course were necessary. Now there are but two scales to this balance, and what was added to the divinity of Jesus was taken from his humanity, and so the power of man underrated. Hence we always find, that as a party assigns Jesus a divine, extra-human, or miraculous character, on the one hand, just so far it degrades man, on the other, and takes low views of human nature. The total depravity of man, and the total divinity of Jesus, come out of the same logical root. To examine the history of the world, by striking the words and life of Jesus out of the series of natural and perfectly human actions, and then deciding as if such actions had never been, seems to us quite as absurd as it would be, in giving a description of Switzerland, to strike out the Alps, and the lakes, and then say the country was level and dull, monotonous and dry. To us, the popular notions of the character of Jesus "have taken away our Lord, and we know not *where* they have laid him." To our apprehension, Jesus was much greater than the evangelists represent him. We would not measure him by the conceptions formed by Jewish or heathen converts, but by the long stream of light he shed on the first three centuries after his death, and through them on all time since.

But to return to our task. Dr. Dorner admits this

idea does not appear in the earliest Christian writings, which we think is quite as inexplicable, taking his standpoint, as it would be if Columbus, after the discovery of the new continent, had founded a school of geographers, and no one of his pupils had ever set down America in his map of the world, or alluded to it, except by implication. But as Christianity went on developing, it took some extra-Christian ideas from the other religions. Thus from Judaism it took the notion of a *primitive man*, and a *primitive prophet;* from heathenism, the *doctrine of the Logos.* These two rival elements balanced each other, and gave a universal development to the new principle. Thus while Christianity attacked its foes, it built up its own dogmatics, not unlike the contemporaries of Ezra, who held the sword in one hand, and the trowel in the other. He finds three periods in the history of Christology. I. That of the establishment of the doctrine, that there were two essential elements in Jesus, the Divine and Human. II. Period of the one-sided elevation of either the one or the other; this has two epochs. 1. From the Council of Nice to the Reformation; period of the divine side. 2. From the Reformation to Kant; period of the human side. III. Period of the attempt to show both in him, and how they unite. We must pass very hastily over the rest of the work; for after we have thus minutely described his stand-point and some of his general views, and have shown his method, the student of history will see what his opinions must be of the great teachers in the Church, whose doctrines are well known.

To make the new doctrines of Christianity intelligible, the first thing was to get an adequate expression, in theological dogmas, of the nature of Christ. On this ques-

tion the Christian world divides into two great parties, — one follows a Hebrew, the other a Greek tendency, — one taking the human, the other the divine side of Christ. Hence come two independent Christologies, the one without the divine, the other without the human nature in Jesus. These are the Ebionites and the Docetæ. "Docetism, considered in antithesis with Ebionitism, is a very powerful witness of the deep and wonderful impression of its divinity, which the new principle had made on mankind at its appearance; an impression which is by no means fully described by all that Ebionitism could say of a new, great, and holy prophet that had risen up. On the other hand, Ebionitism itself, in its lack of ideal tendency, is a powerful evidence on the historical side of Christianity, by its rigid adhesion to the human appearance of Christ, which the other denied." — p. 36. Strange as it may seem, these two antithetic systems ran into one another, and lead both of them this common ground, that God and man could not be joined; for while the Ebionites said Jesus was a *mere man*, the Christ remained a pure ideal not connected with the body, a redemption was effected by God, and Jesus was the symbol; while the Docetæ, denying the *body* of Jesus had any objective reality, likewise left the Christ a pure ideal, never incarnated. "Both were alike unsatisfactory to the Christian mind. Both left alike unsatisfied the necessity of finding in Christ the union of the human and divine; therefore this objection may be made to both of them, which, from the nature of things, is the most significant, namely, that man is not redeemed by them, for God has not taken the human nature upon himself, and sanctified it by thus assuming it. The Church, guided rather by an internal tact and necessity, than by any perfect insight,

could sketch no comprehensible figure of Christ in definite lines. But by these two extreme doctrines it was advanced so far, that it became clearly conscious of the necessity, in general, of conceiving of the Redeemer as divine and human at the same time." — p. 39.

Various elements of this doctrine were expressed by the various teachers, in the early ages. Thus, on the divine side it was taught first, by the Pseudo-Clement, Paul of Samosata, and Sabellius, that a *higher power*, dwelt in Christ; next by Hippolytus, that it was not merely a higher *power*, but a *hypostasis* that dwelt in Christ. Tertullian, Clement, and Dionysius of Alexandria, with Origen, considered this *subordinate* to the Father, though the latter regarded it as *eternally begotten.* The next step was to consider this hypostasis not merely subordinate, but eternal; nor this only, but of the *same essence* with the Father. This was developed in the controversy between Dionysius of Rome and of Alexandria; between Athanasius and Arius. At the same time the human side was also developed. Clement and Origen maintained, in opposition to the Gnostics, that Christ had an actual human body. Then Apollinaris taught that Christ had a human soul (ψυχη), but the Logos supplied the place of a human *mind* (νους). But in opposition to him, Gregory of Nazianzen taught that he had a human mind also. Thus the elements of the Christ are "speculatively constructed" on the human and divine side; but still all their elements were not united into a human personal character, — for the human nature of Christ was still regarded as impersonal. But attempts were made also to unite these parts together, and construct a whole person. This, however, led rather to a mixture than an organic and consistent union; therefore the separateness and distinctness of the

two natures also required to be set forth. This was done very clearly. The Council of Nice declared he was *perfect God;* that of Chalcedon, that he was *perfect man* also, but did not determine how the two natures were reconciled in the same character. "The distinctive character of these two natures" — we quote the words of Leo the Great — "was not taken away by the union, but rather the peculiarity of each nature is kept distinct, and runs together with the other, into one *Prosopon* and one *Hypostasis.*" * Next follow the attempts to con-

* We give the Greek words *Prosopon* and *Hypostasis*, and not the common terms derived from the Latin. The subtleties of this doctrine can only be expressed in the Greek tongue. A Latin Christian could believe in three *personæ* and one *substantia*, for he had no better *terms*, while the Greek Christian reckoned this heretical, if not atheistical, as he believed in *one essence and three substances.* But to say *three persons* — *τρια προσωπα* — *in the Godhead*, was heresy in Greece, as to say *three substances*, (*tres substantiæ*,) was heresy at Rome. Well says Augustine, apologizing for the Latin language, "dictum est tres personæ, non ut illud diceretur, sed ut non taceretur." — De Trinitate, lib. v. c. 9.

St. Augustine has some thoughts on this head, which may surprise some of his followers at this day. "And we recognize in ourselves an image of God, that is, of the Supreme Trinity, not indeed equal, nay, far and widely different; not coeternal, and (to express the whole more briefly), not of the same substance with God; yet that, than which of all things made by Him none in nature is nearer to God; which image is yet to be perfected by re-formation, that it may be nearest in likeness also. For we both are to know that we are to love to be this and to know it. In these then, moreover, no falsehood resembling truth perplexes us." — Civ. Dei. Lib. xi. c. 26, as translated in *Pusey's* ed. of Augustine's Confessions. London: 1840. 1 vol. 8vo. p. 283, note.

The late Dr. Emmons seems aware of the imperfection of language, and its inability to express the idea of a Trinity. "Indeed there is no word, in any language, which can convey a precise idea of this incomprehensible distinction; for it is not similar to any other distinc-

struct one person out of these two natures. Some said there was one Will, others two Wills, in the person of Christ. This was the quarrel of the Monothelites and the Dyothelites. Others said the union was effected by the loss of the attributes of the Human or Divine being; some supposing the one passed into and so became the other, or that both coalesced in a *tertium quid*, a Συνθετος φυσις. But it became orthodox to affirm that each retained all its peculiar attributes, and so the two were united. Now this doctrine may seem very wise, because it is very puzzling; but the same words may be applied to other things. We have very little skill in showing up absurdities, but can apply all this language to very different matters, and it shall sound quite as well as before. Thus we may take a Circle instead of the Father, and a Triangle for the Son, and say the two natures were found in one, the circle became a triangle, and yet lost none of its circularity, while the triangle became a circle yet lost none of its triangularity. The union of the two was perfect, the distinctive character of each being preserved. They corresponded point for point, area for area, centre for centre, circumference for circumference, yet was one still a circle, the other a triangle. But both made up the circle-triangle. The one was not inscribed, nor the other circumscribed. We would by no means deny the great fact, which we think lies at the bottom of the notion of the trinity, a fact, however, which it seems to conceal as often as to express in our times, that the Deity diffuses and therefore

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tion in the minds of men, so that it is very immaterial whether we use the name person, or any other name, or a circumlocution instead of a name, in discoursing upon this subject." — Sermon iv. p. 87. Wrentham: 1800.

incarnates himself more or less perfectly in human beings, and especially in Jesus, the climax of human beings, through whom "proceed" the divine influences, which also "proceed" from the Father. Hence the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. This truth, we think, is expressed in all religions; in the incarnations of Vishnu; the Polytheistic notions of the Greeks; the angels, archangels, and seraphs that make up the Amshaspand of the Persians, which Daniel seems to imitate, and the author of the Apocalypse to have in his eye.

But to return. These points fixed, the Catholic church dwelt chiefly on the Divine in Christ, and continued to do so till the Reformation, while the human side was represented by heretics and mystics, whom here we have not space to name.

We now pass over some centuries, in which there was little life and much death in the Church; — times when the rays of religious light, as they came through the darkness, fell chiefly, it seems, on men whom the light rendered suspicious to the Church, — and come down to times after the Reformation. After the great battles had been fought through, and the Council of Trent held its sessions, and the disturbances, incident to all great stirs of thought, had passed over, and the oriental and one-sided view of Christ's nature had been combated, the human side of it comes out once more, into its due prominence. "By the long one-sided contemplation of the Divine in Christ, his person came to stand as somewhat absolutely supernatural, as the other side of and beyond human nature; something perfectly inaccessible to the subjective thought, while it is the greatest thing in Christianity to recognize our brother in him." With the Reformation there had come a subjective tendency, which laid small stress on the old no-

tions of Christ, in which the objective divine nature had overlaid and crushed the subjective and human nature in him. This new subjective tendency is a distinctive feature of the Reformation. It shows itself in the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and quite as powerfully in the altered form of Christology. But here, too, we must tread with rapid feet, and rest on only two of the numerous systems of this period, one from the Reformers themselves, the other from a Theosophist. The human nature is capable of divinity, (humana natura divinitatis capax) said the early Protestants; what Christ has first done, all may do afterwards. Well said Martin Luther, strange as it may seem to modern Protestants, who learn ecclesiastical history from the "Library of useful knowledge," "Lo, Christ takes our birth (that is, the sinfulness of human nature,) from us unto himself, and sinks it in his birth, and gives us his, that we thereby may become pure and new, as if it were our own, so that every Christian may enjoy this birth of Christ not less than if he also, like Jesus, were born bodily of the Virgin Mary. Whoso disbelieves or doubts this, the same is no Christian." Again. "This is the meaning of Esaias, To us a child is born, to us a son is given. To us, to us, to us is he born, and to us given. Therefore look to it, that thou not only gettest out of the Evangel a fondness for the history itself, but that thou makest this birth thine own, and exchangest with him, becomest free from thy birth, and passest over to his, — then thou indeed shalt sit in the lap of the Virgin Mary, and art her dear child." This thought lay at the background of the Reformation, which itself was but an imperfect exhibition of that great principle. He that will look finds traces of the action of this same principle in the Greek revival of Religion, five centuries before

Christ; in the numerous mystical sects from the first century to the Reformation; in such writers as Ruysbröck, Harphius, Meister Eckhart, Suso, Tauler, the St Victors, and many others. Perhaps it appears best in that little book, *once* well known in England under the title Theologia Germana, and now studied in Germany and called Deutsche Theologie; a book of which Luther says, in the preface to his edition of it, in 1520, "Next to the Bible and St. Augustine, I have never met with a book, from which I have learnt more what God, Christ, man, and all things are. Read this little book who will, and then say, whether our theology is old or new; for this little book is not new."

We give a few words from it, relating to the incarnation of God, for the private ear of such as think all is *new* which they never heard before, and all naughty things exist only in modern German. It says, man comes to a state of union with God, "when he feels and loves no longer this or that, or his own self, but only the eternal good; so likewise God loves not himself as himself, but as the eternal good, and if there were somewhat better than God, the God would love that. The same takes place in a divine man, or one united with God, else he is not united with him. This state existed in Christ in all its perfection, else he would not be the Christ. If it were possible that a man should be perfect and entire, in true obedience be as the human nature of Christ was, that man would be one with Christ, and would be by grace, what he was by nature. Man in this state of obedience would be one with God, for he would be not himself, but God's Own (Eigen), and God himself would then alone become man. Christ is to you not merely the Objective, isolated in his sublimity, but we are all called to this, that God should

become man in us. He that believes in Christ believes that his (Christ's) life is the noblest and best of all lives, and so far as the life of Christ is man, so far also is Christ in him." In this book, — and its ideas are as old in this shape, as the time of Dionysius the Areopagite, — the historical Christ is only the primitive type, the divine idea of man, who appears only as a model for us, and we may be all that he was, and we are Christians only in so far as we attain this. It is only on this hypothesis, we take it, that there can be a Christology which does not abridge the nature of man.* This same idea, — that all men are capable of just the same kind and degree of union with God, which Jesus attained to, — runs through all the following Christologies. It appears in a modified form in Osiander and Schwenkfeld, whom we shall only name. † But they all place

* Dr. Baur, a very able Trinitarian writer and Professor at Tübingen, sums up the various Christological theories in this way. Reconciliation must be regarded, either, (1) as a necessary process in the development of the Deity himself, as he realizes the idea of his being, or (2) as an analogous and necessary process in the development of man, as he becomes reconciled with himself, the one is wholly objective, the other wholly subjective, or (3) as the mediation of a *tertium quid*, which holds the human and divine natures both, so involves both the above. In this case reconciliation rests entirely on the historical fact, which must be regarded as the necessary condition of reconciliation between God and man, of course he, who takes this latter view, considers Jesus as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. See his Die Christliche Lehre von der Versohnung in ihrer geschichtliche Entwickelung, etc. Tub. 1838.

† See Osiander's Confessio de unico Mediatore J. C. et Justificatione fidei, 1551. His Epistola in qua confutantur, etc., 1549. See also Schwenkfeld quæstiones von Erkentnis J. C. und seiner Glorien, 1561, von der Speyse des ewigen Lebens, 1547. Schwenkfeld's Christology agrees closely in many respects with that of Swedenborg.

the historical below the eternal Christ which is formed in the heart, and here commences what Dr. Dorner calls the degeneracy of the principle of the Reformers, though the antithesis between nature and grace was still acknowledged by the Protestants. But as our author thinks, the subjective view received a one-sided development, especially in Servetus and the Socinians, who differ, however, in this at least, that while the former, in his pantheistic way, allows Christ to be, in part, uncreated (res increata) the latter considers him certainly a created being, to whom God had imparted the divine attributes.

We pass over Theophrastus and Paracelsus, and give a few extracts from Valentine Weigel's "Güldene Griff." With him, man is an epitome of the whole world, — a favorite notion with many mystics, — all his knowledge is self-knowledge. "The eye, by which all things are seen, is man himself, but only in reference to natural knowledge, for in supernatural knowledge man himself is not the eye, but God himself is both the light and the eye in us. Our eye therefore must be passive, and not active. Yet God is not foreign to men in whom he is the eye, but that passive relation of man to him has this significance, that man is the yielding instrument by which God becomes the seeing eye." This Light in us, or the Word, is for him the true Christ, and the historical God-man disappears entirely in the background. The book whence all wisdom comes is God's Word, a book written by the finger of God in the heart of all men, though all cannot read it. Out of this are all books written. This book of life, to which the Sacred Scriptures are an external testimony, is the likeness of God in man; the Seed of God; the Light;

the Word; the Son; Christ. This book lies concealed in the heart; concealed in the flesh; concealed in the letter of Scriptures. But if it were not in the heart, it could not be found in the flesh and the Scripture. If this were not preached within us, if it were not always within us, — though in unbelief, — we could have nothing of it. A doctrine common enough with the fathers of the first three or four centuries. If we had remained in Paradise, we should never have needed the outward Word of Scripture, or the historical incarnation of Jesus.* But expelled from Paradise, and fallen through sin, it is needful that we be born again of Christ, for we have lost the holy Flesh and the Holy Ghost, and must recover both from Christ. Because we cannot read this inner book, God will alter our spirit by Scriptures and Sermons. All books are only for *fallen* men. Christ was necessary to the race, as the steel to the stone, but his office is merely that of a Prophet and Preacher of Righteousness, for God was incarnate in Abel, Noah, Adam, and Abraham, as well as in Jesus, "and the Lord from Heaven" exists potentially in all men; the external Christ, who was born of Mary, as an expressive and visible model of the internal Christ. In a word, he makes Christ the universal divine spirit, shed down into man, though it lies buried and immovable in most men. But whenever it comes to consciousness, and is lived out, there is an incarnation of God.

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* Quaint George Herbert has a similar thought. We quote from memory.

"For sure when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to smother,
He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room to another."

These views are shared by many teachers, who modify them more or less, of whom we need mention but a few of the more prominent; Poiret, Henry More, Bishops Fowler and Gastrell, Robert Fleming, Hussey, Bennet, and Thomas Burnet, Goodwin, and Isaac Watts.*

This mystical view appears in Jacob Böhme, and through him it passed on to Philosophy, for it is absurd to deny that this surprising man has exerted an influence in science as deep almost as in religion. German Philosophy seems to be the daughter of Mysticism.

But we must make a long leap from Valentine Weigel to Immanuel Kant, who has had an influence on Christology that will never pass away. It came as a thunderbolt out of the sky, to strike down the phantoms of doubt, and scatter the clouds of skepticism. Kant admits that in practice, and the actual life of man, the moral law is subordinate to sensuality; this subordination he calls *radical evil.* Then to perfect mankind, we need a *radical restoration*, to restore the principles to their true order from which they have been inverted; this restoration is possible on three conditions. 1. By the idea of a race of men that is well pleasing to God, in which each man would feel his natural destination and perfectibility. It is the duty of each to rise to this, believe it attainable, and trust its power. This state may not be attained empirically, but by embracing the principle well pleasing to God, and all the faults in manifesting this principle vanish, when the whole course is looked at. We should not be disturbed by

* See, who will, his three discourses "on the Glory of Christ as God-man," (Lond. 1746,) and Goodwin's book, to which he refers, "Knowledge of God the Father and his Son J. C." See also the writings of Edward Irving, Cudworth's Sermon before the House of Parliament, in the American ed. of his work. Vol. ii. p. 549, seq.

fear lest the new moral disposition be transient, for the power of goodness increases with the exercise of it. The past sins are expiated only by suffering, or diminution of well-being in the next stage of progress. 2. The foundation of a *moral commonwealth*,* — without this there will be confusion. This is possible only on condition that it is religious also. Thus this commonwealth is, at the same time, a church, though only an ideal one; for it can rest on nothing external, but only on the "unconditional authority of Reason, which contains in itself the moral idea." 3. This ideal Church, to become real, must take a *statutary form*, for it is an universal tendency of man to demand a sensual confirmation of the truth of Reason, and this renders it necessary to take some outward means of introducing the true rational religion, since without the hypothesis of a revelation, man would have no confidence in Reason, though it disclosed the same truths with Revelation, because it is so difficult to convince men that pure morality is the only service of God, while they seek to make it easier by some superstitious service (Afterdienst).

On these notions the following Christology is naturally constructed. Man needs no outward aid for the purpose of reconciliation, sanctification, or happiness; but the belief in an outward revelation is needed for the basis of the moral commonwealth. Christianity can allow this, as it has a pure moral spirit. Here every thing turns on the person of its founder. He

* It is a saying of Pagan Plato in the Timæus, "We shall never have perfect men, until we can surround them with perfect circumstances," an idea the English Socialists are attempting to carry out in a very one-sided manner.

demands perfect virtue, and would found a kingdom of God on the earth. It is indifferent to practical religion, whether or not we are certain of his historical existence, for historical existence adds no authority. The historical is necessary only to give us an idea of a man well pleasing to God, which we can only understand by seeing it realized in a man, who preserves his morality under the most difficult circumstances. To get a concrete knowledge of supersensual qualities, such as the idea of the good, moral actions must be presented to us performed in a human manner. This is only needed to awaken and purify moral emotions that live in us. The historical appearance of a man without sin is possible; but it is not necessary to consider he is born supernaturally, even if the impossibility of the latter is not absolutely demonstrable. But since the archetype of a man well pleasing to God lies in us in an incomprehensible manner, what need have we of further incomprehensibilities, since the exaltation of such a saint above all the imperfections of human nature would only offer an objection to his being a model for us, — since it gives him not an achieved but an innate virtue, — for it would make the distance between him and us so great, that we should find in him no proof that we could ever attain that ideal. Even if the great teacher does not completely correspond to the idea, he may yet speak of himself, as if the ideal of the good was bodily and truly represented in him, for he could speak of what his maxims would make him. He must derive his whole strength from reason. The value of his revelation consists only in leading to a conscious, voluntary morality, in the way of authority. When this is done, the statutary scaffolding may fall. The time must come, when religion shall be freed from all statutes,

which rest only on history, and pure Reason at last reign, and God be all in all. Wise men must see that belief in the Son of God is only belief in man himself; that the human race, so far as it is moral, is the well pleasing Son of God. This idea of a perfect man does not proceed from us, but from God, so we say that He has condescended and taken human nature upon himself. The Christ without and the Christ within us are not two principles, but the same. But if we make a belief in the historical manifestation of this idea of humanity in Christ the necessary condition of salvation, then we have two principles, an empiric and a rational one. The true God-man is the archetype that lies in our reason, to which the historical manifestation conforms.

The system has excellences and defects. By exalting the idea of moral goodness, Kant led men to acknowledge an absolute spiritual power, showing that this is the common ground between Philosophy and Christianity, and with this begins the reconciliation of the two.* He recognized the Divine as something dwelling in man, and therefore filled up the chasm, as it were, between the two natures. Again, he acknowledged no authority, so long as it was merely outward and not legitimated in the soul, for he had felt the slavery incident upon making the historical a dogma. He saw the mind cannot be bound by any thing merely external, for that has value only so far as it contains the idea and makes it historical. But, on the other hand, he exalts the subjective too high, and does not legitimate the internal moral law, which Dr. Dorner thinks requires legitimating, as much as the historical

* Leibnitz made the attempt to effect the same thing, but in a manner more mechanical and unsatisfactory.

manifestation. His foundation therefore is unstable until this is done. Besides he is not consistent with himself; for while he ascribes absolute power to this innate ideal of a perfect man, he leaves nothing for the historical appearance of the God-man. He makes his statutary form useless, if not injurious, and makes a dualistic antithesis between Reason and God. Still more is it inconsistent with Christianity, for it makes morality the whole of religion; it cuts off all connection between the divine and human life, by denying that influence comes down from God upon man. He makes each man his own redeemer, and allows no maturity of excellence, but only a growth towards it. In respect to the past, present, and future, it leaves men no comfort in their extremest need.

We pass next to the Christology of Schelling, leaping over such thinkers as Röhr, Wegscheider, De Wette, Hase, Hamann, Oettinger, Franz Baader, Novalis, Jacobi, and Fichte.

The divine unity is always actualizing itself; the One is constantly passing into the many; or in plain English, God is eternally creative. God necessarily reveals himself in the finite; to be comprehensible to us, He must take the limitations of finite existence. But since He cannot be represented in any finite form, the divine life is portrayed in a variety of individuals; in a copious history, each portion whereof is a revelation of a particular side of the divine life. God therefore appears in historical life as the finite, which is the necessary form of the revelation of Him. The finite is God in his development, or the Son of God. All history, therefore, has a higher sense. The human does not exclude the divine. Thus the idea of the incarna-

tion of God is a principle of philosophy; and since this is the essence of Christianity, philosophy is reconciled with it. Nature herself points forward to the Son of God, and has in him its final cause. Now the theologians consider Christ as a single person; but, as an eternal idea alone can be made a dogma, so their Christology is untenable as a dogma. Now the incarnation of God is from eternity. Christ is an eternal idea. The divinity of Christianity cannot be proved in an empirical way, but only by contemplating the whole of history as a divine act. The sacred history must be to us only a subjective Symbol, not an objective one, as such things were to the Greeks, who thereby became subordinate to the finite, and refused to see the infinite, except in that form. But as Christianity goes immediately to the infinite, so the finite becomes only an allegory of the infinite. The fundamental idea of Christianity is eternal and universal, therefore it cannot be constructed historically without the religious construction of history. This idea existed before Christianity, and is a proof of its necessity. Its existence is a prediction of Christianity in a distant foreign country. The man Christ is the climax of this incarnation, and also the beginning of it; for all his followers are to be incarnations of God, members of the same body to which he is the head. God first becomes truly objective in him, for before him none has revealed the infinite in such a manner. The old world is the *natural* side of history. A new era, in which the infinite world preponderates, could only be brought by the truly infinite coming into the finite, not to deify it, but to sacrifice it to God, and thereby effect a reconciliation; that is, by his death he showed that the Finite is nothing; but the true existence, and life is only in the Infinite. The eternal Son of God is the human race

created out of the substance of the Father of all; appearing as a suffering divinity, exposed to the horrors of time, reaching its highest point in Christ; it closes the world of the finite and discloses that of the infinite, as the sign of the spirit. With this conclusion, the mythological veils, in which Christ, as the only God-man, has been arrayed, must fall off. The ever-living spirit will clothe Christianity in new and permanent forms. Speculation, not limited by the past, but comprehending distinction, as it stretches far on into time, has prepared for the regeneration of esoteric Christianity, and the proclamation of the absolute gospel. Viewed in this light, Christianity is not regarded merely as *doctrine* or *history*, but as a *progressive divine act;* the history of Christ is not merely an empirical and single, but an eternal history. At the same time it finds its antitype in the human race. Christianity, therefore, is not merely one religious constitution among others, but THE RELIGION; the true mode of spiritual existence; the soul of history, which is incorporated in the human race, to organize it into one vast body, whose head is Christ. Thus he would make us all brothers of Christ, and show that the incarnation of God still goes on to infinity, in the birth of the Son of God, until the divine life takes to itself the whole human race; sanctifies and penetrates all through it, and recognizes it as his body, of which Christ is the head; as his temple, of which Christ is the corner-stone. We shall not dwell upon the excellence of this view, nor point out its defects. The few, who understand the mystical words of St. John, and the many, who do not understand them, can do this for themselves.

Our remarks are already so far extended, that we

must omit the Christology of Hegel, though this, however, we do with the less reluctance, as the last word of that system has but just reached us; it comes with the conclusion of Strauss's work on Dogmatics.* We regret to pass over the views of Schleiermacher, which have had so deep an influence in Germany, and among many of the more studious of our Trinitarian brethren in this country. To most of our own denomination only the Lemnian horrors of its faint echo have come. We give Dr. Dorner's conclusion in his own words. "Christology has now reached a field as full of anticipations, as it is of decisions. But the anxiety, which here takes possession of us, is a joyful one, and bears in itself the tranquil and certain conviction, that, after a long night, a beautiful dawn is nigh. A great course has been run through, and the deep presentiments of the greatest minds of the primitive times of Christianity begin to find their scientific realization. After long toil of the human mind, the time has at last come, when a rich harvest is to be reaped from this dogma, while the union, already hastening, is effected between the essential elements of Christology, which seem the most hostile to each other. Previous Christologies have chiefly presented these elements in their separation and opposition to one another. Now, while we contemplate them together in their living unity, which verifies their distinction from one another, we see their historical confirmation and necessity, and now, as Æthiopia and Arabia, according to the prophet, were to present their homage to the Lord, so must the middle ages with their scholasticism, and modern philosophy, the

* Die Christliche Glaubenslehre, etc. Von Dr. D. F Strauss. 2 vols. 8vo. 1840, 1841.

whole of history, — as well of the ante-christian religions, as that of the Christian dogma, — assemble about the One, (the Son of Man,) that they may lay down their best gifts before him, who first enables them to understand themselves; while, on the other hand, he confers on them the dignity of his own glorification, and allows them to contribute to it, so that by their service, likewise, his character shall pass into the consciousness of the human race with an increasing brilliancy."

Now, if we ask what are the merits and defects of the work we have passed over, the answer is easy. It is a valuable history of Christology; as such, it is rich with instructions and suggestions. A special history of this matter was much needed. That this, in all historical respects, answers the demands of the times, we are not competent to decide. However, if it be imperfect as a history, it has yet great historical merits. Its chief defects are of another kind. Its main idea is this, that the *true Christ is perfect God and perfect man*, and that *Jesus of Nazareth is the true Christ.* Now he makes no attempt to prove either point; yet he was bound, in the first instance, as a *philosopher, to prove his proposition;* in the second, as an *historian to verify his fact.* He attempts neither. He has shown neither the eternal necessity, nor the actual existence of a God-man. Nay, he admits that only two writers in the New Testament ever represent Jesus as the God-man. His admission is fatal to his fact. He gives us the history of a dogma of the church; but does not show it has any foundation to rest on.

We must apply to this book the words of Leibnitz, in his letter to Burnet on the manner of establishing the

Christian religion.* "I have often remarked, as well in philosophy as theology, and even in medicine, jurisprudence, and history, that we have many good books and good thoughts scattered about here and there, but that we scarce ever come to *establishments*. I call it an *establishment*, when at least certain points are determined and fixed for ever; when certain theses are put beyond dispute, and thus ground is gained where something may be built. It is properly the method of mathematicians, who separate the *certain from the uncertain, the known from the unknown.* In other departments it is rarely followed, because we love to flatter the ears by fine words, which make an agreeable mingling of the certain and the uncertain. But it is a very transient benefit that is thus conferred; like music and the opera, which leave scarce any trace in the mind, and give us nothing to repose on; so we are always turning round and round, treating the same questions, in the same way, which is problematic, and subject to a thousand exceptions." Somebody once led M. Casaubon the elder into a hall of the Sorbonne, and told him, "The divines have disputed here for more than three hundred years! He answered, And what have they decided? It is exactly what happens to us in most of our studies." . . . "I am confident that if we will but use the abilities wherewith God and nature have furnished us, we can remove many of the evils which now oppress mankind, can establish the truth of religion, and put an end to many controversies which divide men, and cause so much evil to the human race, if we are willing to think consecutively, and proceed as we ought. . . . I would proceed in this way, and distinguish propositions into two

* Opp. ed. Dutens., vol. vi. p. 243, seq.

classes: 1. what could be *absolutely demonstrated* by a metaphysical necessity, and in an incontestable way: 2. what could be *demonstrated morally;* that is, in a way which gives what is called moral certainty, as we know there is a China and a Peru, though we have never seen them. . . . Theological truths and deductions therefrom are also of two kinds. The first rest on definitions, axioms, and theorems, derived from true philosophy and natural theology; the second rest in part on history and events, and in part on the interpretation of texts, on the genuineness and divinity of our sacred books, and even on ecclesiastical antiquity; in a word, on the sense of the texts." And again: * "We must demonstrate rigorously the truth of natural religion, that is, the existence of a Being supremely powerful and wise, and the immortality of the soul. These two points solidly fixed, there is but one step more to take,—to show, on the one hand, that God could never have left man without a true religion, and on the other, that no known religion can compare with the Christian. The necessity of embracing it is a consequence of these two plain truths. However, that the victory may be still more complete, and the mouth of impiety be shut forever, I cannot forbear hoping, that some man, skilled in history, the tongues, and philosophy, in a word, filled with all sorts of erudition, will exhibit all the harmony and beauty of the Christian religion, and scatter forever the countless objections which may be brought against its dogmas, its books, and its history."

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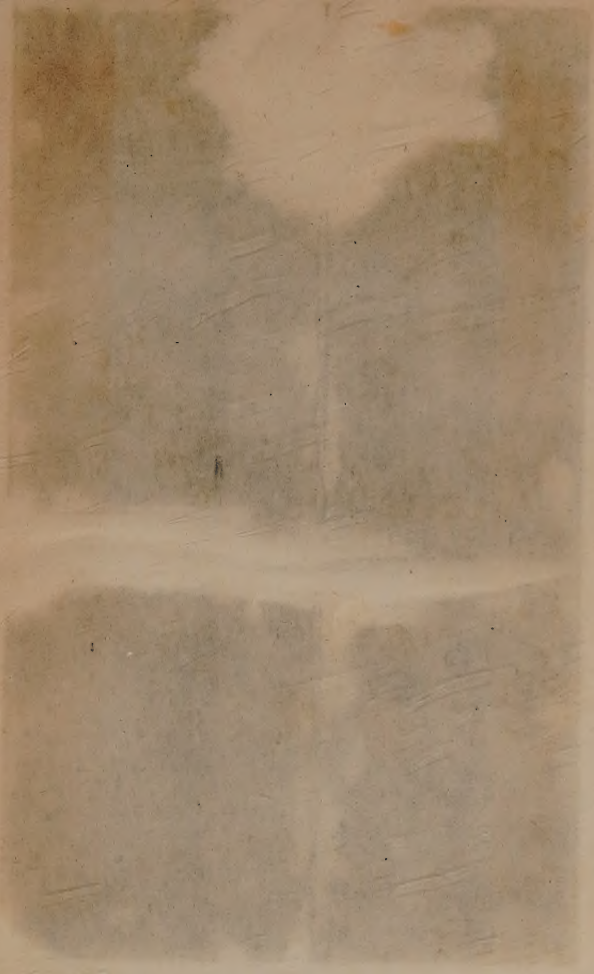
* Epistola II. ad Spizelium. Opp. v. p. 344.



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